Dec. 17, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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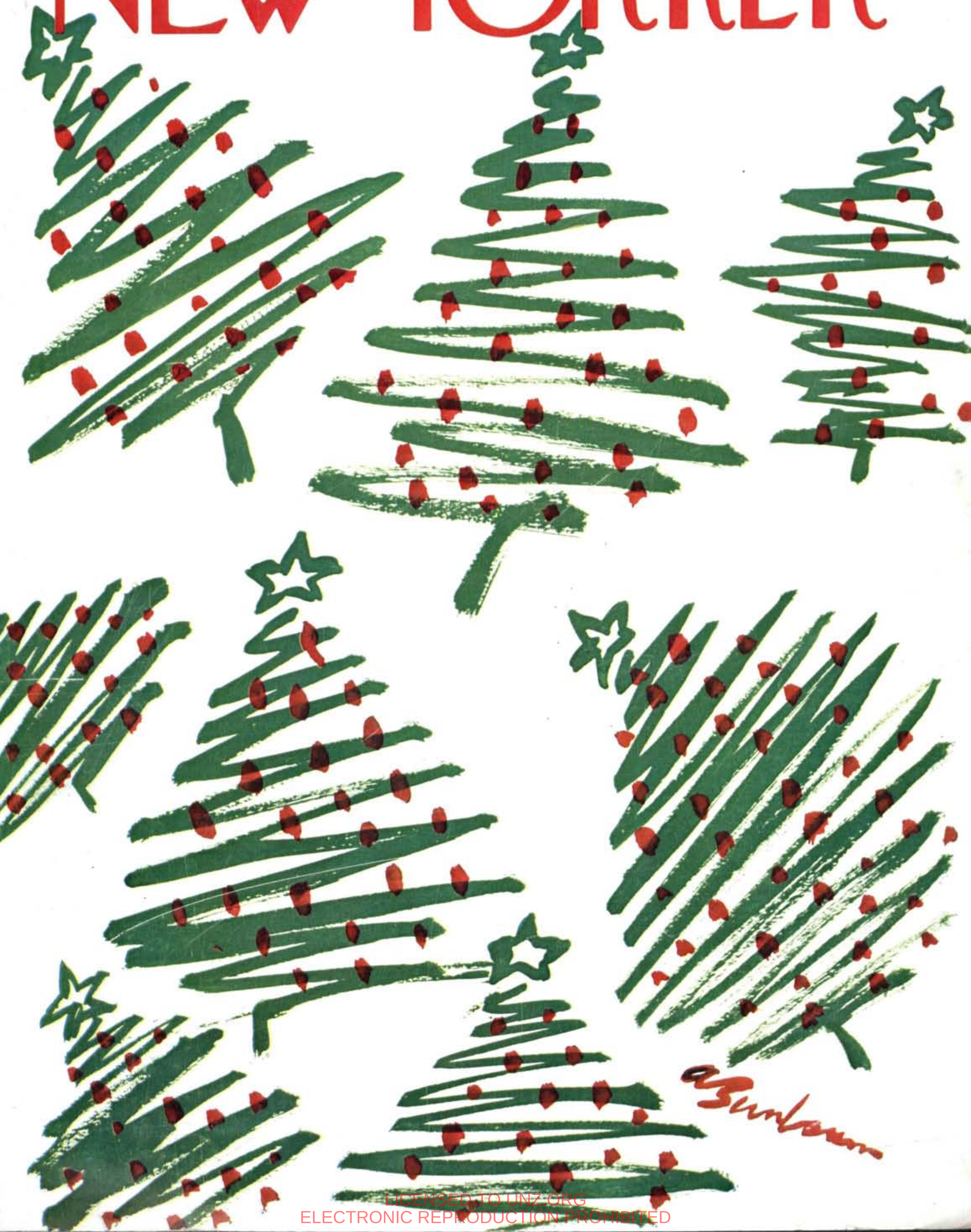

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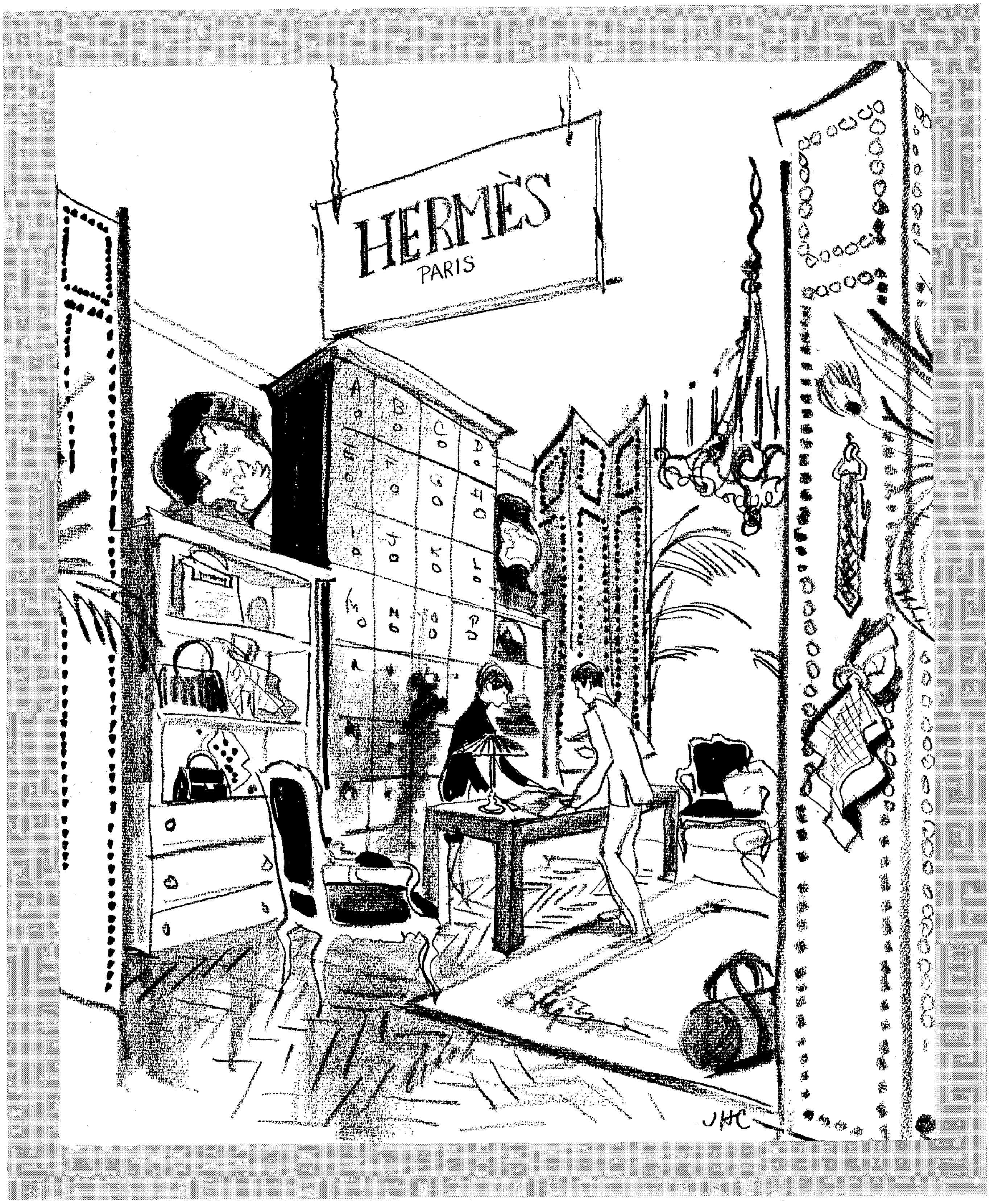

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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Sheridan's THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 15-16, at 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Richard Baldridge's WE COMRADES THREE, arranged from the works of Walt Whitman. Previews Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Monday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 7:15. Additional performance Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Pirandello's RIGHT YOU ARE: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

A Delicate Balance—Edward Albee on the difficulty of being a neighbor's keeper in suburbia. The play does not burn with a gemlike flame. Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy lead the players. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dinner at Eight—No expense has been spared to make this a gala revival of the Kaufman-Ferber drama about the depressed early thirties, but, alas, the enterprise is pretty creaky. Twenty-four performers figure in the cast, among them Walter Pidgeon, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Phil Leeds, and Blanche Yurka. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini are among those pleasantly employed in this farce, by Woody Allen. It deals with a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain and gets into trouble there. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Investigation—Peter Weiss's arrangement of the minutes of the fairly recent Frankfurt trial of some of the operators of the Auschwitz concentration camp. Documentary rather than dramatic, but not without its stirring moments. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

The Killing of Sister George—An English importation that deals witlessly with Lesbianism and B.B.C. soap-opera characters. Beryl Reid plays the lead. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

My Sweet Charlie—A sentimental drama, by David Westheimer, that tells, not too convincingly, of a cultured Negro and a no-account white girl who are thrown together in a summer cottage on the Gulf of Mexico and enter into a Platonic relationship that rids them both of a lot of racial hostility. Louis Gossett and Bonnie Bedelia are the male and female involved, and Howard Da Silva is the director. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Maureen Stapleton and Harry Guardino in a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Long Runs—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . CACTUS FLOWER: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS: Sam Levene plays a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.). . . LUV: Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder as three lively, and rather muddled, neurotics. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . THE ODD COUPLE: Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . WAIT UNTIL DARK: A drama by Frederick Knott involving a blind girl, a doll full of heroin, and three bad men. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Agatha Sue, I Love You—Ray Walston and Corbett Monica in a comedy by Abe Einhorn. George Abbott is the director. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—Short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer provide the basis for the three sketches that make up this musical, and they have resulted—particularly in the case of Mark Twain—in an entertaining show. The book, music, and lyrics were provided by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the enterprise was directed by Mike Nichols. Barbara Harris is delightful as the principal performer, and Alan Alda and Larry Blyden support her valiantly. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—An adaptation, by Joe Masteroff, of the John van Druten play "I Am a Camera," which in turn was based on Christopher Isherwood's stories about Germany just before the Nazis took control. Never as effective as its source material, but the production numbers are spectacular. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in the cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Tom Jones' book and lyrics for this version of Jan de Hartog's play "The Fourposter" are something less than scintillating, and Harvey Schmidt's music is very simple, but the production is glossy, and the performances of Mary Martin and Robert Preston, who make up the entire cast, are superb. The direction, by Gower Champion, is laudable indeed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mame—A high, wide, and handsome musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is fetching as the lady in question, and her supporting cast is admirable. The book, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, has its funny moments, and the music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are quite spirited. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walking Happy—A humdrum adaptation, by Roger O. Hirson and Ketti Frings, of "Hobson's Choice," having to do with life in the Midlands of England in the eighteen-eighties. James van Heusen and Sammy Cahn wrote the music and lyrics, which are not outstanding, and Danny Daniels supervised the choreography, which is heavy-footed. Norman Wisdom, George Rose, and Louise Troy head the cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . FUNNY GIRL: Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . HELLO, DOLLY!: Ginger Rogers now has the role of George Sand. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . SWEET CHARITY: A tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Gwen Verdon is the girl with lots and lots of heart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . WAIT A MINIM!: A musical entertainment from South Africa that has a cast of eight, which sings assorted folk songs from all over the world, dances, and makes merry with all

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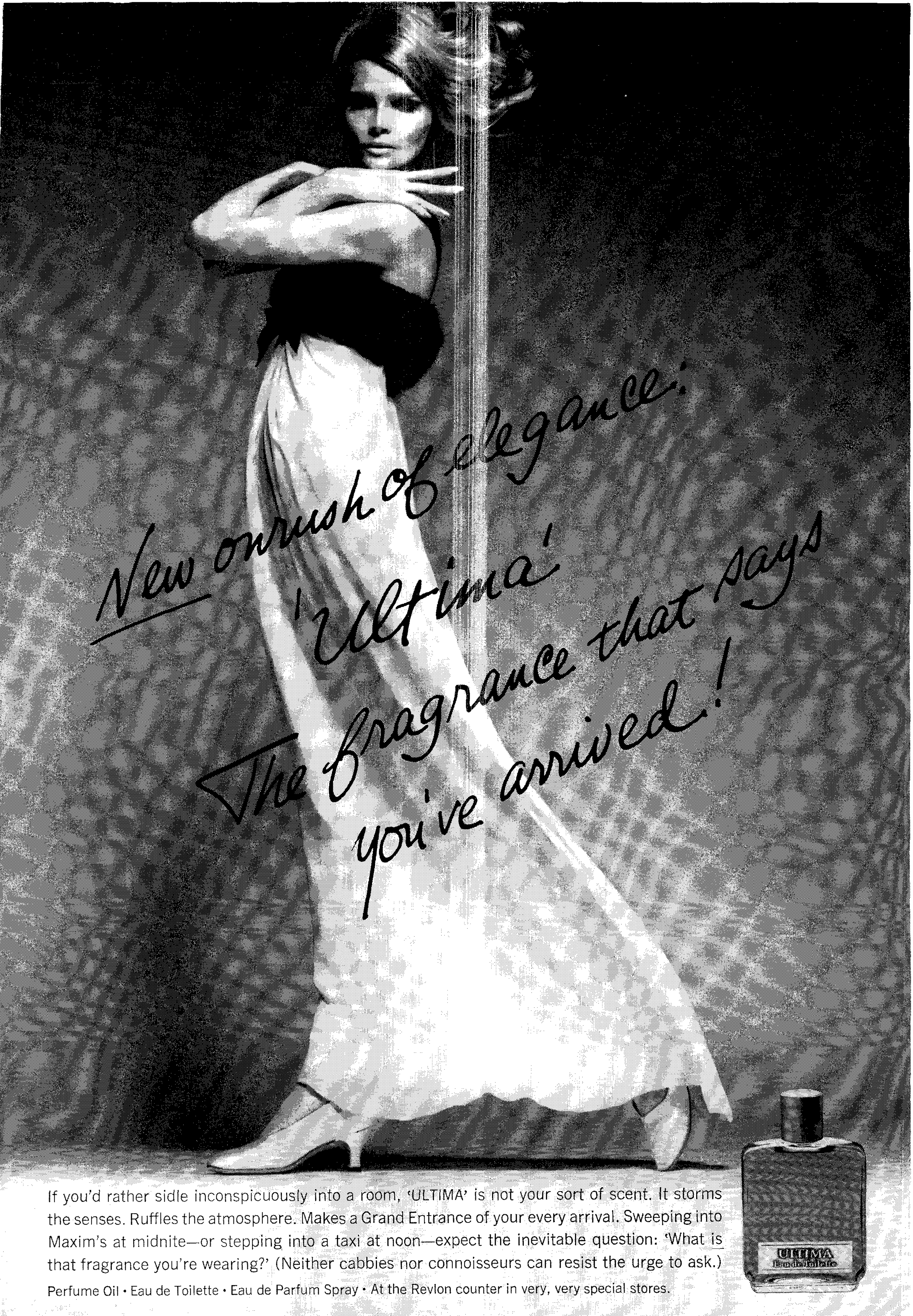
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturdav, Dec. 17, no performances until Monday, Dec. 26.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Joyful Noise—A musical taken from Borden Deal's novel "The Insolent Breed," with a book by Edward Padula and music and lyrics by Oscar Brand and Paul Nassau. John Raitt and Swen Swenson head the cast, directed by Mr. Padula. Opens Thursday, Dec. 15. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7050. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon's new comedy, in which Anthony Perkins, Connie Stevens, and Richard Benjamin serve as the whole cast. Directed by George Axelrod. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 19-20. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 21. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY:** Opening performances of a three-week holiday revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's **CAROUSEL**, with Bruce Yarnell, Constance Towers, Nancy Dussault, Patricia Neway, Jack De Lon, and Michael Kermoyan. Opens Thursday, Dec. 15, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 1. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1 and 6.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Gloria Foster, Frank Langella, and Maria Tucci in Lorca's **YERMA** (translated by W. S. Merwin). The second in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **AIDA.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Autumn's Here!—A musical adaptation, by Norman Dean, of Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Eh?—Monkeyshines, verbal and visual, in the boiler room of a British factory. This loony comedy was written by Henry Livings and directed by Alan Arkin; its cast includes Dustin Hoffman, Barbara Dana, Dana Elcar, and Elizabeth Wilson, among other splendid actors. Hooray for everybody! (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by James Earl Jones, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, Ray Middleton, and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical based on Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book, and together they wrote the lyrics. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Three Hand Reel—The Irish Players in three plays adapted by Paul Avila Mayer from stories of Frank O'Connor. With Helena Carroll and John Cullum. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Viet Rock—A play (with incidental music) by Megan Terry. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Saturday, Jan. 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 15-16, at 6:15; Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 18, at 1:15 and 5:15; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 20-22, at 6:15; Friday, Dec. 23, at 4:15 and 8:15; and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1:15 and 5:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 5.)

Ballets Africains—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0198. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—A new chamber ballet company presenting "Schubertiaden," "Clarissa," "Valse d'Eté," and "Phantom of the Opera." (Theatre 80 St. Marks Place, which is where it is. 254-9740. Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Paul Sanasardo—With his dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Let's Sing Yiddish—A Yiddish musical adapted from Jewish folklore by Ben Bonus and Wolf Yunin, and directed by Mina Bern. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Princeton Triangle Club—A benefit performance of a musical, "Sham on Wry," this year's undergraduate production. (George Abbott, 152 W. 54th St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6400.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—The first in a series of seven performances of Mozart's opera **THE MAGIC FLUTE.** (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

Bil Baird's Marionette Theatre—"Davy Jones' Locker," plus a number of puppet variety acts. Opens Saturday, Dec. 24, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Weekdays at 11:30 and 3, and Sunday at 12:30 and 4.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Don Ho, who occupies the Royal Box during dinner and supper, tells us what the wild waves from Hawaii are saying (considerable) in a monologue that is part conversation and part cantata. This interesting documentary comes to a close on Saturday, Dec. 17, and so, temporarily, does the Royal Box. The band of Lee Evans does the dance music.

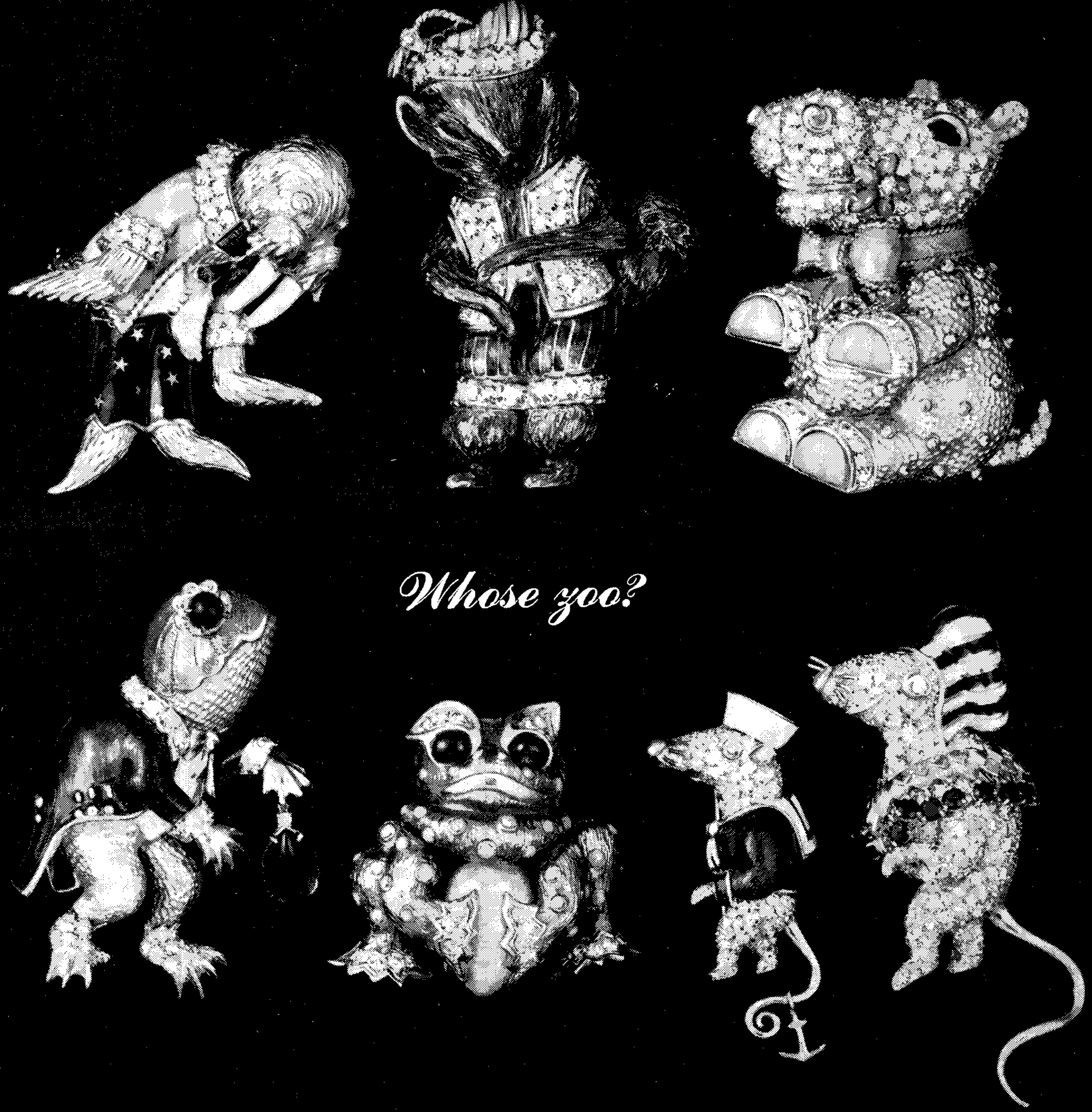
Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—This familiar cityscape is even more familiar now that Sonny Kendis and his band have at long last returned to town. They run a course from nine until two or three, except Sundays.

Delmonico's. Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The dance floor of the restaurant, where George Anaya's clutch of musicians performs, is not quite still-pond, no-moving, but it is fairly sedate all the same. The music happens Mondays through Fridays from seven to one, and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The old private-school playground looks the same as it did before the war (French & Indian), even if the potted palms and the blue aurora borealis and plenty of the house guests are new. Two bands lay music end to end all night long. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One part *bon* and one part *vivant* is the formula for Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen, whose domicile is the snug little Café Pierre. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Bobbe Norris, whose soprano struggles against great odds (her faculty advisers), ends her series of dinner and supper recitals in the grand old Persian Room on Tuesday, Dec. 20. Next evening (opening night involves a single appearance, at ten), Tony Sandler, a personable import from the Continent, begins a stint of song and persiflage. It is better to hearken only unto him, and not unto his aide, or aides. Burt Farber's band and Mark Monte's crew will keep on making the rest of the sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty



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in the Palm Court, then seven to nine (all but Sundays) in the Edwardian Room.... ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin goes even farther, transforming (from eight to one) the Palm Court into a marbled palace (with bar privileges) in Xanadu. His holidays are Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Rapt (and sometimes rumbustious) expression is what comes out of the horn tilted by Jonah Jones, whose foursome mans this lofty parapet from seven until well after the theatre. They are paralleled by a group of extrovert Dixiecrats known as the Teachers, who operate only Tuesday through Saturday each week. The kitchen and the view are open until one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—History repeating itself, in the sight and sound of Harry James and orchestra—not a bad way of studying history, or of dancing to it. On Monday, Dec. 19, another historian—Count Basie's band—will take over the classroom, which is in session from eight until two every evening but Sunday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Poet laureate is the office that might as well be granted Chad Mitchell, who deals, in verse and music, with everything from sly wit to slice-of-life. He appears in the Maisonette, a ranking member of the nobility, at dinner and supper; George Cort's brisk dance band and Quintero's Latinos flow like wine all evening. Closed Sundays. ...¶ La Boite, a quiet glade next door, has Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi on the violin from six until two. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Age of Innocence is revived in the Empire Room, where Guy Lombardo and his battery of brothers and the rest of his bandsmen are making their familiar wings-of-the-dove music out of the happy-go-lucky tunes of another day. One dances as well as listens to the gentle lowing. Closed Sunday, as well as from Thursday through Monday, Dec. 22-26, after which doldrum the Lombardos will resume.... ¶ In Peacock Alley, there is further dancing, on a miniature scale to a miniature band, Wednesday through Sunday every week. Eight to one is the usual deal, but it's six to midnight Sunday. Ray Hartley's skillfully carved piano works out from five to eleven Mondays and Tuesdays and from four to ten Wednesdays through Fridays.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Whosoever would not be mowed down by a Frugger out of control should embark upon this limitless ocean of hardwood. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Some people of our town not only have their mail sent here but come every evening to collect it, as well as the news of the day and the night. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends in the smaller hours. Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself man the keyboard at one time or another, and they double-team it after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... **LA GALERIE**, 798 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. (752-0520): The glossy pictures on the wall of the museum are pastoral; what goes on underneath them is much, much more urban-nocturnal. The moderator is Ralph Strain, whose great rashers of piano and snatches of song occur between nine and whatever is necessary. He takes Sundays off. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Rumpus-bumpus, and bumpus-to-bumpus, is the way of life. Laurie Brewis and his piano get rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays.... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander chants those Basic English ditties of the West Indies from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven Sundays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the enormously vibrant work of Cecil Young's new-thought threesome. It is distributed until late at night. Sundays, another squad makes music between five-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Christmas Eve.... **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): On this saints-and-sinners boulevard, little is worth noting aside from this bar-and-grill. Charles De Forest sings the moment-of-truth songs that are the rightful due of everyone who stays up all night; Marian McPartland's trio shuttles between dream-world and damn-the-torpedoes jazz. They are marked absent on Sundays.... **JANSSEN'S**, 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The voice of Aldo Bruschi flourishes like the green bay tree as it wends its way through the Italian book of words and music; his piano, oboe, and concertina help along his brace of fellow-carollers. This takes place between Wednesday and Saturday. There is dance music, too, on the same timetable. Closed Christmas Eve.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the world's a stage when your waiter suddenly decides that he is a reincarnation of Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It's-all-in-the-family is how Rita Dimitri looks upon the song recital she does in the middle of her well-upholstered kitchen, and 'tis folly to judge her otherwise. She chants at dinner during the week, and twice Fridays and Saturdays. The dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): In this restoration of the Hungarian monarchy, the zimbalon is king. Violin, soprano, band music (this from Béla Babai's men), and tenor (the gallant Tibor Rakossy) are court favorites. Every night but Monday.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

NOTE—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee, let it be one of these: **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Those without visas cannot always pass the pearly gate; those who do abandon all decorum in their youthful concept of what semi-detached and wholly detached dancing should be. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them quite human, such as the Wild Ones. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays.... **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could escape from the knots the participants, mostly j.g., tie themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principal house dancer, is, though, an escapist far more expert than even Mr. H. The sound is compounded of strange devices, many of them mechanical, but the earth people called the Four Wheels and a Spare contribute, too; the food provided by the management is mostly for thought. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Beneath its jolly open-air sidewalk café lies the heart of the matter—a small *palais de danse* whose *monde* is rather *haut*, whose music is commendably *bas*, whose recording angel keeps switching tempos to test the ingenuity of the boy and girl Mod-fashion plates who decorate the floor. Nine-thirty to three-thirty every night is the extent of the seemly furor.... **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is void.

BANK
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SMALL AND SERENE

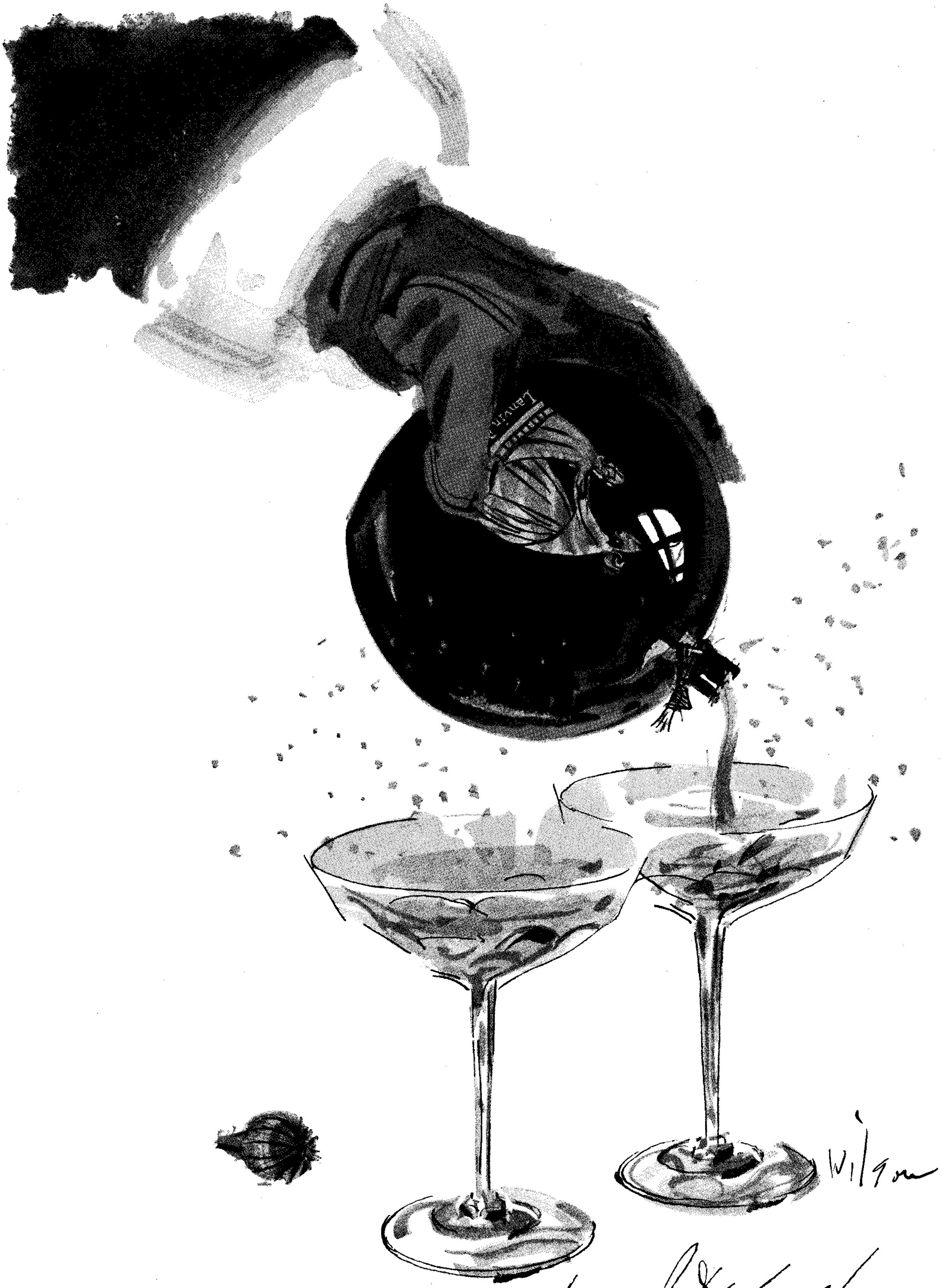
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano in this sumptuous greenroom, who receives from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one, departs on his sabbatical after Saturday, Dec. 17; on Monday, Dec. 19, way will be made for Matt Dennis, the West Coast weaver of dreams, who will commence a run-through of the splendidly sentimental arias he has thought up. Ginny Dennis (Mrs. Matt, that is) will assist. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Horatio at the drawbridge of the comfortable old castle is Norbert Faconi, who has been kissing hands and fiddling to the King's taste since the early days of our republic. He goes into retreat on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night. Supper, but no dinner.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the best of its town-house days. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo slings a vigorous guitar in the opulent bar-restaurant, and slings it until well past midnight. He does his homework, though, Mondays and Wednesdays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse offers the soufflé piano of George Feyer from eight-thirty until around two. On Tuesday, Dec. 20, Karl Inwald will be his one-night stand-in. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The august Herman Honigsberg has his violin and his violinists in slow but blithe motion around this industrious Roman piazza. Closed Sundays.... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy staffs the soothing corner piano in this particular grazing ground of the Westbury Hotel. No music Mondays. ... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The whippoorwills who sing a couple of times a night in the walled Florentine garden are mostly opera buffs. Additionally, after the theatre every Tuesday, Philip Huston serves for brief moments as everyone from Gunga Din to Casey at the Bat. Leonard Metcalf, new man around town, plays plenty of piano during the evening, and runs a calm trio for dancing each Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Closed Mondays.... **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with the man from U.N.C.L.E. who dwells at UN 1-9494): The piano music in the innermost of the sanctuaries in this aerie should be devoted to "Constantinople" and "Dardanella" in tribute to the owlish décor. Closed Sundays.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The piano in the courtly Casino-on-the-Park gets the V.I.P. treatment from Steven Weltner, who is on base between six-thirty and midnight. He takes Saturday and Sunday off, and he takes wing on Friday, Dec. 23.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): How New York looked and sounded when the Volstead Act was the biggest night-club turn in the nation—that's the mood when Billy Daniels begins his showmanship concert. Onstage, too, is Charlie Manna—wry, dry, and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higher in quality than practically any other standup humorist. On Thursday, Dec. 22, they give way to Sammy Davis, Jr., who is constructed of perpetual motion and it is hard to tell what else. Bill Selby, the capable shepherd of the flock of ballerinas, and the ballerinas themselves, will stay on duty. Dancing for the customers, too. . . . ¶ In the apoplectic lounge, jingle-jangle sets in on the podium at ten, and it's not turned off until four or so. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): No clothes for the little empresses—that is the sad story of the regal and pretty young ladies who bravely cavort in the long and heartening extravaganza. Their leader is Susan Clemm, a sort of climax of American girlhood. They are supplemented by Totie Fields, a music-hall barker who can make triphammer wit witty. There is also what purports to be a Hungarian ballet, which will leave us all wiser but sadder men. Showtime is dinner and supper. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): What hath a pagan god overwrought? Whatever it is, our little ones, aboveground and underground alike, lap it up on the dance floor. Two incoherent bands keep pushing panic buttons; they start at eight (Sundays at three), and late in the morning is the limit. Silence on Mondays. No dining. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): In this year of celebrated reruns, we now acquire Charlie Barnet's band, which has come in out of the unknown cold for the first time in six years. The Four Tops, whose songs are shots heard around the world, are likewise in residence. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): *La belle dame sans merci*—that is Jeanne Arnold, brimming with wile and wit, back in her pristine pasture, Julius Monk's red-and-gold palace. A couple of other serpent's teeth, Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, put their dislikes (many) and their like (one) into extremely kempt words, and the lads-and-lassies combo called the Swingin' Six sing their nice little heads off. Mr. Monk lends dignity and benignity to the proceedings; Robert Colston and Otis Clements lend the very best double piano. Nine-thirty and onward. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, an army that would rather frolic than fight, call it a season on Monday, Dec. 19; next evening, Rosario and Esperanza Galán, the Boadiceas of Iberian ballet, bring their lithe troupe back to town. They erupt at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, the customers tread the floor in measures light and fantastic. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and the tenor of Domingo Alvarado perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The manner, the milieu, even the materials of which "Mixed Doubles" is constructed sometimes recall the antics of several earlier miniature revues but there is enough good (and sometimes original) humor to satisfy any mid-evening thirst. Judy Graubart, an innocent minx from the late Second City troupe, leads the ring, which also includes Robert Rovin and Larry Moss. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): There is nowhere to go but down, says Milt Kamen in this, his fairly posh pavilion, but the world he is trying to rebuild with his philosopher's stones is an amusing one, all right. He bemoans a couple of times every night but Sunday. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The pilgrims who are making progress here are Hampton Hawes and Jimmy Garrison. Their trio is on hand every night but Monday and for a Sunday matinée that runs from four-thirty to seven. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, the quintet of Miles Davis will augment the cast, and on Sunday, Dec. 18, the new-music fivesome of Albert Ayler will be added. Monday, Dec. 19, will be assigned to the husky Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Jazz Band. On Wednesday, Dec. 21, the foursome of Thelonious Monk starts ruminating, and Carol Sloane starts singing. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion and a grotto below. In the pavilion, which takes Mondays off, Mose Allison's trio keeps up with the times, or ahead of them. On Tuesday, Dec. 20, it will be succeeded, so they say, by Randy Weston's trio and Jaki Byard's solo piano. Sunday afternoons, five to nine, the Jazz Interactions play restless coffee-and-cake music. . . . ¶ *The Grotto:* Mondays, a visiting band gets down into the Latin latitudes; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, there will be visitations by (barring problems of logistics) Dick Gregory, correspondent of more than one war, and Gloria Lynne, a soprano replete with vim and vigor, who is certain to be present. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 23-25, Herbie Mann's quintet will resume its Caribbean cruise and Morgana King will declaim her appassionata ballads. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): This enterprise is more showpiece than discothèque nowadays, for Joe Bushkin, equipped with two sidemen, is on piano and celebrating his return to the town's night life. He operates five or six times an evening; the chef is an even steadier worker. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The jinks are high, and so are the octaves, when Carmen McRae works her ever-so-oblique way through her songs. The trio of Norman Simmons is her backstop. They sign off on Sunday, Dec. 18; the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn commences a return visit on Tuesday, Dec. 20. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Art Farmer's quintet puts on its thinking cap every night but Monday, when Don Cherry's fivesome is the stand-in. On Tuesday, Dec. 20, Donald Byrd's quintet will inherit the six-day task. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The fastest guns in the East—that is, Mr. Condon and the likes of Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Bob Wilber, Cliff Leeman, and Dave McKenna. Dining and dancing as well as just listening. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio is within the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Eddie Thompson disports himself on the piano. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Cliff Jackson, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) and the clatter know no bounds. Nine until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band puts the establishment in an uproar; then the washboarders take over. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): Plain as an old board fence, but the music is more worldly. It comes now from Joe Henderson's sextet, which gives way, on Tuesday, Dec. 20, to the quartet of Yusef Lateef. Another clan fills in on Mondays. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the singing (Ruth Crews) is hit-them-again, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine all week, from four on Sundays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Nearly the only Village coffeehouse whose climate is apt to be salubrious. The principal boy is Jake Holmes, who is fond of folk music, even if he likes to tease it now and then. Tuesdays, the regulars' night of rest, are potluck evenings. On Wednesday, Dec. 21, Leon Bibb's

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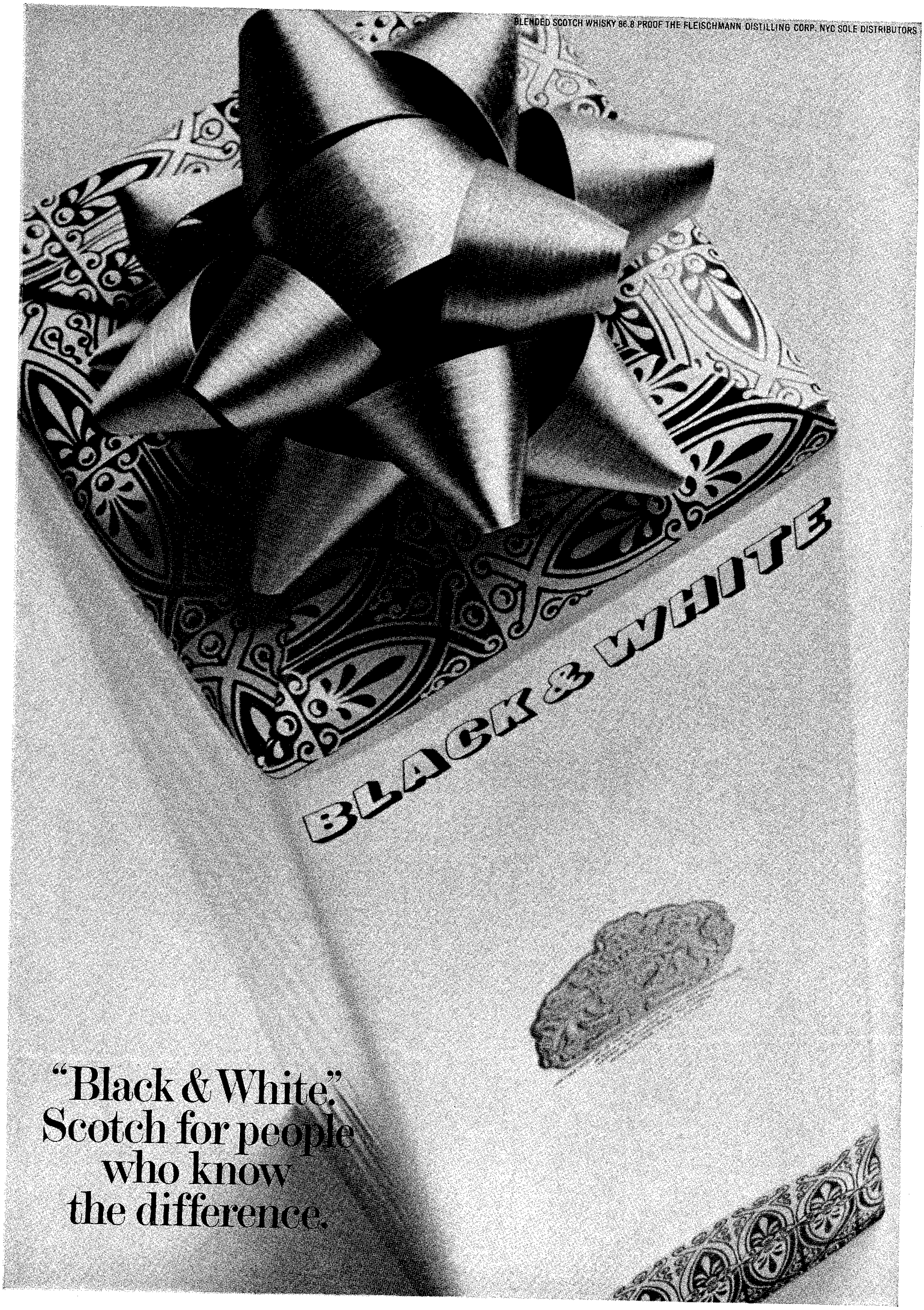
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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

BALTHUS AND ALBERTO GIACOMETTI—Drawings; through Dec. 31. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Miniature watercolors and oil temperas; through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Seven rugged sculptures of artists, four panels, and a sum of recent paintings; through Dec. 30. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Somewhat disturbing constructions, the focal point of each being a small head of man; through Dec. 31. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

BILL BOLLINGER—Three long and slender channels of aluminum; through Dec. 31. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS—French primitives; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—A happy mixture of gouaches, stabiles, mobiles, and large, primitive jewelry; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MINNA CITRON—"Prints and Things;" through Dec. 31. (Jason, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERRE COURTIN—Engravings and watercolors; through Jan. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

KIM FOON—Paintings by a Korean artist now residing in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

JOELLEN HALL—Figurative bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

HANS HARTUNG—Paintings by this Paris abstractionist; through Dec. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WINSLOW HOMER—A benefit show of this artist's early and gentler paintings (1867-79), recently brought to light from the collection of the Cooper Union Museum; through Tuesday, Dec. 20. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

MURRAY ISRAEL—Paintings based on a multiplicity of squares, one blindingly optical; through Jan. 7. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRITZ KOENIG—Semi-abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ALEXANDER Z. KRUSE—Paintings; through Tuesday, Dec. 20. (Burrell, 955 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRI LAURENS (1885-1954)—Bronzes of robust, curvilinear women, along with a good sampling of his drawings; through Dec. 31. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK LEONARD—Patchy abstract paintings, several with outline forms of ballerinas; through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MATTA—Abstract Surrealist drawings by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through Thursday, Dec. 22. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRANDMA MOSES—A sizable number of her naïve paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Five monumental sculptures, as well as drawings and small bronzes; through Friday, Dec. 23. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

KNUD NIELSEN—Drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

COSTANTINO NIVOLA—The bulk of his showing here constitutes bronze sculpture plaques; through Jan. 7. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN OPPER—Abstractions; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PHILLIP PAVIA—Abstract marble sculptures; through Dec. 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ATTILIO PIERELLI—Stainless steel sculptures; through Jan. 5. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK PIETRANTONIO—Sculpture-collages; through Dec. 30. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDUARDO RAMIREZ—Mainly white wood constructions; through Dec. 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER—Color lithographs, executed in Paris this past summer; through Dec. 31. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

KARL SCHRAG—Etchings (including eighteen for a new portfolio called "By the Sea"), aquatints, and lithographs; through Jan. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

IVAN SCHWEBEL AND DAVID BEN-SHAUL—"The Hills of Judea," fine, busy drawings by the former and more carefree pastels by the latter; through Jan. 6. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SAUL STEINBERG—Line drawings and watercolors touching upon the art world, the government, the city, and such; through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

KEITH VAUGHAN—Semi-abstract figure gouaches, sombre in tone, by an English contemporary; through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES WYETH—Portraits, quiet naturalistic scenes, and an eerie "Mushroom Picker;" through Friday, Dec. 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

TREASURES OF EL DORADO—A bright array of Colombia's pre-Hispanic gold art—small figures and animals, pendants, nose ornaments, and other objects; through Dec. 30. (Colombian Center, 140 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS—The forty-ninth annual of oils, watercolors, sculptures, and mixed mediums by artists from all parts of the United States; through Sunday, Dec. 18. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

DRAWINGS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway: Works by contemporary American artists, among them Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, and Robert Rauschenberg; through Jan. 6. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, noon to 8.)... **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Examples by (for instance) Balthus, Giacometti, and Moore; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Tiepolo, Boucher, Matisse, and other European artists; through Saturday, Dec. 17.

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 63 E. 57th St.: A holiday show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by William Gropper, John Kearney, Moses Soyer, and others; through Jan. 7.... **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Albert Bierstadt, Leonard Ochtman, and Theodore Robinson are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through Jan. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Small paintings by Paul Cadmus, Isabel Bishop, Robert Vickrey, and others regularly associated with the gallery; through Dec. 31. ... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, and Stephen Etnier; through Jan. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Alan Gussow, Stanley Bleifeld, Fannie Hillsmith, and the like; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Audrey Skaling, Andre Racz, and Jan Gelb are three of the artists participating in the gallery's tenth anniversary exhibition; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Mark Tobey, Morris Graves, and David Hayes are among the artists exhibiting prints, drawings, paintings, and sculptures in a show celebrating the gallery's thirtieth anniversary; through Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Small sculptures and drawings related to them by, among others, Arp, Lynn Chadwick, and Frederick Kiesler; through Friday, Dec. 23. (Closed Mondays.) ... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: Steel, bronze, and white marble sculptures by (for

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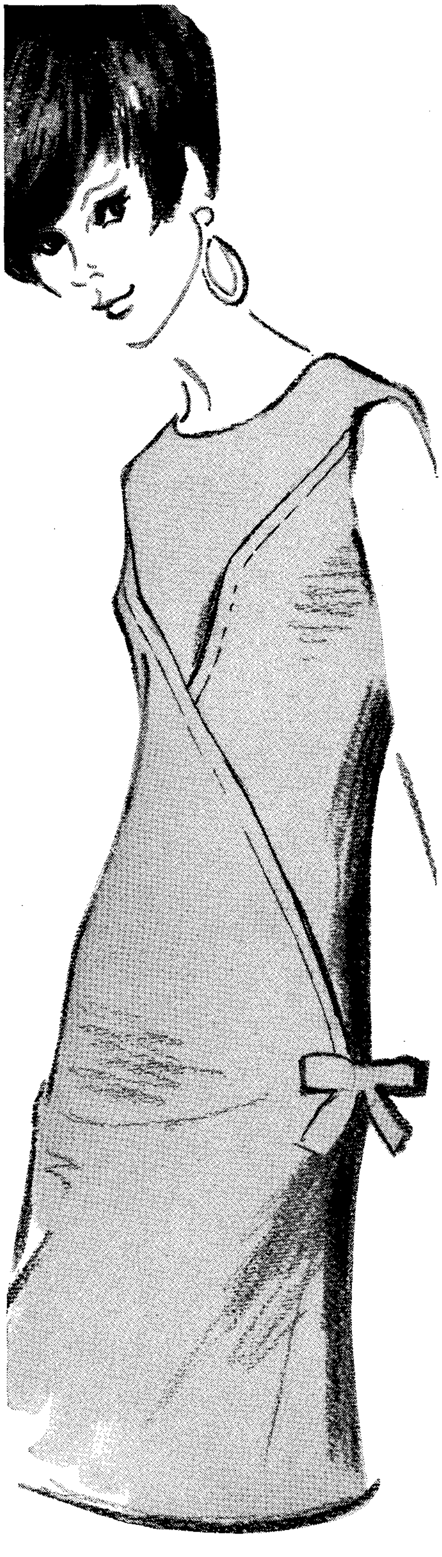

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example) Elisabeth Frink, Eduardo Chillida, and Joseph Konzal; through Jan. 14.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists as Corot, Monet, and Picasso; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **marlborough-gerson**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by Chagall, Klee, and Mondrian (to name a few); through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and graphic art by Klimt, Kokoschka, and Schiele, along with objects in silver, enamel, ceramics, and glass by other members of the association known as the "Wiener Werkstaette;" through Saturday, Dec. 17.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"200 Years of Watercolor Paintings in America," commemorating the centennial of the American Watercolor Society, presents an enjoyable fare by A. J. Davis, Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper, and the like, with, secondarily, a selection by present members of the Society; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ A short course (three chapters) in Roman history as seen in recently acquired murals by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. They are so big they overshadow the tidy scenes of Venice by Guardi and Canaletto and the commentaries on Venetian upper-class life by Longhi, which are part of the same exhibit. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art in the Mirror," takeoffs by our contemporary artists on the works of their predecessors, an example of which is Rauschenberg's "Erased de Kooning Drawing;" through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Seven portrait sculptures by Jacob Epstein, among them a striking one of Pandit Nehru; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and assemblages by contemporary Japanese artists; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Oils, drawings, gouaches, collages, and sculptures (1962-66) by Jean Dubuffet; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ "Wassily Kandinsky: Painting on Glass," an exhibit marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Along with his glass paintings, principally on religious subjects, there are watercolors, drawings, and prints by Kandinsky, plus anonymous objects of Bavarian glass folk art; through Feb. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The 1966 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture and Prints, an invitation show, comprising works by about two hundred artists, including Alexander Calder, Louise Nevelson, and Phillip Pavia; starting Friday, Dec. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; on Thursday, Dec. 15, until 5. Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fifteen *santos* paintings and sculptures, created by folk artists working in New Mexico in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, on loan for the Christmas season; through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ "Ancient Art of Latin America," items from the Jay C. Leff collection. There are miniature figurines, large ceramic figures and vessels from Mexico, small stone sculptures and lapidary work from the Gulf Coast, and wood sculptures from Peru. Through March 5. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Etchings, watercolors, pastels, and oils by Childe Hassam; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings by contemporary American artists (Will Barnet, Margit Beck, Anthony Toney, and others) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Sunday, Dec. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Selections of Chinese Art from Private Collections in the Metropolitan Area," comprising ceramics, sculptures, paintings, and jade objects from the Shang Dynasty to the eighteenth century; through Jan. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, prints, and constructions by the Argentine artist Antonio Berni; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of paintings and collages by Ad Reinhardt, containing brightly colored abstractions from the late thirties, monochrome paintings from the fifties and sixties, cartoons, and placards; through Jan. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," a two-part fifteenth-century Dutch illuminated manuscript, with color transparencies of its miniatures; through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Early Flemish drawings and manuscripts; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A double loan exhibition, one of American dolls, most of them made by hand, and the other of manufactured tin-wheeled toys; through Jan. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"A Victorian Christmas," a family Christmas scene of the eighteen-eighties, complete with Victorian furnishings, Christmas-tree ornaments, and toys, and mannequins dressed in costumes of the period; through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—The Museum, now an almost oversized doll's house, holds (on loan) a disparate family of "People Figures," including Niki de Saint-Phalle's gargantuan nanas, William King's leggy tall men, and Carol Anthony's comic characters; through Jan. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masks and Sculptures from the Collection of Gustave and Franyo Schindler," made up of examples from Africa, New Guinea, prehistoric Turkey, and the Greek Cycladic Islands; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"Pueblo Indian Art," watercolors depicting life in American Indian pueblos of the Southwest, together with their crafts, such as katcinas, pottery, rugs, and baskets; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 15, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Pekka Nuotio, Edmond Hurshell, Ernst Wiemann, and Ron Bottcher. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Belén Amparán, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17, at 1:30: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Turandot," with Anita Valkki, Teresa Stratas, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Nell Rankin, James King, Walter Berry, John Macurdy, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Elena Cernei, Franco Corelli, Frank Guarrera, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, John Alexander, Anselmo Colzani, and Nicola Ghiuselev. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Turandot," with Anita Valkki, Teresa Stratas, Flaviano Labò, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 23, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Jean Fenn, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, Ezio Flagello, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Justino Díaz, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 24, at 8: "Lucia di Lammer-

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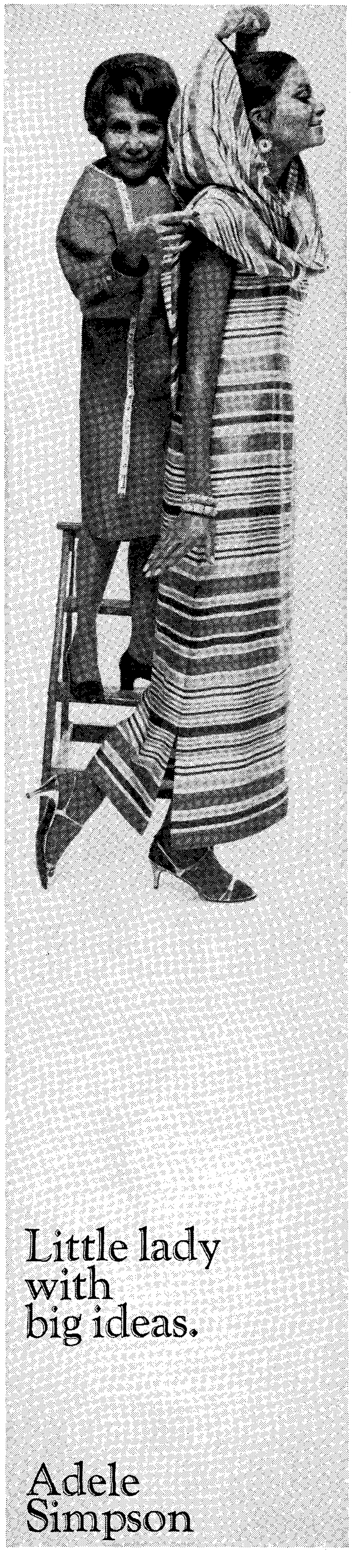

Little lady with big ideas.
Adele Simpson

moor," with Joan Sutherland, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, and Nicola Ghiuselev.

Juilliard Opera Theatre—The second of two benefit performances of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," conducted by Jean Morel and staged by Christopher West. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:15. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—William Steinberg conducting, with Daniel Barenboim, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 16, at 2:15; and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Wednesday, Dec. 28.

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting a program of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Alexander Schneider's Chamber Ensemble—A Mozart-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Sidney Harth, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 17-18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing, with the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Orchestra—Karl Richter conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday and Monday, Dec. 18-19, at 8, a program of Brandenburg Concertos; and Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8, six Handel organ concertos, with the conductor as soloist.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Saramae Endich, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzosoprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Christmas Eve Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in a Bach-Mozart program, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Paula Sylvester, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Robert Nagel, trumpet; Robert Sylvester, cello; Robert Conant, harpsichord; and the conductor, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

Cantata Singers—Robert Hickok directing an *a cappella* program of Renaissance and contemporary music. (Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. S. at 21st St. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call 228-1870.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing performances of Handel's "Messiah." (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing a Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

Hunter College Choirs—Ralph Hunter directing, with an orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Charpentier's "Midnight Mass" and "Te Deum," with an orchestra and soloists. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Hamilton College and Wells College Choirs—A joint concert, with Alistair Cassels-Brown and Crawford Thoburn directing. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

Contemporary Music Society—Paul Price conducting the Manhattan Brass and Percussion Ensembles. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

Guarneri String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Ali Akbar Khan—Sarode, with Mahapurush Misra, tabla. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Karl Richter—Organ, in an all Bach program. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 11:30.)

Jeanne-Marie Darré—Piano, in the last in a series of Chopin recitals. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 5:30.)

Leonid Kogan—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by Henry Hadley, Charles Ives, John Hausserman, and Harry R. Wilson, performed by Benno and Sylvia Rabinof, violin and piano; Zita Carno, piano; the Concert Choir and the Brass Quintet of Teachers College, Columbia University; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Monday, Dec. 19, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Evenings for New Music—The second in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of Carlos Chavez, Lucia Dlugoszewski, Salvatore Martirano, Niccolò Castiglioni, and Cornelius Cardew. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

Emil Gilels—Piano, in a recital originally scheduled for Jan. 14. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla, in three different programs. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 21-23, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music of medieval France of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. (Fuentidueña Chapel, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 22-23, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. St. Louis. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Boxing—José Torres vs. Dick Tiger, 15 rounds, for the World Light Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 16. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Professional Football—Jets vs. Boston Patriots. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 1:05.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 1:30.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 7:30.)

Racing—At Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Jan. 2.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 18. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at 11. No tickets necessary. Women admitted only after noon.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Final day Thursday, Dec. 15. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic, with two of the Philharmonic's assistant conductors, and with seven young soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 17, at noon and 2:30.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—"Snow White," the first of two plays to be presented by the company in a one-week engagement. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 24, at 11:30 and 2.)

Bil Baird's Marionette Theatre—"Davy Jones' Locker," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, Dec. 24, through Saturday, Dec. 31. Weekdays at 11:30 and 3, and Sunday at 12:30 and 4.)

Stage Shows—By the **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "The Princess and the Frog." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 17-18, at 2 and 3:30, and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2.)... **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS:** "Young Mozart." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Dec. 23, at 1:30 and 3.)... **ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS:** "Snow Queen." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call 249-6978.)... **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Mr. Scrooge." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 17-18, at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Adventures of Pinocchio," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 17-18, at 1:30 and 3.... ¶ "Santa's Magic Show," Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1 and 2:30. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)... **UNIT THEATRE GROUP:** "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Saturdays and Sundays at 1.)... **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Pied Piper." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop–Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Sky at Christmas Time." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 17, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 18, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

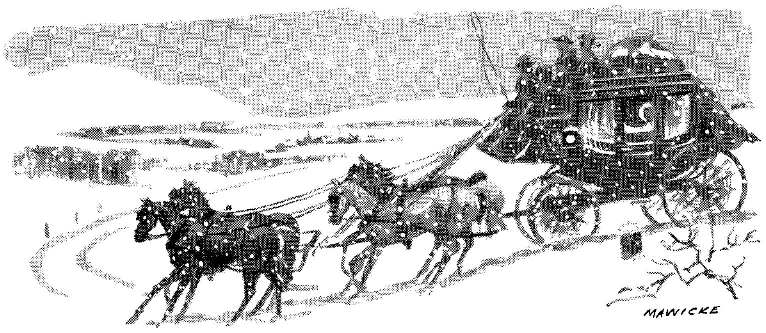
Movies—"The Emperor's Nightingale," a film played by a cast of puppets and a couple of genuine actors. Narrated by Boris Karloff. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 10 and 1:30. Admission is free.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn on Tuesday, Dec. 20), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Yevgeny Yevtushenko reading from his own works, in Russian, accompanied by English translations. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. Monday, Dec. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call TR 7-4716.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Bible—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Chushingura—A beautiful, stately rendering of the old Japanese epic. With Toshiro Mifune, the barking samurai. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—California surfers take their boards to Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Tahiti. Out of sight. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

The Fortune Cookie—A Billy Wilder comedy, characteristically harsh and funny, with fine performances by Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—The Broadway musical, directed by Richard Lester with his usual hypomania, and starring Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022. . . . ¶ Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Dec. 20.)

Georgy Girl—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling in an excellent English tragicomedy. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through Dec. 21. No evening performances on Tuesday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 21.)

Hawaii—In which a deadly script crushes Max von Sydow, Julie Andrews, gorgeous scenery, history, and the director George Roy Hill. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Is Paris Burning?—One of the biggest failures of recent times, in which many fine actors sink without a trace. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Kaleidoscope—A slick thriller about cardsharping, with Warren Beatty and Susannah York, ably directed by Jack Smight. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660.)

Loves of a Blonde—A charming tale of disorderly young love in Czechoslovakia. Directed by Milos Forman. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; starting Dec. 21.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway success of a couple of years ago. Robert Bolt, who wrote the play, is the author of the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann produced and directed. Others in the cast include Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Dec. 21.)

The Shameless Old Lady—A stout-hearted octogenarian widow treats herself to a good time. Well directed by René Allio. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

REVIVALS

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 18.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—A Vittorio De Sica film about a search for a stolen bicycle. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 16-19.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 20.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 18-20.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. With Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Dec. 20.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—An account of a Russian family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 16-19.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 20.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Dec. 20.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Dec. 21.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 19-21.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Dec. 21.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 18-19.)

The Leather Boys (1965)—Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton in a study of contemporary lower-middle-class English life. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Dec. 21.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 20.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 15.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness plays the inventor of a fabulous fabric. With Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 18-19.)

The Moment of Truth (1965)—A picture about a Spanish matador by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 19-21.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 20.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Dec. 17.)

The Quare Fellow (1963)—Brendan Behan's play about a hanging in a Dublin prison. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 18.)

Shane (1953)—How the evil cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 18-20.)

A Shot in the Dark (1964)—Peter Sellers as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

Yanco (1964)—A picture about a Mexican boy whose boundless love of music ironically destroys him. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 16-19.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Dec. 15 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and Dec. 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929), a German film. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), with Ronald Colman and Irene Rich. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "Easy Living" (1937), with Jean Arthur. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 2, and Dec. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 2 and 5:30: Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" (1941), with Joseph Cotten. . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through Dec. 18: NASA space films. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 20: "Big Business" (1929), "Below Zero" (1930), and "Babes in Toyland" (1934), the first program in a series of Laurel and Hardy films entitled "A Tribute to Hal Roach." (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
A SHOT IN THE DARK, revival; and "The Pink Panther," revival, David Niven, Peter Sellers.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
IS PARIS BURNING?

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Dec. 21: "Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave., at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Follow Me, Boys!," Fred MacMurray, Vera Miles.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Dec. 19: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 20 at 8: "The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Dec. 20: "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
From Dec. 21: "Murderers' Row," Dean Martin, Ann-Margret.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Dec. 18: "The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard.
Dec. 19-20: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 21 at 8:30: "Grand Prix," James Garner, Eva Marie Saint. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
GEORGY GIRL.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Dec. 21: **THE LEATHER BOYS**, revival; and "Mondo Pazzo," revival, an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
KALEIDOSCOPE; and "Impossible on Saturday" (in French), revival, Robert Hirsch.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
A SHOT IN THE DARK, revival; and "The Pink Panther," revival, David Niven, Peter Sellers.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Dec. 18: "What's Up, Tiger Lily?," Tatsuya Mihashi.
From Dec. 19: "Galia" (in French), Mireille Darc.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Dec. 20: **LOVES OF A BLONDE**, a Czechoslovakian film.
From Dec. 21: "Gambit," Shirley MacLaine, Michael Caine.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A SHOT IN THE DARK, revival; and "The Pink Panther," revival, David Niven, Peter Sellers.

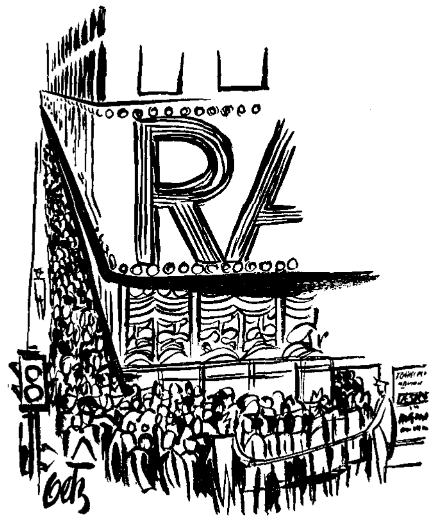
R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 18: "Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.
From Dec. 19: "The Spy with a Cold Nose," Laurence Harvey, Daliah Lavi.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Dec. 17: "Texas Across the River," Dean Martin, Alain Delon.
From Dec. 18: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through Dec. 17: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.
From Dec. 18 at 7:45: "Blow-Up," Vanessa Redgrave, David Hemmings. (Opening night by invitation only.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
18	19	20	21	15	16	17

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Dec. 20: **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.**
From Dec. 21: **LOVES OF A BLONDE**, a Czechoslovakian film.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Dec. 20: **GIGI**, revival; and "The Loved One," revival, Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters.
From Dec. 21: To be announced.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Quiller Memorandum," George Segal, Alec Guinness.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE FORTUNE COOKIE.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Dec. 21: **GEORGY GIRL.** (No evening performances on Tuesday, Dec. 20.)

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 18: **THE QUARE FELLOW**, revival.
From Dec. 19: "Galia" (in French), Mireille Darc.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 20: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.
From Dec. 21: **GEORGY GIRL.**

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 20: "The Swinger," Ann-Margret, Tony Franciosa; and "Curse of the Voodoo," Bryant Halliday.
From Dec. 21: "The Wild Angels," Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra; and "Underage," Anne MacAdams.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 18: "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
Dec. 19: "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson; and "The Student Prince," revival, Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom.
Dec. 20: "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer; and "Show Boat," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel.
From Dec. 21: "Murderers' Row," Dean Martin, Ann-Margret.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 15: **M** (in German), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
Dec. 16-19: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.
From Dec. 20: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival.

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Dec. 17: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "Mondo Cane," revival, an Italian documentary, with an English narration.
Dec. 18-19: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "The Promoter," revival, Alec Guinness, Glynis Johns.
From Dec. 20: "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 17: "A Place in the Sun," revival, Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
Dec. 18-20: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **SHANE**, revival.
From Dec. 21: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of nonprofessionals), revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Cul-de-Sac," Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Dec. 20: **CASQUE D'OR** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 21: "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?," a Czechoslovakian film.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 20: "The Brides of Fu Manchu," Christopher Lee; and "Shadow of Evil," Kerwin Mathews, Pier Angeli.
From Dec. 21: **HIGH SIERRA**, revival; and **KEY LARGO**, revival.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY (in French).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Dec. 18: "Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.
From Dec. 19: "The Spy with a Cold Nose," Laurence Harvey, Daliah Lavi.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 21: **MY FAIR LADY.**

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Dec. 18: "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
From Dec. 19: "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 20: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 21: "The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"A Very Handy Man" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Giovanna Ralli.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
CHUSHINGURA (in Japanese).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Dec. 18: "Romeo and Juliet," performed by Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev, and the Royal Ballet. (Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 and Sunday at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)
From Dec. 19: "The Spy with a Cold Nose," Laurence Harvey, Daliah Lavi.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

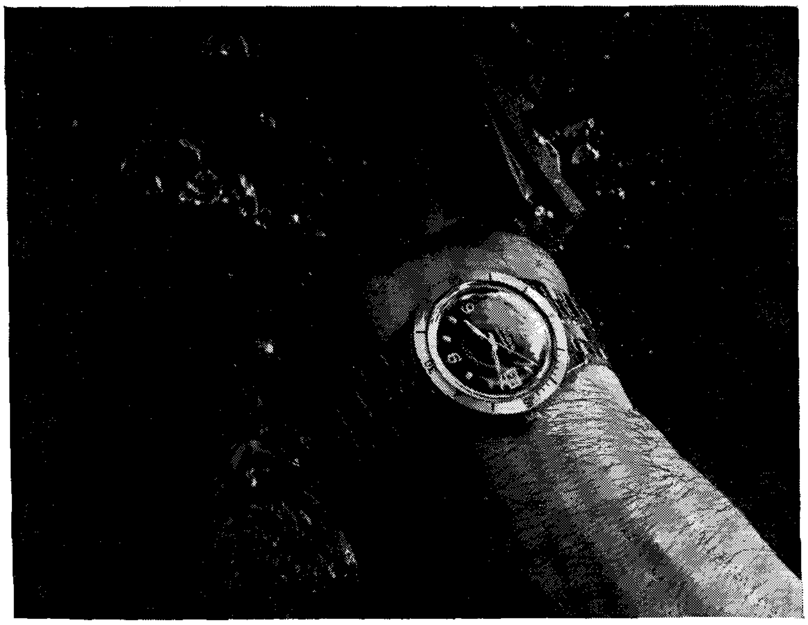
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 18: **SHANE**, revival; and **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival.
Dec. 19-21: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian), revival; and **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian), revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT, revival; and "Cast a Giant Shadow," revival, Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 15: "School for Husbands," revival, Rex Harrison; and "The Anatomy of Love" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.
Dec. 16-19: **YANCO**, revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
From Dec. 20: **THE MOON IS BLUE**, revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 20: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 21: **GEORGY GIRL.**

"I don't know what watches are coming to. This one does everything but plug in the coffee pot."



Have to speak to the people at Bulova about that, Mr. de Joseph. Should be able to work that into this stainless steel case, somehow. Let's see now, the Bulova Snorkel keeps itself waterproof to 666 feet down. Very handy business. Has a rotating sort of stop watch thing to time things. Easy-set calendar. Luminous dial. Shock-resistant – bang it on a cleat, it still keeps 17-jeweling itself along, automatically. Biggest proof of how unique it is, is that 666 foot business. A watch has to be unique to stand that kind of water pressure. $89.95. Sort of thought it would be more, didn't you?

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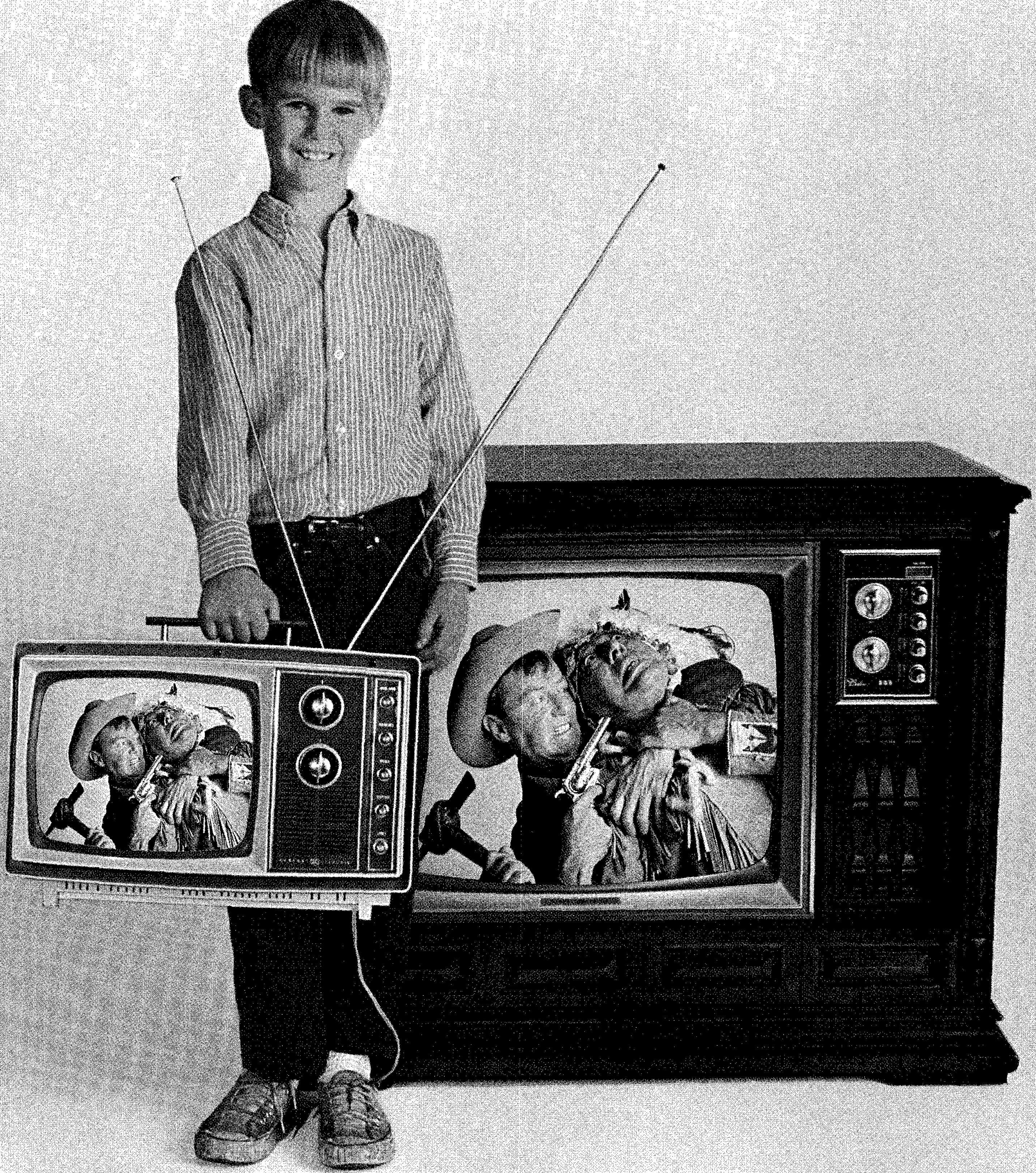

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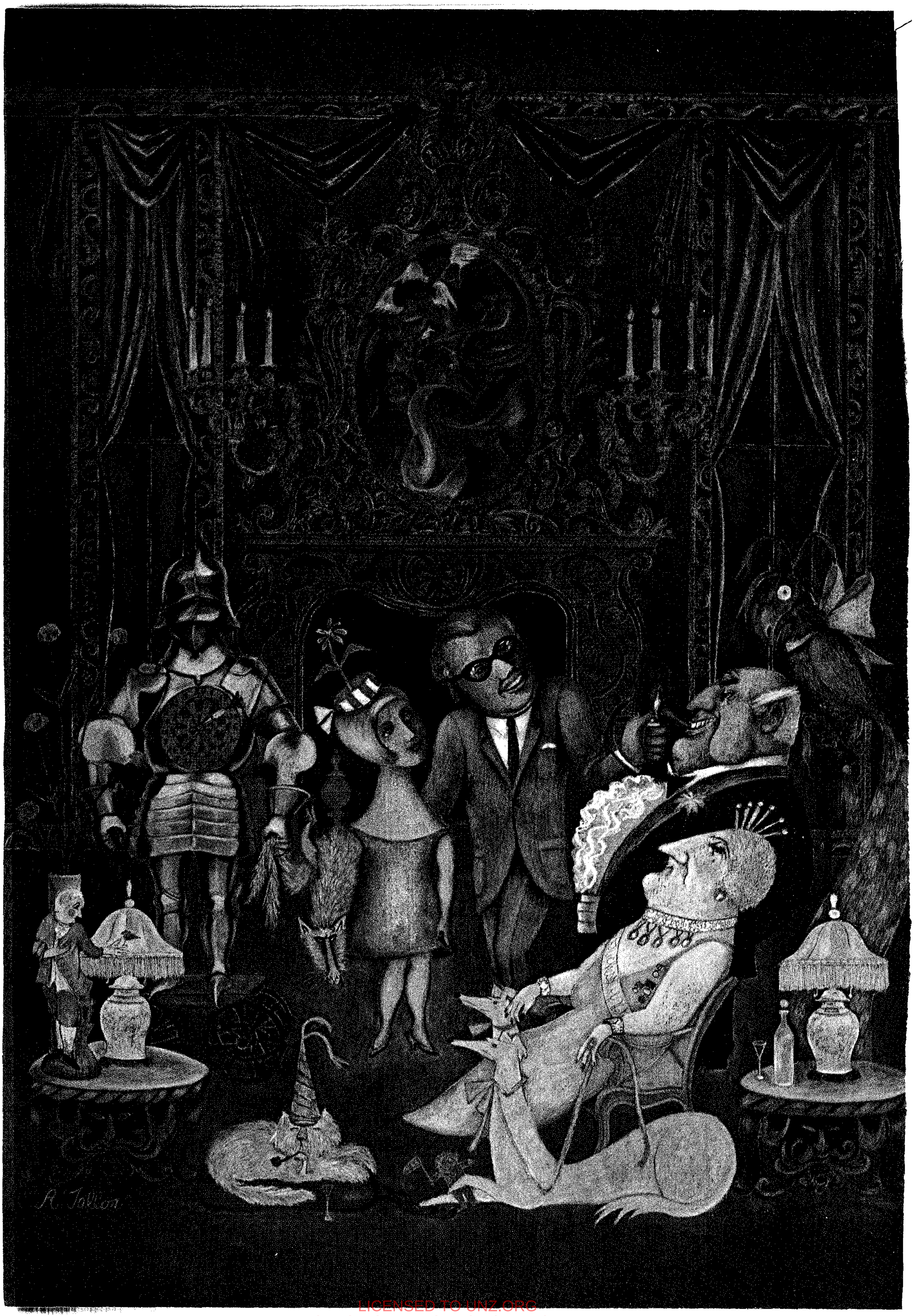
A. Tallon

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You're meeting his boss for the very first time.
His wife is the former Duchess of Helbe.

If you've never worn Hanes you'd better start now.

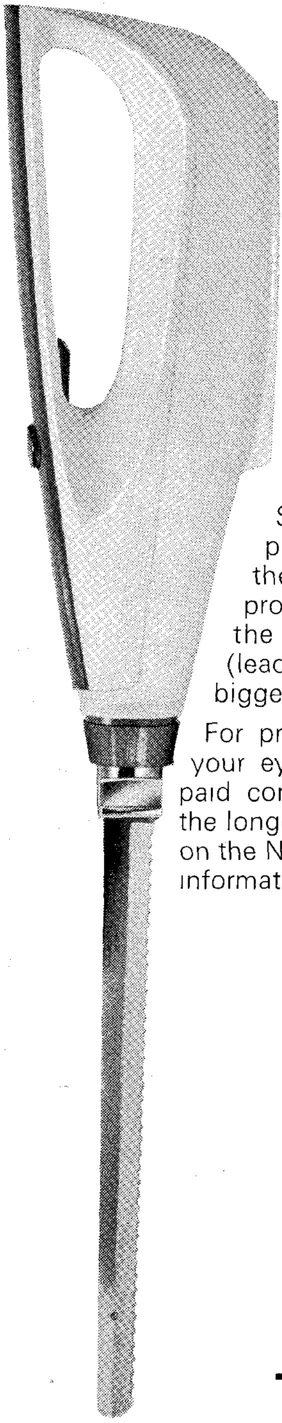
The only name you can think of to drop is your Aunt Mabel who once played the spoons on the Amateur Hour. Champagne gives you hives. And if the truth be known, you've never even *heard* of Helbe. But somehow you've got to create an impression. It used to be so easy. When you were 19 a girl could get by on a dazzling smile and a great pair of legs. Well you know what? A girl still can.

So put on a smile and buy some Hanes Stockings. Great legs happen with Hanes. The smoothest sleekest legs in town. And oh what styles! Wonderful textures, and dazzling colors, and non-stop stockings that rise to the waist.

Then there's Hanes quality. Hand-looped toes. Run guard heels. And a series of rigid inspections (would you believe 16 of them) to prevent any flaw from ever reaching you. So you can relax about runs. They won't happen through any fault of *ours*. As for conversation, just say "Thank You" when the boss says you're beautiful. And if you must drop a name, drop ours. Hanes. The Duchess is sure to ask who did your stockings. Might as well tell her. Noblesse Oblige.

Great Legs deserve Hanes
Others need them.

Some of Scovill's best ideas have holes in them.



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If she doesn't fill out that rental form in 2 minutes flat, strip her of her Avis button.

We try harder.

The record: 47 seconds, Aileen Gray, Denver.

Time her.

(Many Avis girls break 90. After record holder Gray's 47, there's Alice Webb in Seattle, with 48.)

So if she goes over 2 minutes, her Avis button is yours.

And don't think it won't hurt.

When you wear a button that says, "We try harder," and somebody tells you to take it off, they're telling you something about yourself.

Try it the next time you rent a shiny new Plymouth from Avis.

2 minutes. If she takes a second longer, tell her to hand the button over.

Please don't try to remove it yourself.

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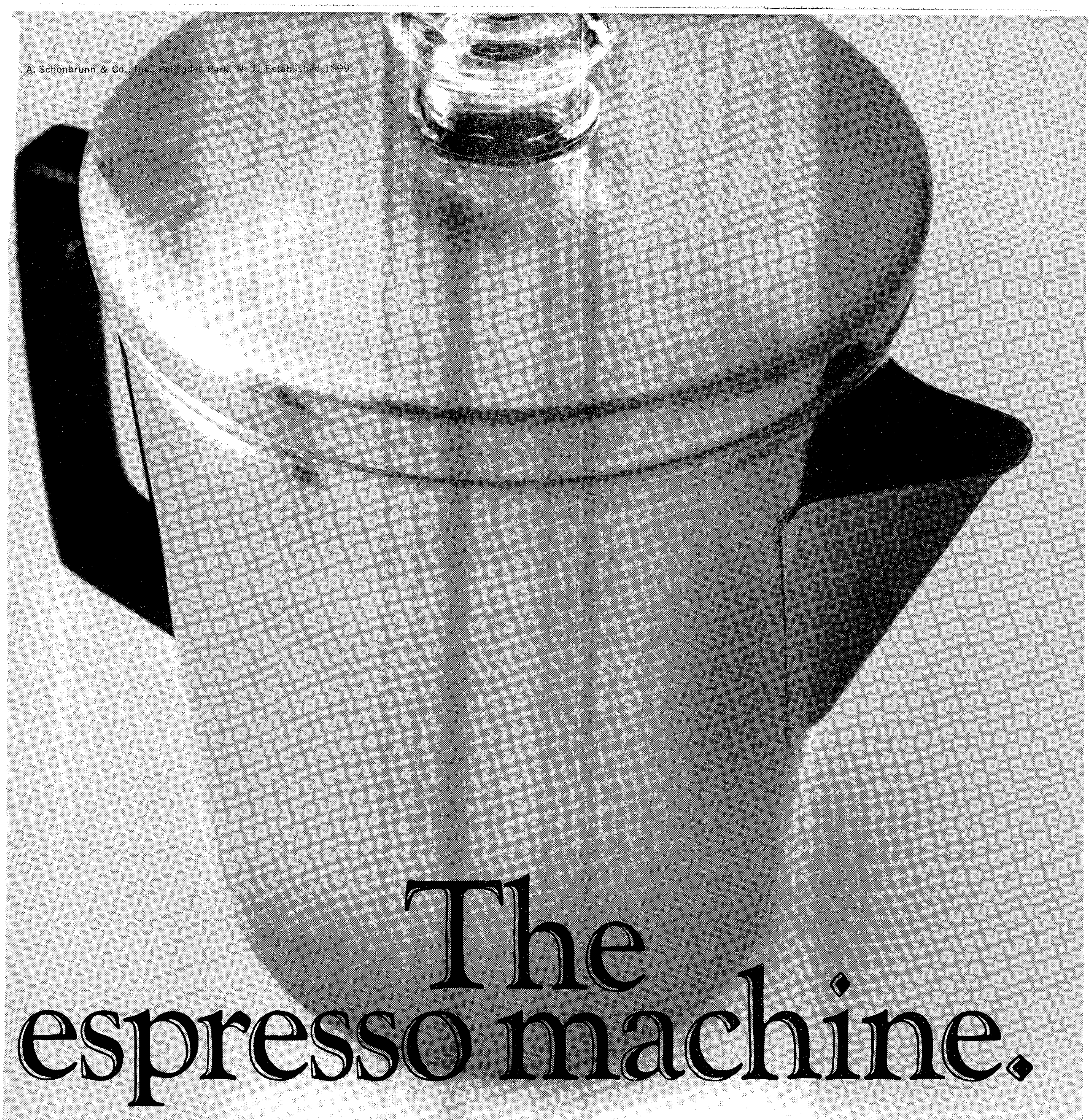

The espresso machine.

You already own one.

It looks like the common, ordinary, kitchen variety coffee pot, doesn't it?

It does, and that's what it is.

When you brew common, ordinary, kitchen variety coffee in it.

But:

put Medaglia d'Oro coffee in it, and you have an espresso machine.

As Italian as a great big *steam* machine or that little espresso pot, the *macchinetta*.

You see, Medaglia d'Oro is espresso coffee.

The beans are roasted longer than the beans for ordinary coffee.

That—and the *kind* of beans we use—gives Medaglia d'Oro its good, rich, Italian flavor.

Gives *you* good, rich espresso.

And what Medaglia d'Oro does in a plain old perc or drip-type pot, it also does in a fancy-type pot.

Like an electric percolator. A Silex, Pyrex, Chemex, *any* ex.

Because Medaglia d'Oro is an *all-purpose* grind which you brew like ordinary coffee.

Serve it steaming hot in demitasse cups, with sugar and a twist of lemon peel. *Delizioso.*

Well, what are you waiting for? You already *have* the espresso machine.

Medaglia d'Oro

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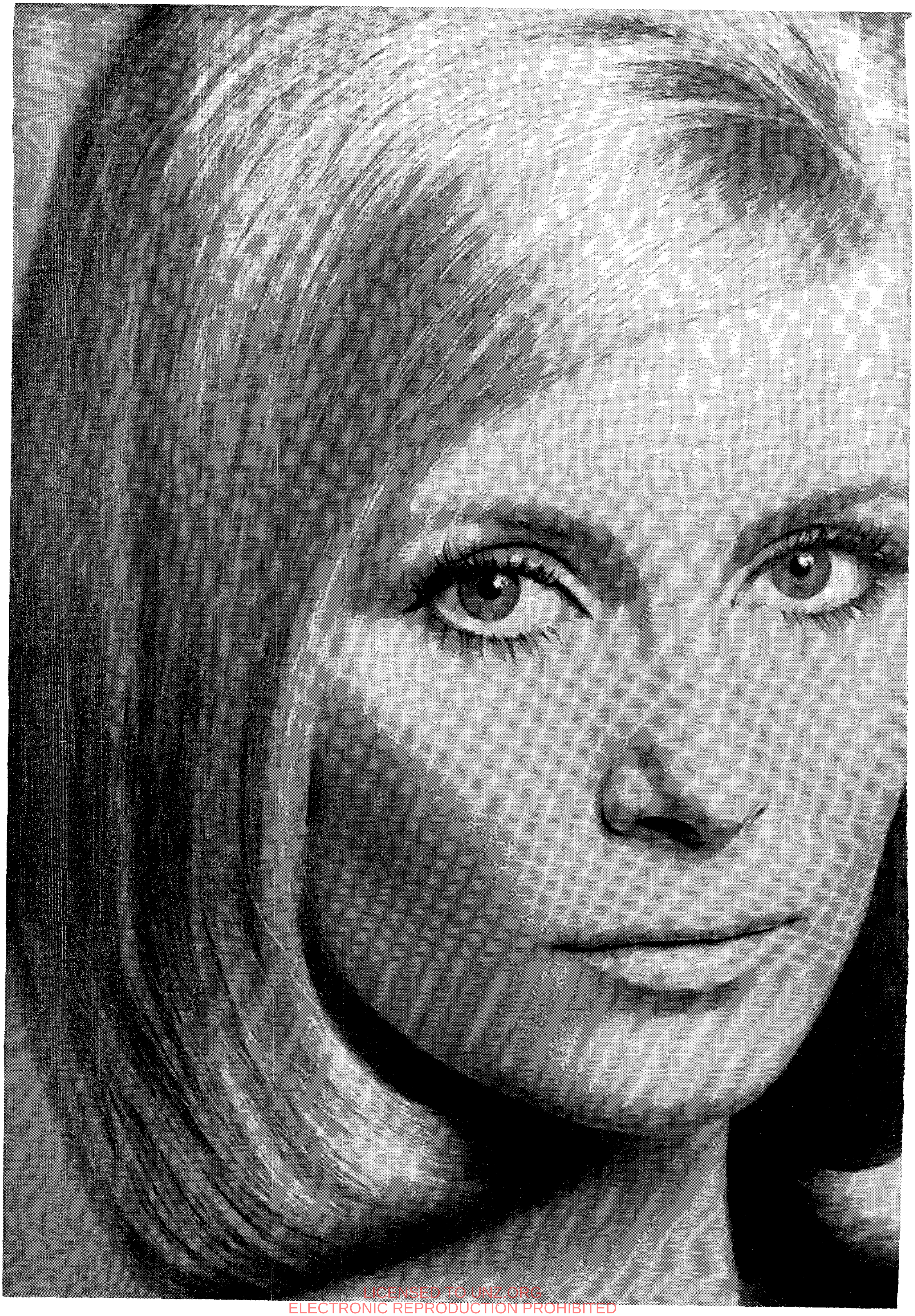
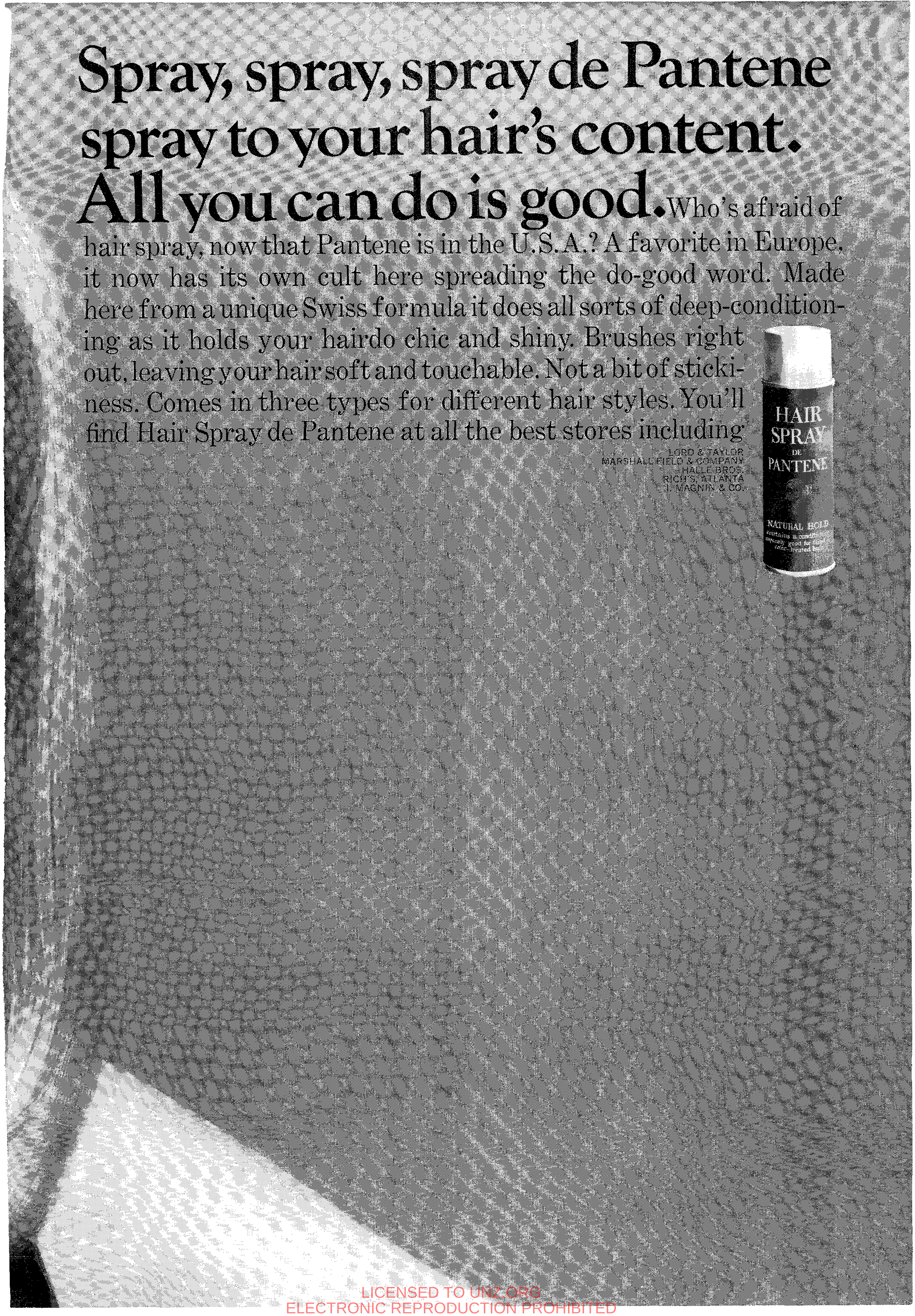
CAFFE





Spray, spray, spray de Pantene spray to your hair's content. All you can do is good.

Who's afraid of hair spray, now that Pantene is in the U.S.A.? A favorite in Europe, it now has its own cult here spreading the do-good word. Made here from a unique Swiss formula it does all sorts of deep-conditioning as it holds your hairdo chic and shiny. Brushes right out, leaving your hair soft and touchable. Not a bit of stickiness. Comes in three types for different hair styles. You'll find Hair Spray de Pantene at all the best stores including

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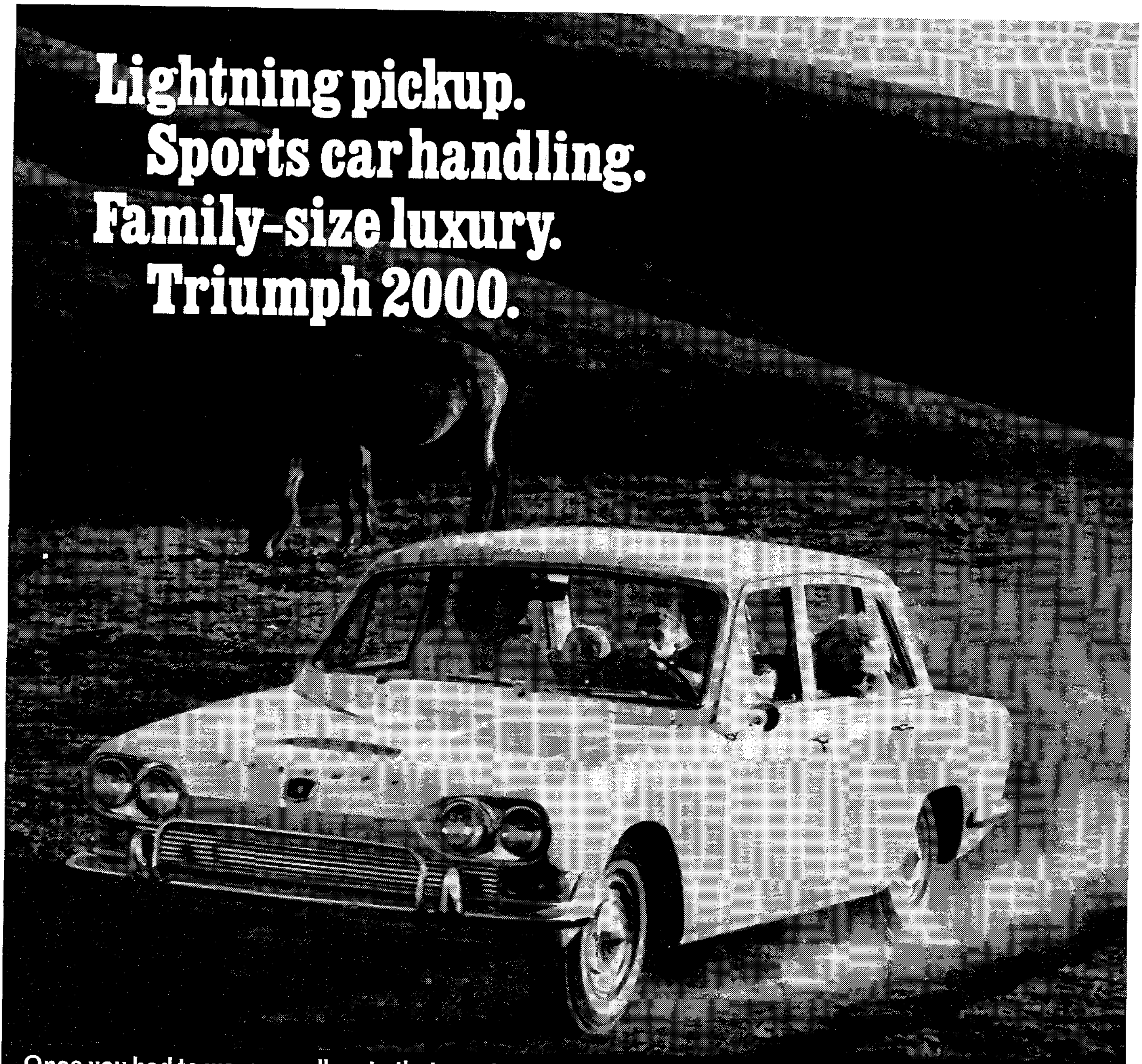


Once you had to wave goodbye to that sports car feeling when you had kids.

Then came the family man's Triumph—the 4-door, 5-passenger Triumph 2000 sedan.

With performance and luxury features like rack-and-pinion steering. Four forward synchromesh gears. Four-wheel independent suspension. Lively 6-cylinder engine.

(You won't find features like these on most higher-priced sedans.)

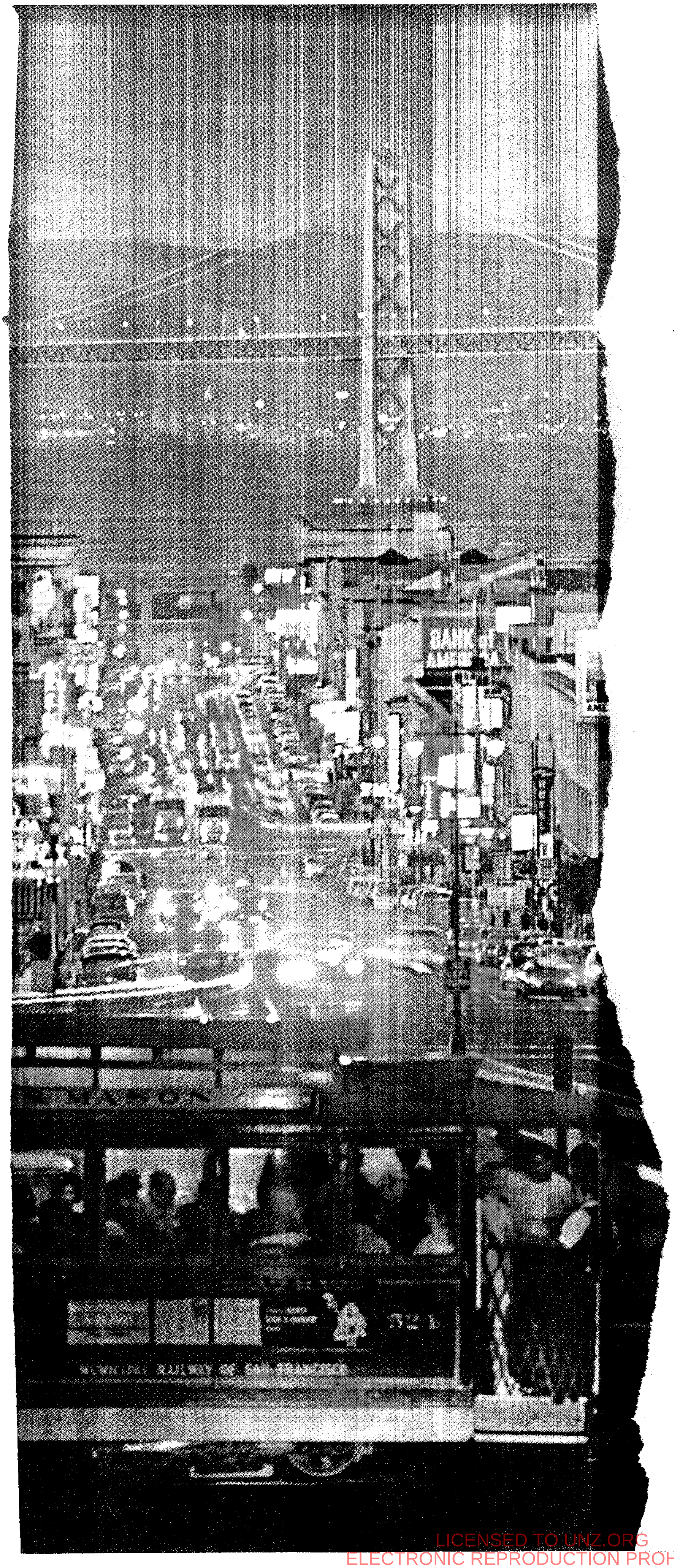
Plus safety items like power-assisted disc brakes. Side-view signal lights. Break-away rear-view mirror. Padded dash. Door locks designed to be child-proof.

Outgrown a sports car? No. You've grown into a 2000.

LEYLAND TRIUMPH

Triumph 2000

Automatic transmission or overdrive optional. Suggested retail price: $2955 East Coast POE plus optional extras, state and/or local taxes. See Yellow Pages for nearest dealer. Available in Canada and also for overseas delivery. Standard-Triumph Motor Company, Inc., 111 Galway Place, Teaneck, N. J. 07666



You can't get the whole picture in just a day or two.

You're looking down Broadway—and the word means the same in San Francisco as it does in New York. Bright lights, theaters, famous entertainers, night clubs, cabarets.

To start your night on the town, you have your choice of 2516 international restaurants: French, Russian, Italian, Greek, Chinese, Mexican, Polynesian, Indian, Japanese, German, Armenian, or Basque. (There's even a Chinese restaurant that specializes in roast beef and apple pie.)

After-dinner entertainment? Broadway is only a block from the old Barbary Coast. It's where you'll find waiters singing grand opera. A banjo band. Flamenco dancers. Harem dancers. And a Greek restaurant where the customers put on their *own* show. If you're in a less strenuous mood, stop by a sidewalk cafe for an espresso and just watch the night go by.

Broadway is just a small part of San Francisco after dark. And here's the big surprise. To see everything in these five short blocks may take you a *week*.

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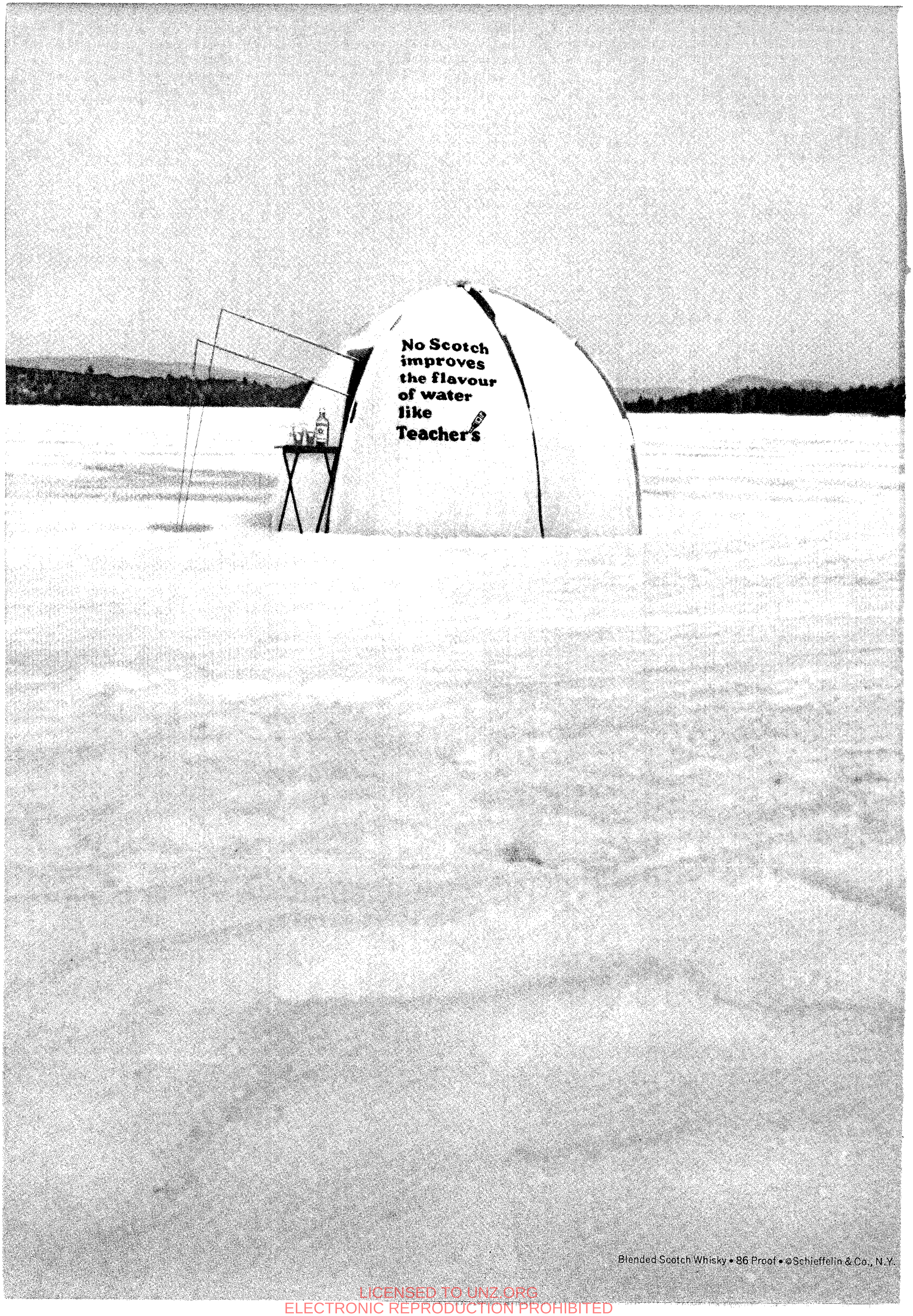
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improves
the flavour
of water
like
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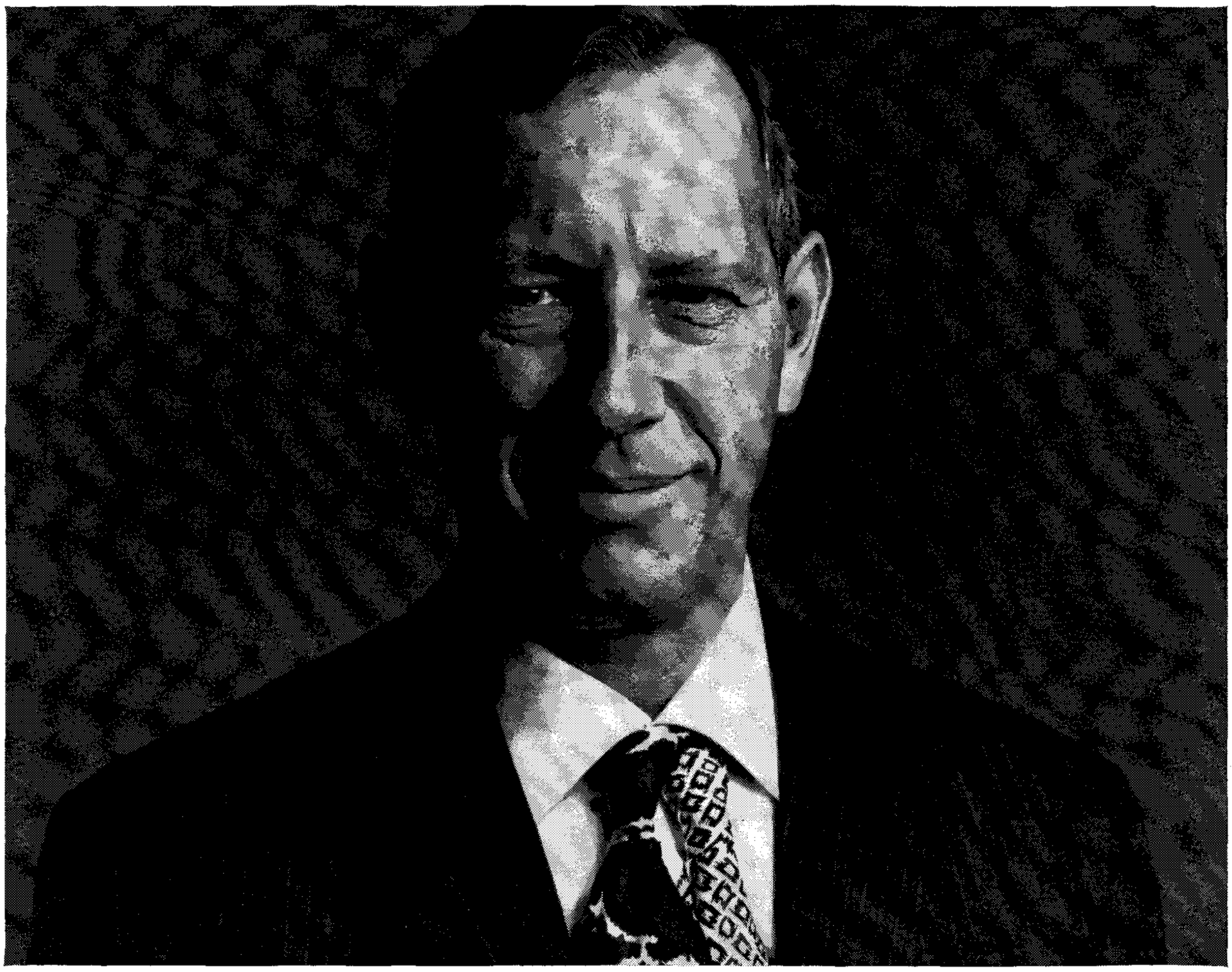


If you're a little bit different

Are you different? We don't know.

But if doing the same old thing all the time is your idea of nothing to do, you're different.

If you've flown the Atlantic before and now want to find out what another airline is all about, you're different.

And so is Air-India.

The service is different. We're an eastern airline. And to our stewards and hostesses, service is a form of hospitality.

The food is different. There's a curry, of course. And there's Air-India's Continental cuisine.

The decor of our planes is different. The colors are Indian pastels. Soothing. Our hostesses' costumes are different. They're authentic.

In some ways, of course, we're not different. We fly the same Boeing 707 jets as do most major airlines. And our pilots have to pass the same rigorous tests.

wonderful, exotic, experienced, unique Air-India

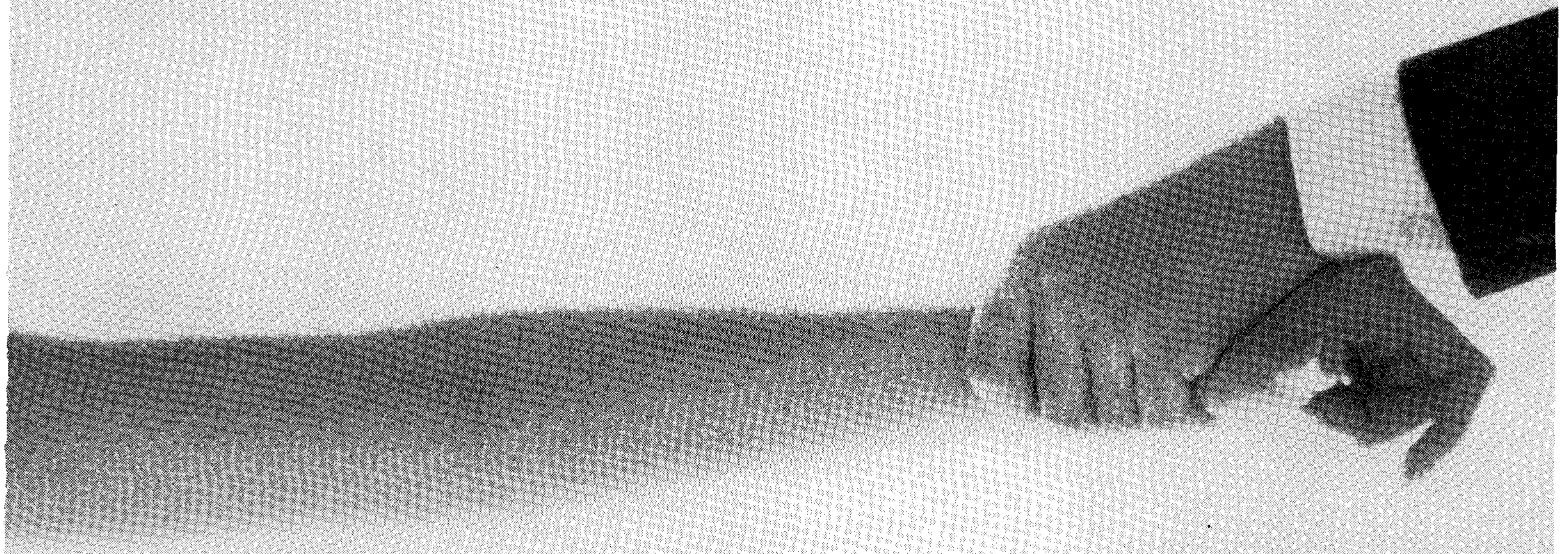
For reservations, call your travel agent or Air-India.
The airline that treats you like a maharajah. Over 33 years of flying experience.

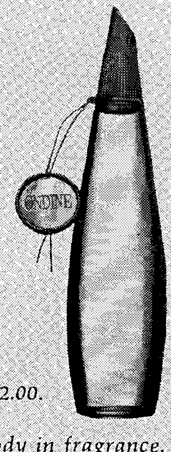
DON'T WEAR ONDINE

UNLESS YOU MEAN IT.

Ondine Parfum is as personal as an unlisted phone number. Save it for the real men in your life. Men who want you all to themselves. Who hold your coat for you. Who open taxi doors. And keep you out too late. Ondine is flirtatious as a wink. Don't wear it unless you mean it.

© Suzanne Thierry Parfums, Inc. 1965





Ondine Parfum, created by Suzanne Thierry in Paris. $4.00 to $52.00.

New Ondine Lotion Parfumée, a creamy golden liquid that clothes your body in fragrance.
2 oz. $3.50, 4 oz. $6.00.

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Le Château Champlain . . . destined to be one of the world's finest hotels with cosmopolitan atmosphere, serving Montreal's international clientele. Reservations are being taken now.

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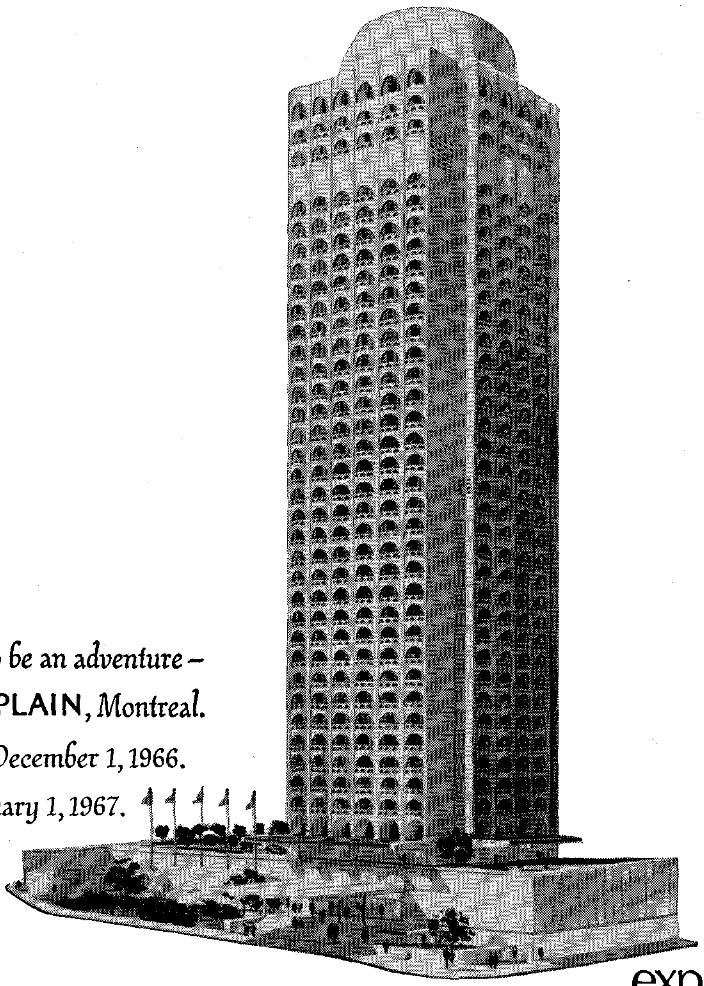

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Glamour

could be

several things.

In a woman,

it's the Ultimate;

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of furs,

it's Mink.

Spelled and trade-marked GLMA for ready identification it is the absolute monarchy of kind . . . descending from 50 generations of pedigreed bloodlines. In human terms this would span over 1,000 years. American mink cultivation is the most advanced in the world and each generation there is more perfecting—not only of bloodlines, but also in the skillful balancing of diets, vitamins and the maintenance of natural conditions. Mink are native to north America, thrive best at home and, in the climate of the northern half of the United States, they reach the pinnacle of perfection. With an uncanny combination of science and "know-how" American ranchers have developed a light "leather" which produces an unbelievably light-weight garment. And the Glamour that GLMA builds in mink yields *rich, silky, lustrous* fur with plenty of springiness, and, *deep, dark natural blue-black* color, so flattering and so very "in" today. Such is the heritage of GLMA mink and the reasons why, year after year, leading furriers pay the world's highest average prices and the world's top prices for GLMA mink. Every pelt is *stamped* GLMA. Now you know what to ask for.

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producers of premium natural
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Jewels: Harry Winston Virginia Thoren–Rice

From Drexel's Esperanto grouping—a Motorola exclusive in solid state stereo

Will this be the most imitated look in solid state stereo?

It could be. Motorola has taken full advantage of solid state miniaturized components by putting all tuning controls *inside the lid*. Where they're up high. Easy to get at. Then, we've carefully matched these solid state components with others, throughout the system, for remarkably clear audio response. And, engineered in other great Motorola ideas—like a solid state cartridge with a "see-thru" head; solid state drivers for the exponential horns, sealed sound chambers; and solid state amplifiers with 300 watts of instantaneous peak power output, 150 watts EIA music power. We've created extras, too, like a separate, solid state cartridge, for playing those priceless old 78s. And topped it off with this full year guarantee. All parts are guaranteed for one full year from defects in materials and workmanship. Motorola Inc.'s guarantee covers free exchange or repair of any component proven defective in normal usage. Arranged through selling dealer. Labor extra. See X300 Stereo, at your Motorola Dealer's now.

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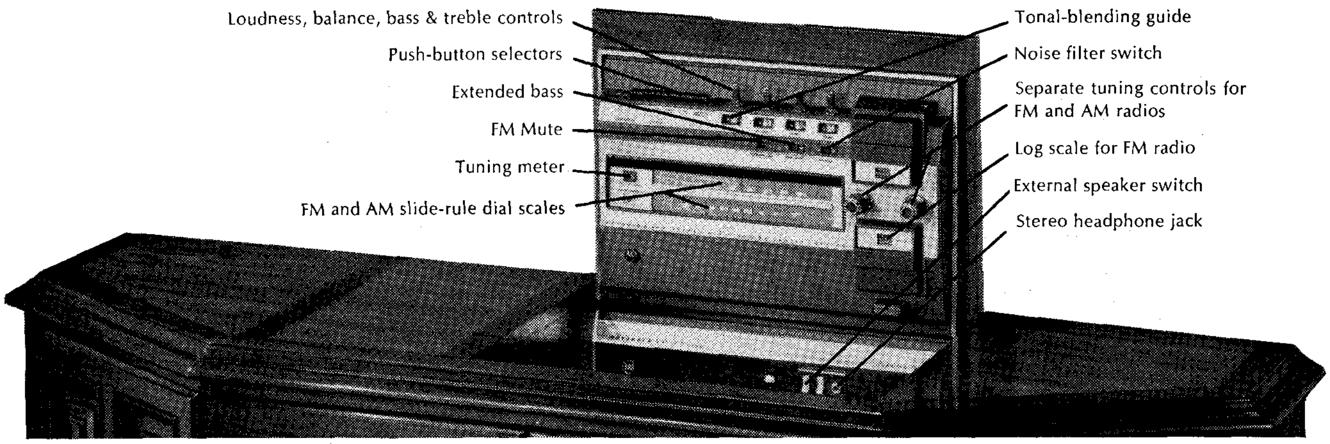
Award of Excellence

From the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce for the design of this Audio Master Control Center


Loudness, balance, bass & treble controls
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VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES
FALLA: LA VIDA BREVE
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at the drop of another hat
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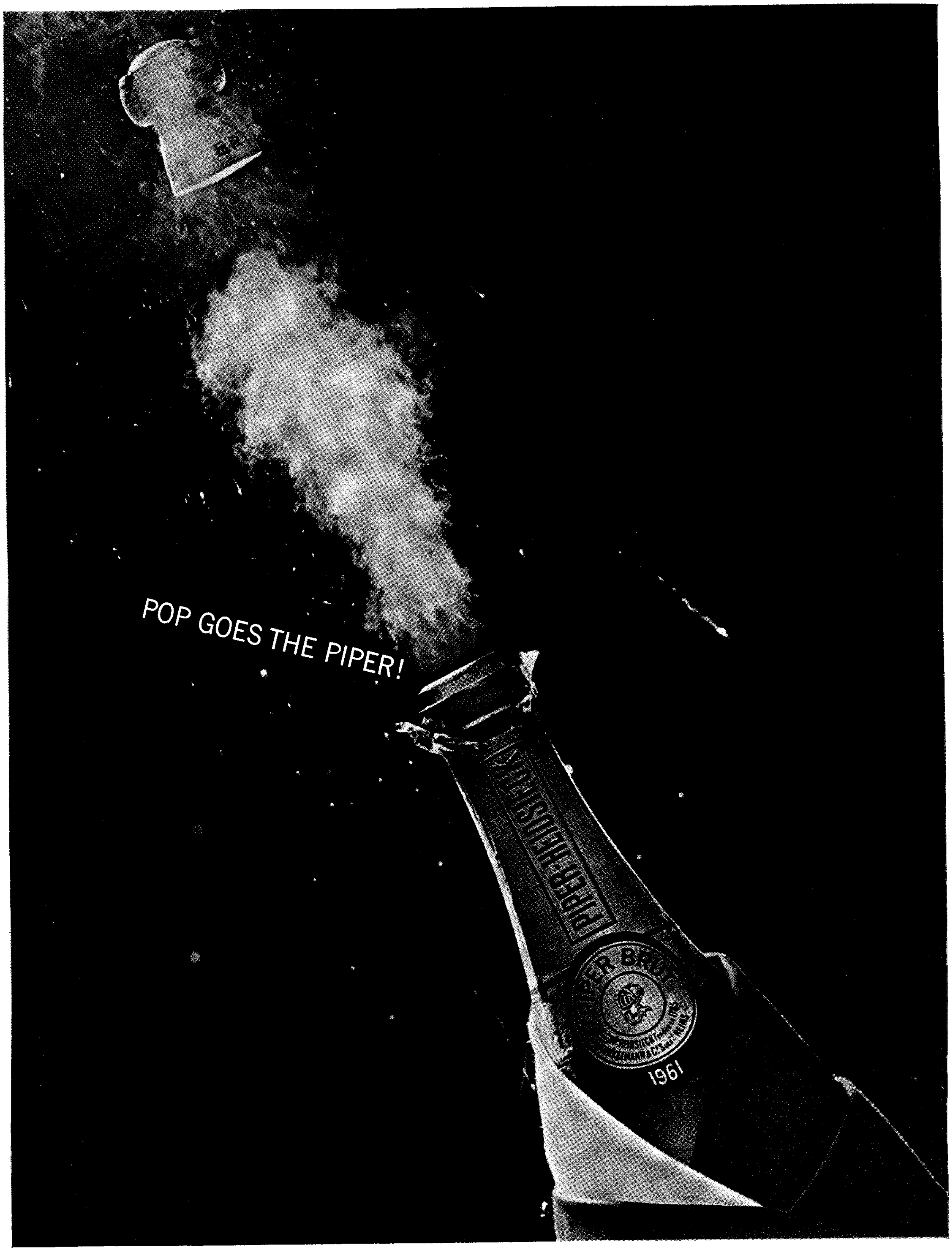
Angel


POP GOES THE PIPER!
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
PIPER BRUT
1961

PIPER-HEIDSIECK
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...from grapes so rare, from care so experienced.
...even the cork is an exclusive preparation.
...the most civilized drink in the civilized world.

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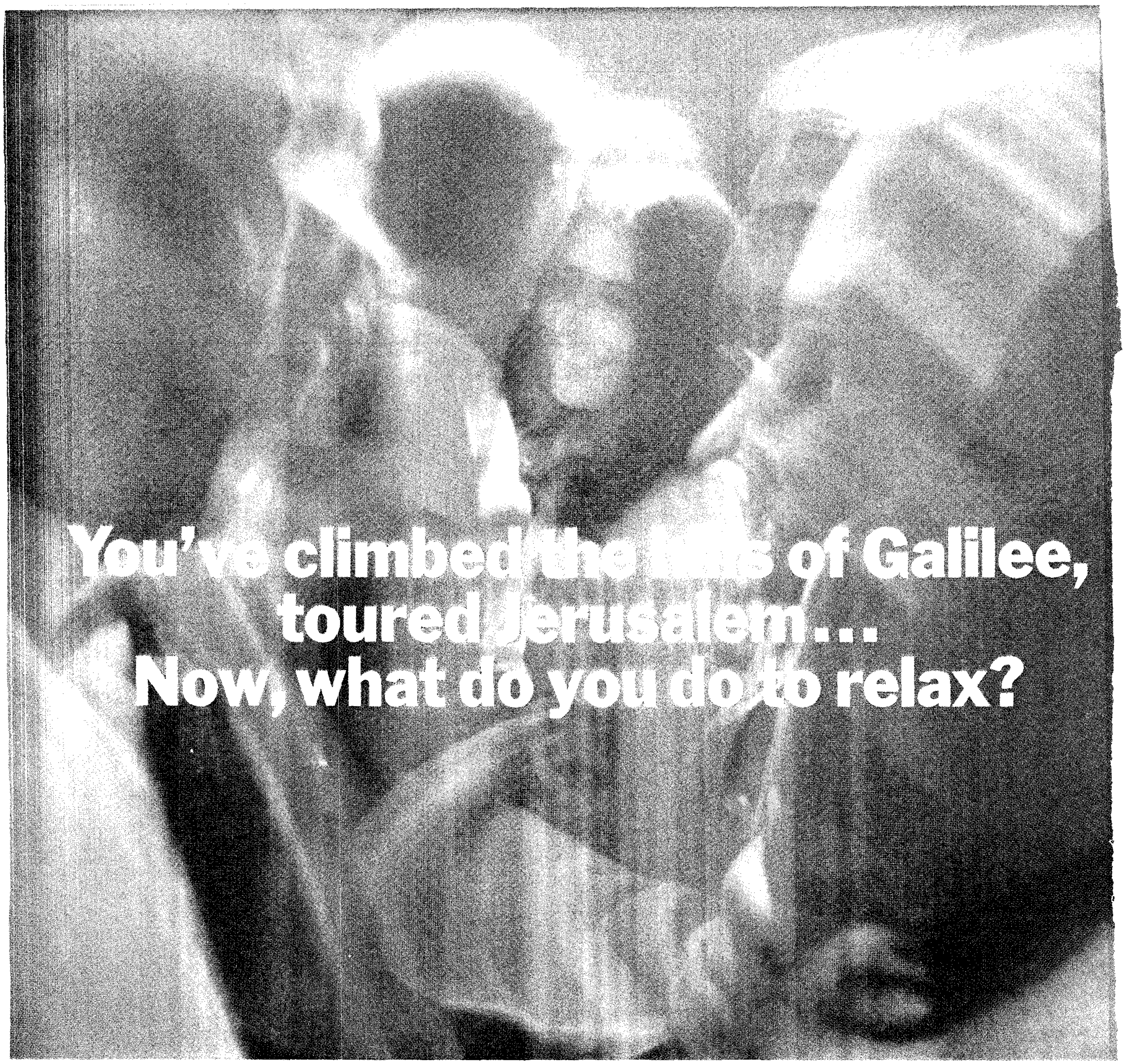

You've climbed the hills of Galilee,
toured Jerusalem...
Now, what do you do to relax?

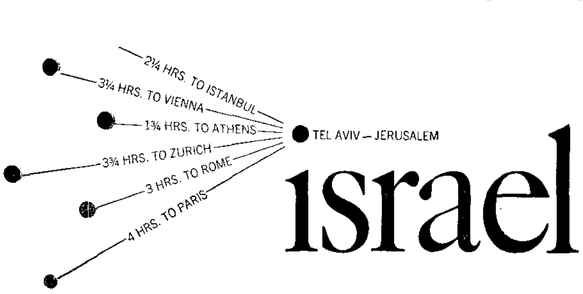
To tell the truth, you don't go to Israel to relax.

You go to Israel to open your eyes. To keep in touch with ancient realities. To see what's all this excitement about greenery in the middle of the desert.

And you go to Israel to have fun.

Just 3 hours from Rome, you can go to nightclubs carved into ancient Arab quarters where you hear folk songs that strike the heart.

You do the Jerk in Jaffa, the port Jonah set sail from on his rendezvous with the whale.


2¼ HRS. TO ISTANBUL
3¼ HRS. TO VIENNA
1¾ HRS. TO ATHENS
3¾ HRS. TO ZURICH
3 HRS. TO ROME
4 HRS. TO PARIS
TEL AVIV – JERUSALEM
israel

You go to an open air concert in the ancient Roman amphitheater at Caesarea.

You go scuba diving in the Red Sea where red and black coral formations and Indo-Pacific varieties of fish and fauna will take your breath away.

You hold on to the seat of a jeep riding through the canyons of the desert, or the saddle of a horse racing through the grain-filled valleys of the Galilee.

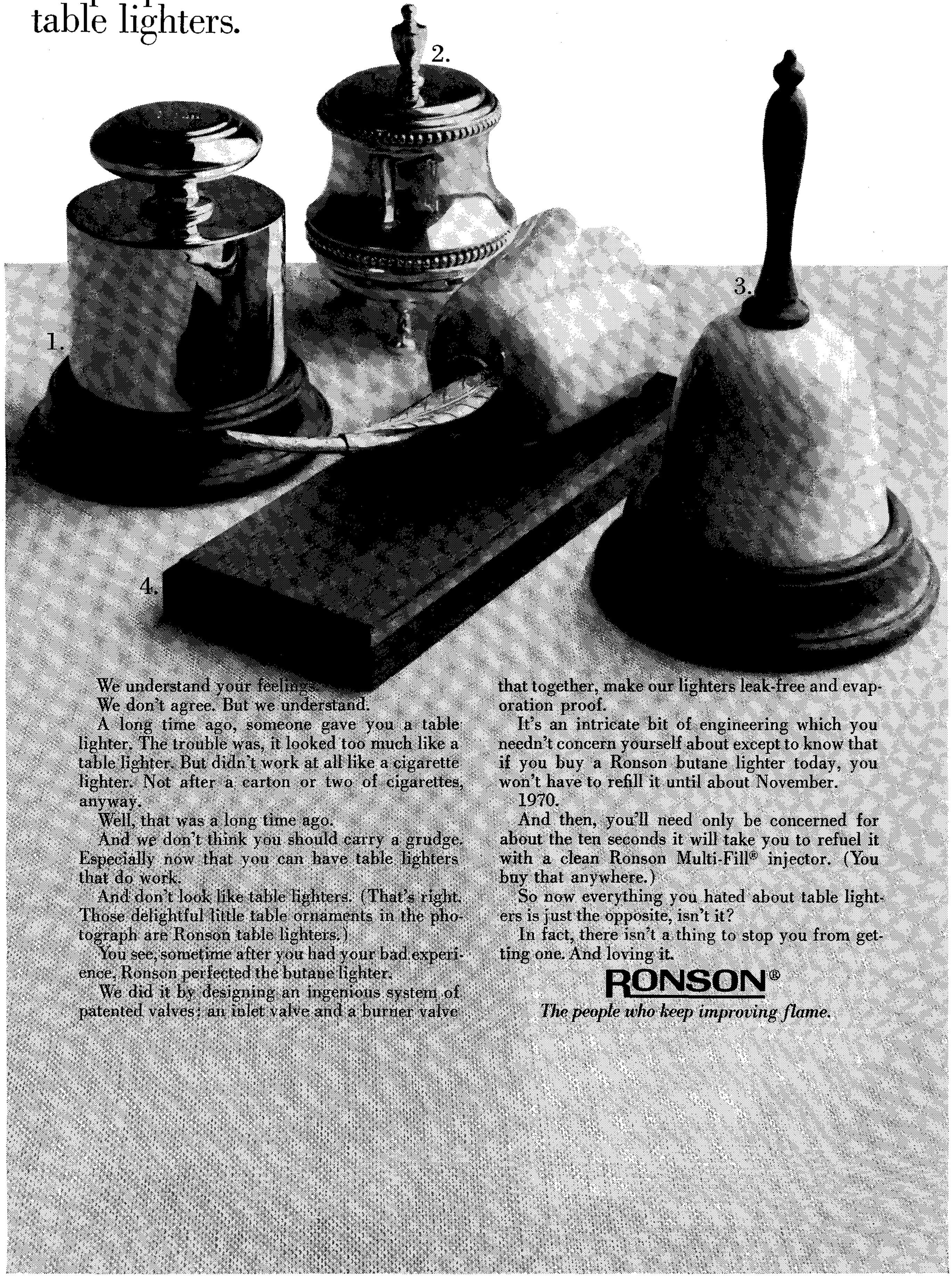
You can go to the ancient Roman baths in Tiberias and steep in the hot water until you feel the stiffness and the tiredness drained from your body. (There you can relax.)

And you can go to an Israeli home for coffee and brandy and you will find the Israelis charming and engaging and the conversation stimulating and you will return to your hotel a lot later than you intended.

And when you return home from your vacation, you can tell everyone how relaxing it all was.

Contact your travel agent or Israel Government Tourist Office, 574 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10036. Also Chicago, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Montreal.

The table lighters for people who hate table lighters.



We understand your feelings.

We don't agree. But we understand.

A long time ago, someone gave you a table lighter. The trouble was, it looked too much like a table lighter. But didn't work at all like a cigarette lighter. Not after a carton or two of cigarettes, anyway.

Well, that was a long time ago.

And we don't think you should carry a grudge. Especially now that you can have table lighters that do work.

And don't look like table lighters. (That's right. Those delightful little table ornaments in the photograph are Ronson table lighters.)

You see, sometime after you had your bad experience, Ronson perfected the butane lighter.

We did it by designing an ingenious system of patented valves: an inlet valve and a burner valve that together, make our lighters leak-free and evaporation proof.

It's an intricate bit of engineering which you needn't concern yourself about except to know that if you buy a Ronson butane lighter today, you won't have to refill it until about November.

1970.

And then, you'll need only be concerned for about the ten seconds it will take you to refuel it with a clean Ronson Multi-Fill® injector. (You buy that anywhere.)

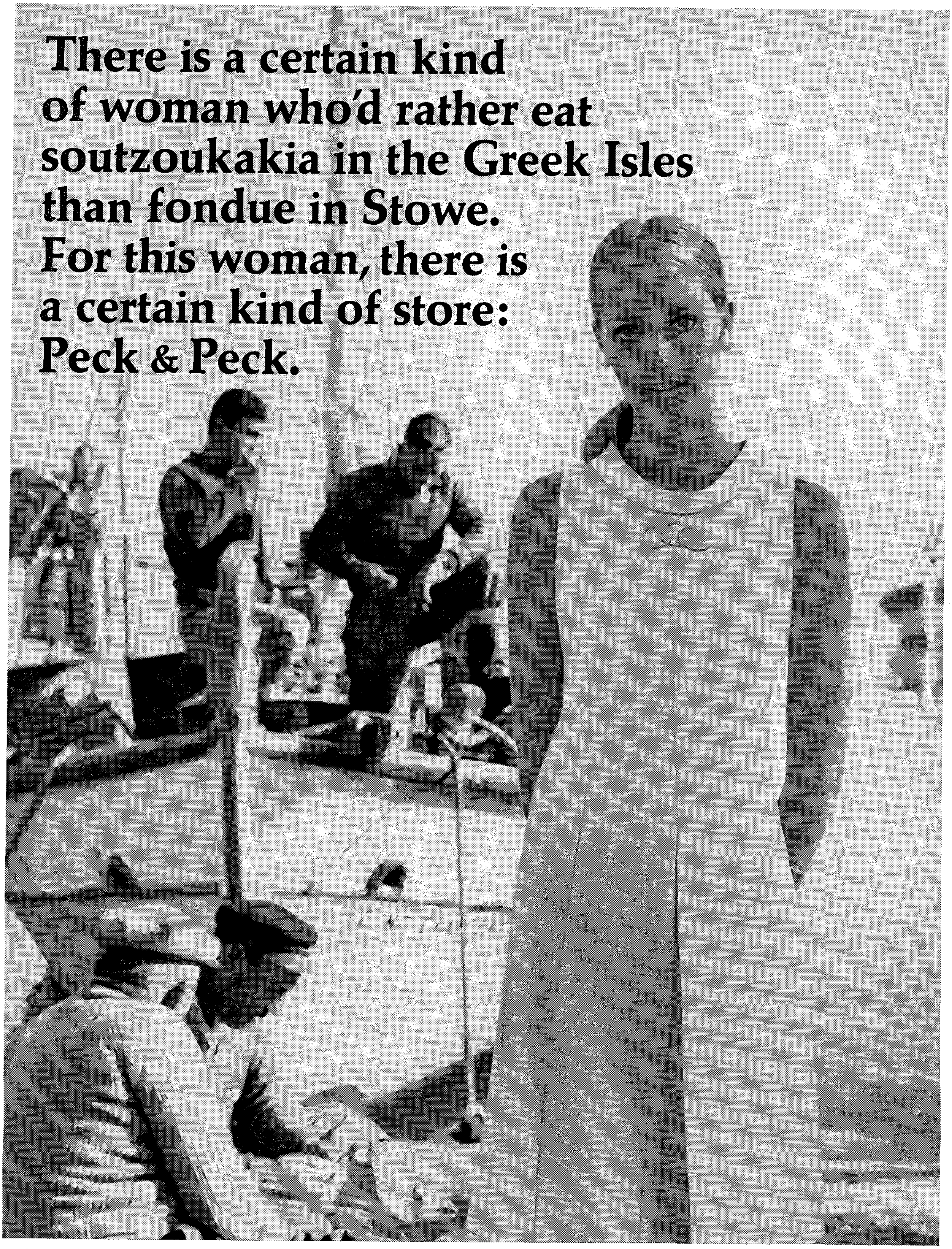
So now everything you hated about table lighters is just the opposite, isn't it?

In fact, there isn't a thing to stop you from getting one. And loving it.

RONSON®

The people who keep improving flame.

SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES: 1. ANTIQUE WEIGHT, $27.50 / 2. EMPIRE, $30.00 / 3. BELL, $30.00 / 4. TULIP, $25.00. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.


There is a certain kind
of woman who'd rather eat
soutzoukakia in the Greek Isles
than fondue in Stowe.
For this woman, there is
a certain kind of store:
Peck & Peck.

A linen dress is always a must for sun-bound holiday travellers.
This one is from our Carleton collection. Made in Hong Kong. Completely
lined in silk. Cream, rose, jade green. 8 to 16, 40.00
Photographed in Greece

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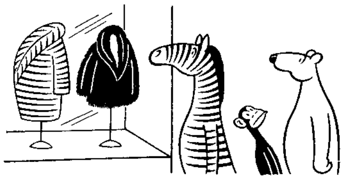
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

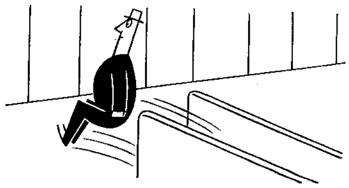
FOR some time now, we have been aware of a rising vogue for the furs of wild animals—not ranch-raised creatures, like mink and chinchilla, but wild animals hunted down in such remote and not yet civilized parts of the world as South American jungles, African plains, and Arctic ice fields. The skins of these animals are being made into coats, rugs, and lap robes, and even hung on walls. Creatures such as monkeys, zebras, and polar bears are suddenly fashionable. Sometimes they are called "fun furs"—a concept elaborated upon not long ago in the *Times*. "A monkey-fur dress is a barrel of giggles," it said. Not, of course, for monkeys. From the point of view of the monkey, the polar bear, and the rest, not to mention the people concerned about their continued existence, the vogue is a questionable one. It may not be the decisive factor in wiping out rare animals, but it is certainly no help. And yet the vogue is understandable. Things are most precious when they are nearly gone. People have always been fascinated by the beauty of animals. The further people are separated from animals the more they want to see and touch them—even if only in the form of a hide hung on the wall. This orgy of fur-buying may be a last, perverse flareup of interest in something that will soon be no more. In the Christmas season, of course, the vogue for animal skins—rare, precious, extravagant—reaches special heights. Last year, Abercrombie & Fitch's Santa Claus was pictured in the store's catalogue with a shotgun in his lap and surrounded by a cartwheel of skins of the slain. Recently, Saks Fifth Avenue, in collaboration with the Hudson's Bay Company, showed a million dollars' worth of furs. The show was announced in a window display consisting of three furry musicians—stuffed animals in the form of manikins moving jerkily as they made a soundless music doubtless intended to be merry. A tall figure with the head of a deer looked both foolish and regal in a tigerskin coat. There was a red foxlike animal with a crazy grin, and a long-haired white creature that would be beautiful if it existed. The furs were shown on the fifth floor, in a special salon. Entering, we tried not to step on a flattened zebra that lay on the floor as though it had been run over by a steam roller. Around the room, tigerskins were draped over tables and couches. A Saks official, a small woman with yellow hair and a hat, came forward. "Oops! Don't trip over the polar bear," she warned us. (Polar bears, we have read, are being hunted from airplanes and may soon be wiped out.) Everywhere in the room, furs hung in bundles. Bundles of minks and sables were tied to hat racks. Blankets of furs we could not identify were thrown tastefully over chairs and settees. Our attention was caught by bales of spotted cats—ocelots, jaguars, cheetahs, leopards. The lady with the hat picked up a clutch of leopards—perhaps ten hides—fastened together at the noses. "See how real," she said, and she pointed to a jagged hole in a skin. "Here is where the bullet went in." She called our attention to a floor-length coat of tiger, to be worn in the evening only, priced at eight thousand dollars, and she ordered brought from the vault one of the show's great treasures—a long dark-brown pelt whose hairs were tipped faintly with silver like hoar frost. "Very, very rare," she said. "Very, very expensive. Two thousand dollars for this skin. It is a kind of otter that lives in rivers. Of course, this fur is too heavy to wear. It will be used as trimming." (A list of very rare animals published by the World Wildlife Fund includes the Brazilian giant otter, *Pteronura brasiliensis*, and explains that "little is known of the distribution and status . . . believed to be confined to a few rivers.") We moved toward the door—where again we tried to avoid the zebra—and out.

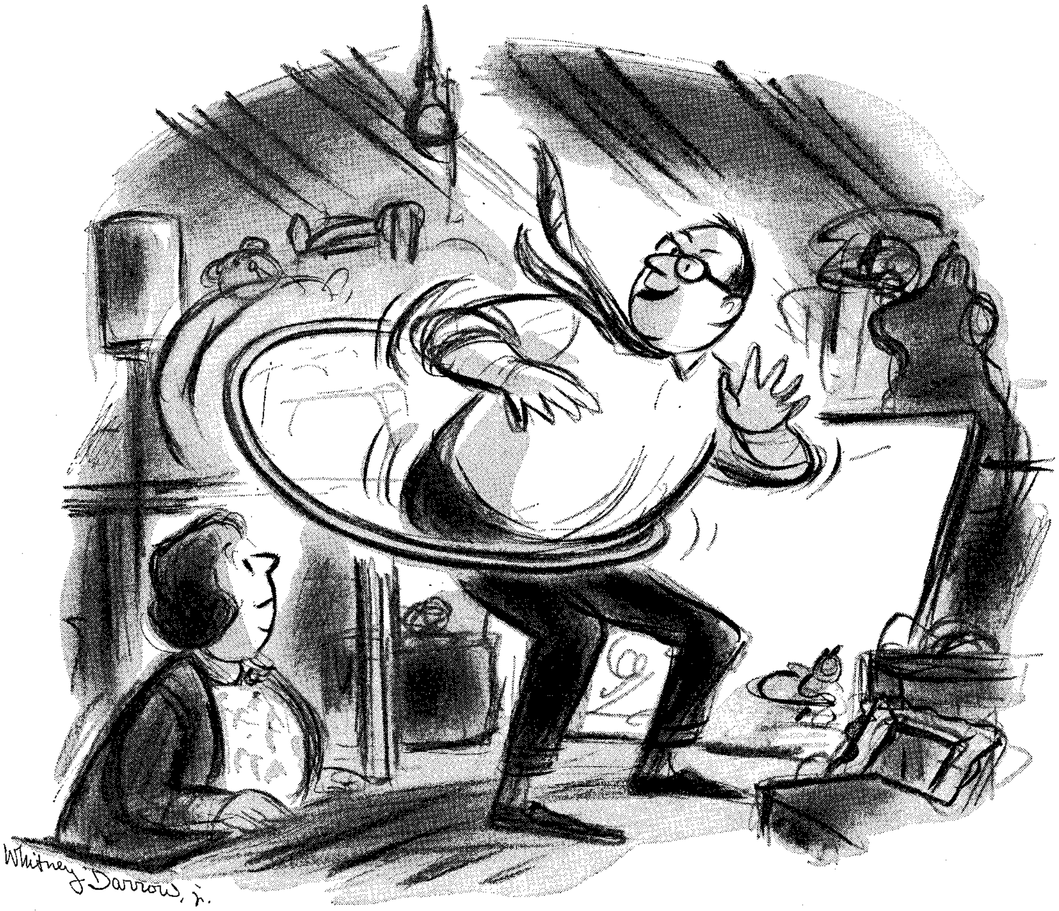


The Chosen One Hundred

WE set off the other Monday to see if we could find among the Hundred Most Significant Technical Products of the past year something to raise our spirits. On three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, anyone with a desire to see even fifty of the previous year's Most Significant Technical Products would have to do a lot of rushing about, but that Monday, thanks to *Industrial Research*, a magazine published in Beverly Shores, Indiana, they were all to be arrayed quite neatly under one roof, that of the New York Hilton. It wasn't, however, just the convenience that tempted us; it was the grandiose concept of the thing—exactly one hundred of the most Significant Technical Products, assembled for *one* day in the hotel's Sutton Ballroom. Gilded memories, it brought to mind, of the soirées of the late Mrs. William (Caroline Schermerhorn) Astor.

At the Hilton, an escalator travelling at an unbelievable speed dumped us on the second floor, where we stumbled past the doors of a number of "function rooms," none of them the Sutton Ballroom. We despaired, and were about to duck into the National Association of Banking Women's Beek-




Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Helen! I can do it! I can do it! I can finally do it!"

man Room when we noticed that our Hundred Most Significant Technical Products were next door. Hurrying past a sign that asked us to make our own name tag, we threw ourself in among a group of twenty-odd Significant Products that were strung out in penny-arcade fashion down the length of the room.

We were handed a brochure that described each product, and since we were still feeling a little rummy from our trip up the escalator, we chose to inspect first the Automatic Medical Monitor, which, according to the text, involves chair upholstery containing a series of electrical pickups that allow "acquisition of physiological and psychological data from patients without attached electrodes." We asked a helpful-looking man who had made his own name tag where we could find this interesting chair, and learned, to our disappointment, that the Automatic Medical Monitor people had declined the invitation to participate. We settled for a look at the Armco Steel Company's new Super Soft Cold Rolled Sheet Steel, which, according to Mr. Bill Minck, who works for Armco, scores from zero to ten on the Rockwell B Hardness Scale, whereas ordinary steel scores in the forties. We visualized a saturation advertising campaign in which appealing children cuddle up to Armco Super Soft after running in terror from old, traditional fortyish steel. Moving on, we came to a demonstration of a product developed by the Lockheed-Georgia Company and called the Fluid Organic Polymer Water Repellent. The demonstration featured a windshield made of some jet-age plastic, half of which was covered with the Fluid Organic Polymer Water Repellent and half left untreated. We noted appreciatively that the water flowed right off the Fluid Organic Polymer side but clung—forming annoying little puddles—to the untreated section. It is only a matter of months, we think, before Lockheed-Georgia's Fluid Organic Polymer Water Repellent will step out as New Miracle RE-PEL.

We drifted by an exhibit of the Percent Life S/N Fatigue Life Gage as the Gage's needle was flying in and out of the danger zone, and then, relieved, saw that Bausch & Lomb had an exhibit, and went to look at it. We have always liked Bausch & Lomb for its telescopes and things, but when we saw that it was featuring a "small analog computer equipped with read-out and designed to perform automatically the calculation of solute concentration in a solution from the transmittance information," we made for the door. We passed the Armco display on our way and noticed a man without a name tag looking confused. "You know," he was remarking to himself as he fingered a sample of the steel, "I don't think this is so damned soft."

•

CONVERSATION overheard at a Bloomingdale's ladies'-apparel counter, between a demure woman and a busy salesgirl:

WOMAN: I'd like to see some large-size nightgowns, please.

SALESGIRL: Plain or print?

WOMAN: Plain, I think. It's for a nun.

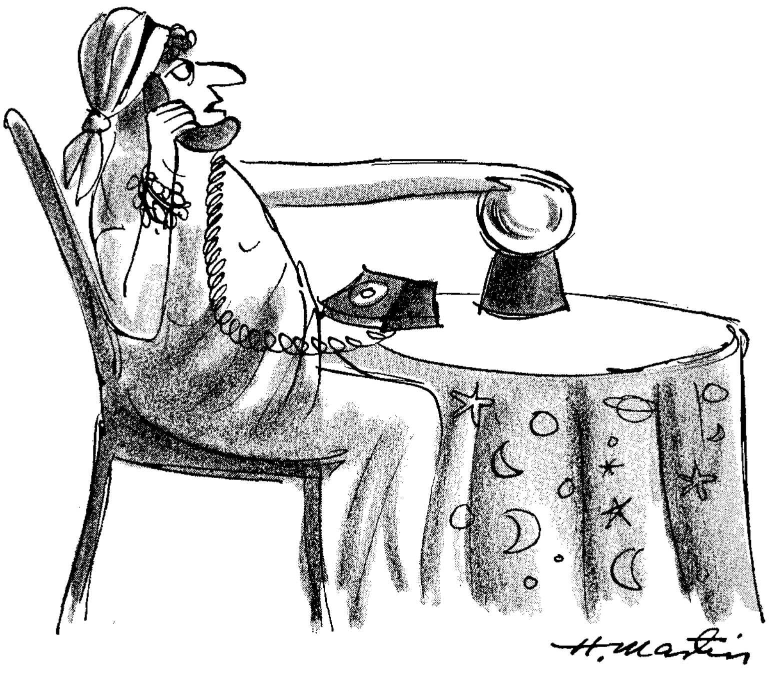
SALESGIRL: They're wearing print.

Norman Wisdom

"THIS is a Forward-Flat," said Norman Wisdom, standing very straight, hands at his sides, and then toppling face forward onto the floor of his apartment, in the West Forties, and landing with a horrible smack. He leaped to his feet. "You put your upstage hand out at the last minute, and you can slap the stage for a sound effect," he said, beaming. "There's the Left-Handed and the Right-Handed. Here's the Straight-Back." He fell over backward, landing, apparently, on his head. "You see, I twist as I fall, and the outside of your leg touches the ground first," he said, getting up. Mr. Wisdom, a short, engaging, soft-spoken Englishman with a weathered, merry face, is the star of "Walking Happy" on Broadway, and he was showing us some of the acrobatics he did when he was a comedian in British music halls. "The old-fashioned falls are Jump-Tuck-and-Land-Flat and Back-Lift—that's a handspring from a man's back." He started toward a bench to demonstrate, but we urged him not to, so he veered off toward a desk, saying, "I used to do falls from the piano, too. This is easy, if you have the confidence to do it." Using the desk as a piano, he demonstrated various methods of trying to jump up onto the piano and missing, falling each time in a heap. “Finally, I’d run at the piano, jump into the air, slide across the top, and fall off the other side.”

Wisdom sat down in an easy chair, not in the least winded, and we asked him how he’d become a comedian.

“From a very early age, I was an orphan and on my own,” he said. “I lived in the homes of various guardians, and in 1934, when I was fourteen, I left school at Deal, in Kent, and went to London, where I got a job as a commis waiter—a trainee—in the Artillery Mansions Hotel, in Victoria Street. One day, I was on the top floor, carrying a tray of breakfast on one hand, and I leaned over the lift shaft to shout down to someone, and the whole tray, with marmalade and porridge and everything, went down the shaft. The headwaiter said, ‘I don’t want to give you the sack, but if I find you another job, will you leave?’ Well, the job he got me—pageboy at a ladies’ club—was a bit boring, and I had the spirit of adventure in me, so another pageboy (he was Welsh) and I talked it over and decided to go to Wales and work in the mines. He said I could stay with his family, in Cardiff. We put some food in a cardboard boot box, and we walked a hundred and eighty-three miles to Cardiff. When we got there, the boy decided maybe his mother wouldn’t let me in after all, and he left me. So I was alone in Cardiff. I wandered down to the docks, and luck was with me. I got a job as cabin boy—cleaning pots and so forth—on the Maindy Court, a merchant ship going to the Argentine. It was absolutely fabulous—adventure and foreign lands! We went up the Plate. Buenos Aires, San Nicholás, Diamante, Villa Constitución—I’ll never forget those names. I signed off at England, and when I got to London, I had no money. During the day, I’d walk about and look for work, and I learned how to nick into cinemas: when someone came out, you’d hold the door, and nick in. I’d see the films through two or three times. It was warm inside. At night, I slept in doorways. It was the hard experience, that’s all. I’d scrounge food from a coffee stall. The counter came to about here”—Wisdom touched his nose—“and I’d look over the top, waiting, and finally the keeper would push me a hot pie and a cup of tea. ‘Why not join the Army?’ the keeper said one night. ‘I’m too young,’ I said. I was fifteen. ‘You could join the band,’ he said. So I had an interview with a bandmaster. ‘You know all about music?’ he said. ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘What’s a flat?’ ‘I don’t know, sir.’ ‘What’s a sharp?’ ‘I don’t know, sir.’ ‘You don’t know much about music, do you?’ ‘No, sir,’ I said. ‘But I just need an opportunity, sir.’ He could see I was hungry, so he let me in, and I got a regular bed, regular food, and soon was off to India with the Tenth Royal Hussars, loving it. I was a trumpeter for the regiment; I’d blow the calls for revalley—‘reveille,’ you call it, I believe—and cookhouse.” Wisdom sang, “Come to the cookhouse door, boys. Come to the cookhouse door.” “The trouble was I’d be left in barracks while the rest of the band might be playing at some raja’s palace, so I began learning the clarinet. I played the *chuck-chucks*. You know?” He sang the start of “The Blue Danube”—“Da da dee dee dee, *chuck-chuck chuck-chuck*.” “When the band went up to the hill station—that was the envy of everyone, because it was so hot down below—I was left behind on guard duty, so in a storeroom I found an instrument no one else played: a xylophone. I learned two tunes, ‘Snowflakes’ and ‘Two Imps,’ and when the band came down from the hill station, I stood out front at the concerts and played my xylophone solos. Then I began to sing solos—sea chanteys like ‘Oh Run, Let the Bullgine Run’ and ‘When Sally Comes Back from High-Low.’ ” He sang a little of each. “I began to get the taste of entertaining. When no one was around, I’d go into the washhouse and teach myself to tap-dance. I’d seen Fred Astaire and others in the films. It was awful hot, so I’d take off all my clothes except my Army boots and tap-dance around the washhouse.” He stood up and showed us some of the steps. “It made a lovely sound,” he said. “Lovely acoustics, with the steel-tipped toes and heels of the boots, and that concrete floor. At the next officers’ concert, after I played the xylophone and sang the sea chanteys, I started to dance, and they all laughed. I soon realized it was because the sight of a man in uniform tap-dancing in Army boots was funny to them, so I started to do funny steps and a bit of eccentric dancing, and they began laughing really *well*. That’s when I started to *be* funny. I performed as a comedian in the concerts; I’d shadowbox and let my imaginary opponent knock me out.” Wisdom jumped up and shadowboxed around the room, then was suddenly lifted off his feet by a powerful invisible uppercut and landed flat on his back on the rug. “It was my first venture into mime,” he said, rising, “although I didn’t realize at the time they called it that.”



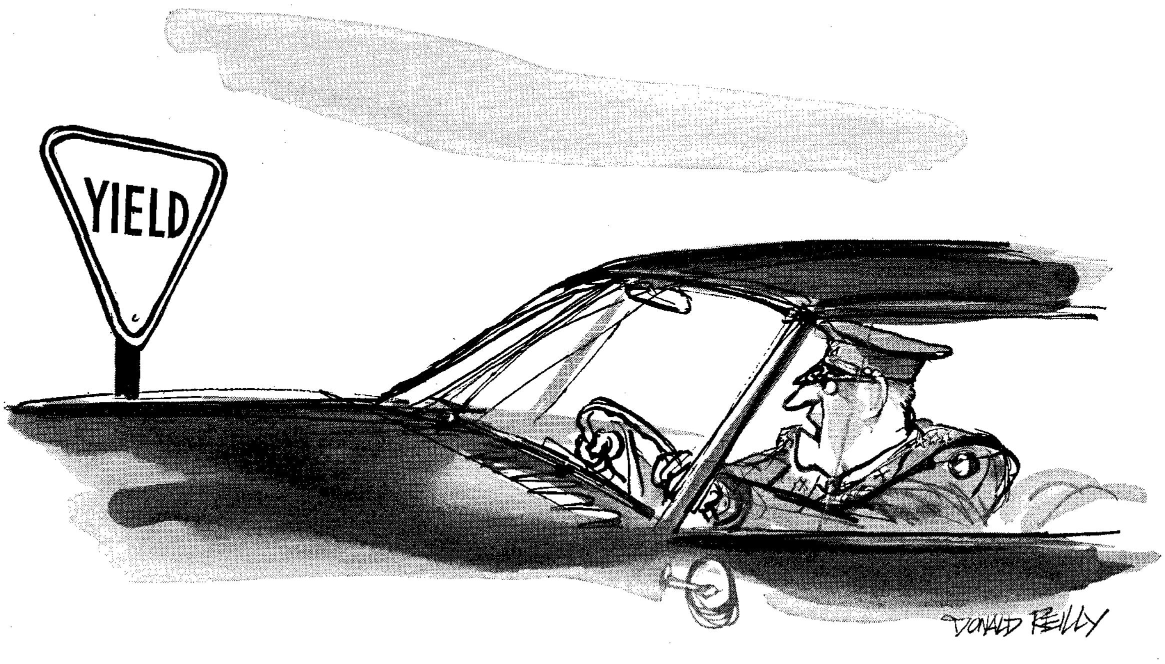
“Give me the President—and hurry!”

When Wisdom got out of the Army, in England, after the Second World War, he entertained at some workingmen’s clubs for five shillings a night. “By this time, I’d got the bit in my teeth,” he told us. “So, in 1946, I went to Collins Music Hall, in Islington—one of the oldest music halls in England—and told the manager I’d like to go on the stage. He said, ‘It’s hopeless. The music halls are closing down. Go get a job and settle down.’ I didn’t take his advice. I took a room, and I hounded him—everywhere. If he went into a pub, when he raised his glass to drink I’d be standing there under his arm, looking up at him. Finally, he said, ‘If I put you on first house on Monday, and you’re no good, will you leave me alone?’ To which I agreed. They gave me eight minutes. I didn't know how to finish, so I did seventeen. When I came off, nobody said I'd done well, or anything, and I was so nervous and frightened I went out into the streets and ran three miles. When I came back, the manager said, 'Cut your time down or I'll drop the curtain on you.' Nobody else said anything, but around midweek another artist said to me, 'Don't worry, son. You'll be all right.' " Wisdom smiled. "On Friday night, an agent came and booked me for the Portsmouth Coliseum, so the following week I had work to go to. At the Coliseum, I finally played second house, and I had real applause for the first time. I had a lump in my throat the size of an apple, and I thought: If I can get it once, I can get it *every* time."

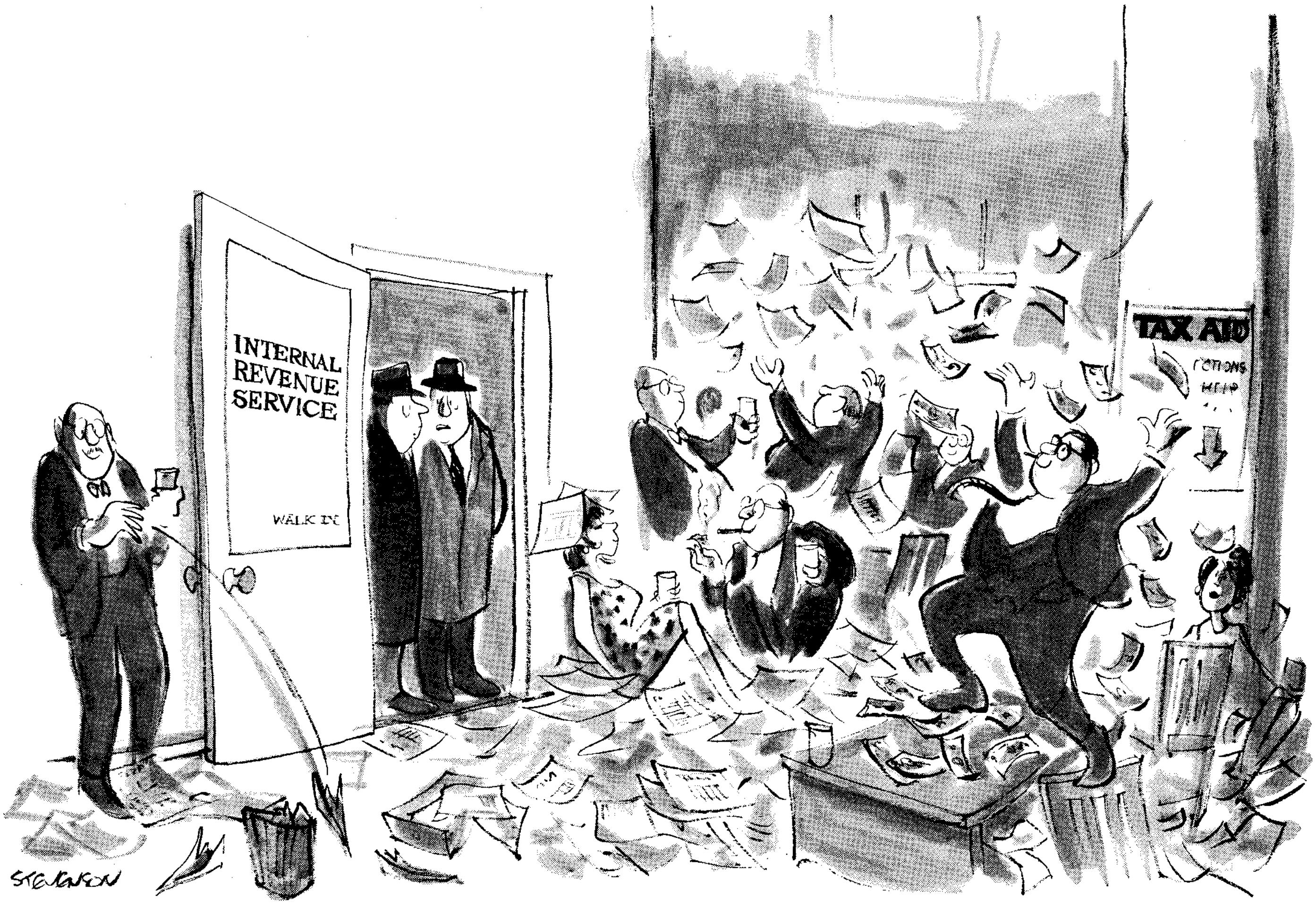
Wisdom gave us a quick sample of his early act. "There's the footlights," he said, pointing to the edge of the rug. He stood up. "I had a grotesque, misfit evening suit, with long tails dragging. Fanfare of trumpets. Funny bow. 'Now I'll sing "I'll Walk Beside You." ' Long introduction by the orchestra. Waiting, waiting. Then I start to sing, in falsetto. Too high. We start again. I sing too low. Never get anywhere. Give-and-take with the orchestra. I point at the music. When the conductor's back is turned, I steal his baton. I conduct in my own way—over my shoulder, under my leg." Wisdom rapidly sang the "Poet and Peasant Overture," imitating the entire orchestra and conducting with his imaginary baton. "Then the conductor would find another baton, and I'd fence with him. Get him. Wipe off the blood. 'Skaters Waltz.' I start to skate."

Wisdom sat down presently. "I was booked into a ten-week tour of music halls—these were the dumps—playing a revue called 'New Names Make News,' " he said, and he sketched in some of the stops: Her Majesty's Theatre, Barrow-in-Furness ("That's where they build ships. 'Her Majesty's Theatre, Barrow.' Well, it's like—would you say 'The White House, Brooklyn'?"); the Theatre Royal, Leigh ("It had a tin roof, and when it rained, if you didn't do mime you were in trouble"); the Grand Theatre, Brighton ("Very old, but very well run"); the Metropolitan Theatre, in the Edgware Road ("The Met's gone now; they built a road through where it was. It had a tremendous rake to the stage. I was getting a huge laugh one night, and I felt something poking me in the back. It was the piano, rolling downstage and pushing me into the pit"); the Tivoli, Hull ("The curtains were lowered and raised by water pressure. A main broke in the street as I was doing a skit, and the curtains began to come down slowly. I worked faster and faster—the audience was screaming—and finished the skit, gabbling, just as the curtains closed"); the Argyle Theater, Birkenhead ("They had a wire mesh to protect the orchestra and the artists, because the audience threw tomatoes and eggs at the ones they didn't like. We called it the chicken run"); the Empire Theatre, Glasgow ("It was known as the English Comedians' Graveyard, because they all used to die there, and though I was talking in my act by this time, I went back to mime, so they wouldn't know I was English"). Bigger and better appearances followed, until, he said, "eighteen months after I'd started, I did a Command Performance at the Palladium, in London." He went on, "I was now up to a hundred pounds a week, and this was money I didn't ever dream I'd make."

Rosy with success, Wisdom next came to America, he told us. "It was in the early fifties. I stayed at the Hotel Century—on West Forty-sixth Street, I think—for what I thought would be prestige, and for five weeks I just wandered around. I couldn't get any work. I lived mostly on soup at the Madison Square Garden Cafeteria. New York is even lonelier than London when you're alone. One night, I went into a café and saw Ed Sullivan's 'Toast of the Town' on TV. 'That seems to be an international type of show,' I said to myself. 'I'll try to get on that.' But they told me politely, 'Sorry. We choose our own acts.' Well, I found out where Sullivan lived, and I went up to his suite in the hotel. 'I have an appointment with Mr. Sullivan,' I said, and they made me wait in the hall. Ed Sullivan came out—most charming—and I said I was an English comedian, and he said, 'All right. Show me.' So he sat down on a chair in the hall—it was a very small hall—and I did seven or eight minutes. Doing the falls, singing songs, and so forth. He didn't speak a word. At the end, he stood up. 'I appreciate your initiative, young man,' he said, 'but I don't use that sort of thing on my show.' I thanked him, and flew back to England on my return ticket. A few months later, I was doing an ice show—I had learned to skate, and I also ran around the ice in shoes with golf cleats, and I got my head stuck in a sousaphone, and I got tangled up in a harp with elastic strings—and Ed Sullivan, who was visiting London, saw the show and said, 'I want that little guy.' He didn't remember me, and I didn't remind him until later, in case he changed his mind. And I came back to New York, appeared on his program, and got



"Never!"



"I guess they're entitled to a Christmas party the same as everybody else."

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a lot of attention, and when I got back to England I was suddenly a star. Ed Sullivan had made me a star in England!" Wisdom was immediately signed for movies by the Rank organization. "I've made a film a year for them for the past ten years or so," he said. "Lowbrow comedy, which I love. Each of the films was in the Top Five, and distributed worldwide."

Wisdom sat back. "Until 'Walking Happy,' I'd sort of settled into a routine," he said. "The films, and then a Christmas pantomime each year for three months. So 'Walking Happy' was a challenge. I love it. I'm grateful to the Fates. I've worked very, very hard, but I've enjoyed every part of it, and it all comes, really, from the Army. I used to entertain the troops, and at the end I'd tell them, 'These are probably the happiest years of your life—the opportunities are boundless,' and of course they'd yell 'Aw, don't be *mad!*' and chy-ike me. You don't know what 'chy-ike' means? Well, it's like a razz, I suppose." He smiled again, and stood up. "I intend to keep on enjoying it all," he said. "I dread the day when someone says to me, 'We have nothing for you, Norman.' "

The Generations

A HEARTY chap of our acquaintance stopped us on the street the other day and said, "Kids aren't what they used to be." We tried to walk on, but he fell into step beside us and continued, "Like last Sunday, for instance. My eleven-year-old nephew asked me to referee a tackle-football game he and a bunch of his friends were going to play in the Park. I thought it would be sort of fun and a good chance to get myself a little fresh air and exercise, so I said I would. They were all from the same class in my nephew's school, and some of them had football equipment and some didn't, but they played well enough for their age. The only trouble is they *talk* so damn much. Every single play was ten per cent football and ninety per cent debating. But that's not so much what I'm getting at about why they're different from the way we were when we were eleven. This is what I mean: One of the kids was a good foot taller than any of the others, and that kid was built, too—a real born linebacker. You know? But he used his advantage unfairly, always grabbing the smaller ballcarriers around the neck and throwing them down hard. Finally, a little fellow—who was wearing a helmet and shoulder pads, though—really got flipped bad by the bully, and I thought for a minute it was all over. But while he was going down, his shoulder pads caught the bully on the forehead, and, of all things, the big kid was the one that started to cry. Boy, did he cry! We had to stop the game for fifteen minutes while he cried, even though there wasn't anything wrong with his head. So I asked the little fellow with the shoulder pads how come the bully was carrying on so, especially since he was the one playing so rough and dirty in the first place. The little kid looks at me and says, 'It's O.K.,' he says. 'Chester's got serious problems at home.' Serious problems at home! Made me feel like a goddam fool." We nodded solemnly, and left our friend on a busy street corner mulling over the changing times. He seemed to be looking around for another familiar face.

LIVING ON THE BOX

THE poet, feeling stale, thought the world stale and began to abuse it. Since he lived in isolation, being a nature poet and finding contact with people a digression from his work, the only object of abuse that was readily available to him was his wife.

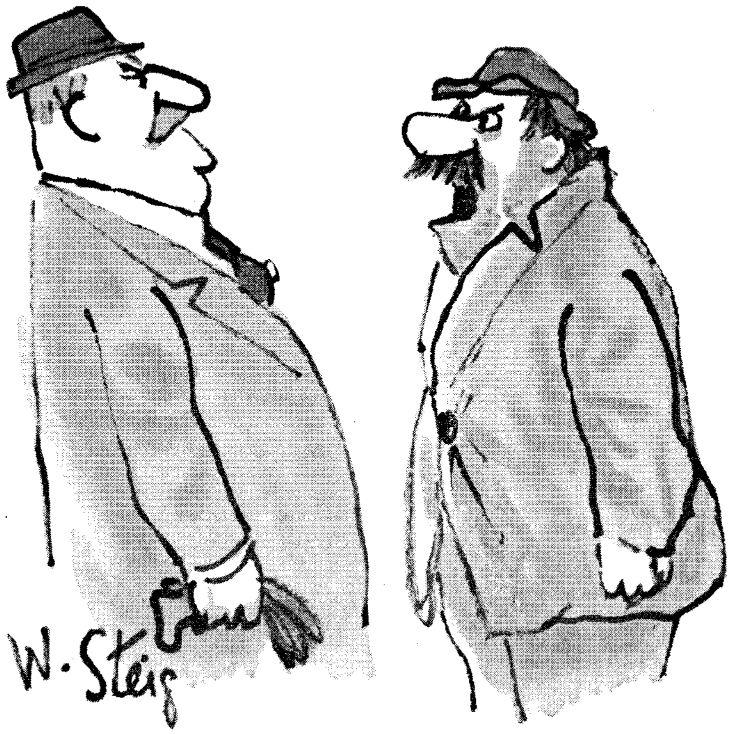
During the twelve years of their life together, he had tutored her carefully in monkishness. As part of the training he spoke to her rarely. To rail at her meant opening a conversation, and this involved preposterous changes in his day.

Generally he rose at five-thirty, before she was awake. She got up later than he did because she went to sleep later, tossing and sometimes weeping, and in the end usually fumbling her way downstairs to get herself a drink. Until noon he stayed out of the cottage, walking across the Northumbrian moors with a knob-headed stick and humming Anglican hymns, whose verbal schemes he admired for their metrical embodiment of depression. At twelve he had a simple meal, cooked with natural foods and sea salt, which she hacked with a chisel from a damp sackful in the yard. At one he slept, and at three he worked in a shed at the bottom of the garden. In the evenings they read together, keeping silent because he believed that silence was more real than chatter, and at half past nine they went to bed. Sometimes she sat on the end of his divan if she couldn't sleep and tried to wake him up to talk, but he slept with the heaviness of the very thin, and her weight on the divan made it sag and creak in a way that embarrassed her.

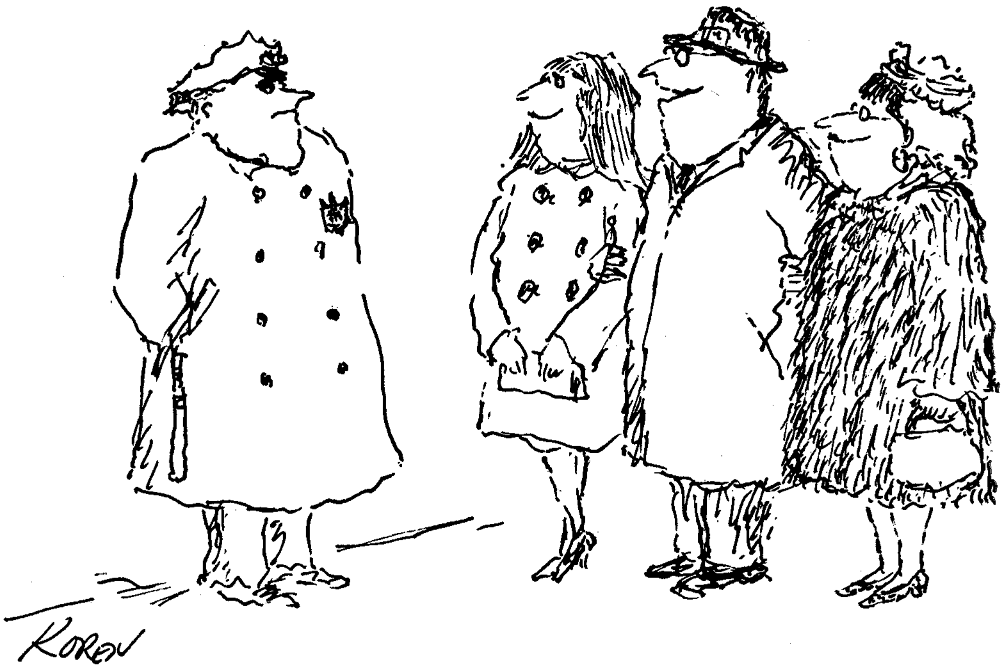
In the earlier years of living with her he had sometimes left her a note speared on the kitchen tap before he went out for his walk—stirred and perhaps even drawn by the sight of her plain, flushed face in bed, which had begun to acquire in sleep a look of distress and disappointment. Lately the notes had not been written. She thought the zest of her replies probably struck him as crude. In his mordant presence she always felt vulgar and self-indulgent. When he made one of his rare, shapely jokes, they gave her a flash of great pleasure—a passing reassurance that life was good after all—and then an experience of despair and palsy. He was the only person she had ever known whose humor seemed entirely immobile. It expressed no wish, no venom, no energy in any direction. But to complain that its effect was therefore paralyzingly glum would no more have occurred to her as fair than to complain that it made her feel fat. It did both, but this only drove home to her the grossness and subjectivity of her own temperament. On an evening when he had broken the silence with one of his quietist cracks she would feel a sense of remorse and insufficiency descending on her, and hours later find herself in the larder, eating the remains of whatever was under the meat sieve and weeping that she should do something so self-defeating and stupid.

On the days when he used to leave her a note in the morning she knew well enough that there was no good to be hoped for in replying to it. She understood that her excitement upset his sense of style. At the same time she was so ravenous to talk to him that it was quite impossible to stop herself. She would write her first reply in the bathroom, turning on the geyser to pretend she was having a bath and writing joyfully on a breadboard balanced on the small wooden basin (they used a breadboard as a bathmat on the freezing floor, because he liked the genuineness of natural wood). And then, after putting the note on his bed for him to read when he came back for his rest and covering it with the undyed hessian bedspread in case their child saw it, she would sit down and try to wring words out of the sleepy little boy at breakfast before he went off to school, and find that she had an empty morning in which to worry about what she had written. She would make the poet's lunch, starting with the radio playing but switching it off after a time because he believed that people should be able to do without background noise. And as she was moving about she would realize that her letter communicated nothing of her pleasure and love, so she would get the paper back and add a postscript and a laborious drawing. Then she would do housework, but it was such an austere cottage that there was hardly anything to do. And while she was having a whiskey and eating a piece of cake at eleven o'clock, in a hapless impulse to demonstrate and somehow fix her freebooting mood—though she saw the irrationality of it on a day that had begun with a clear insight that at least she should try to equal his thinness even if she could never hope to achieve the frugality of his expectations—just as she was leaving the last part of the cake, she would think of a better way to write the note. By the time she had done it several times, and copied out the postscript, and redone the drawing, it sounded false to her and she lost her nerve completely. At lunchtime, when he read the note, he would always thank her as warmly as he could, but her mistake of taste was plainly defined in his face.

She had a vision of him sometimes, struggling for breath beneath the crassness of her impulses, in the same way that she sometimes imagined her fattening body to be asphyxiating his small fine frame in bed. Shy and unhappy, she one day went to sleep in the spare room, hoping that he would come in to find her, but he credited her with his own temperament and thought only that she wished to



"Now, look here! I'm poor and you're rich!"



"Excuse me, Officer. We're from out of town, and we wondered if you'd be so kind as to direct us to where the action is located."

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be alone. Indeed, he was quite unaware of her frenzy and mildly loved her.

The absurd fact was that he had married her for her gaiety. But in his gray presence her larks had soon seemed shameful, and she had disciplined herself as though she were entering an order. He observed the ebbing of her vivacity with thoughtless disappointment. Occasionally he hated her for it, because he took it to be a reproach of himself. Their life was one for which she was very unfitted, and her gigantic effort to enjoy it struck him as a piece of self-deception. He knew, when he considered the point, that she did not even really like his poetry. His visions of moral order in biology and of the superior integrity of sap, expressed in a thin, precise style like the print of a hopping bird in snow, struck her as impossible to live with. But, on the face of it, the perfect little couplets about twigs and foxes that he wrung out of his gargantuan walks justified the form of their lives as fully in her eyes as in his. She knew everything he had written by heart. The sound of her repeating a line back at him drove him mad.

"Have some more stew," she said one evening.

"No thank you."

"Is anything the matter?"

"No."

"Is work all right?"

He didn't reply, and filled his pipe. She came round to his chair and put her big arms around his neck, aware of what her flesh would feel like on his skin and at the same time ashamed to be self-conscious. "I was thinking today about 'Frost,'" she said. Unable to see his face, she recited "Frost" to him. Her voice was pretty, but she made "Frost" sound a thin dirge, and he looked murderous. He decided at that moment to make a victim of her.

One morning, he stayed at home and dropped his gum boots hard beside her bed to wake her up.

"You'd rather I wrote sea shanties," he said in her ear.

She looked alarmed. "What time is it?"

"Or hornpipes."

"Why haven't you gone out today? Have you got a cold?"

"You'd like it better if I tried to make people happy, wouldn't you? What obligation have I to do that? Or to you, to make you happy? Doesn't it ever strike you as faintly ludicrous—the pursuit of happiness by a species that is less equipped for it than anything in nature?" He did a short angry dance by the bed. It was like the rollicking of a Desert Father.

"I don't understand a word you're saying."

"Naturally."

"I've only just woken up."

"I wish you wouldn't deceive yourself."

"What about?"

"How unhappy you are. How much you hate my poetry."

"I don't. I love it. You . . . I don't understand."

"You aren't asked to."

"But we live together."

"We might be on other planets."

"I thought you liked being left on your own."

"On my own? I'm about as much on my own here as a man with a dog that wants to be taken for a walk. Your forbearance is a weapon that you know how to use all too well."

She started to weep, with her long brown hair falling over her face.

"Don't. You look like Elizabeth Barrett Browning's spaniel with a cold," he said thinly.

Later there was a letter from the B.B.C. about doing a long television interview. Out of waywardness, because she had assumed he wouldn't want to, he decided to accept.

"It'll certainly be a coup for them," she said helplessly. In extremity, she kept trying to be pleasant. "I expect you'd like me out of the road. Though perhaps they'll want lunch."

"They'll be here all day. They're sure to want the poet's wife," he said tartly. "You can tell them how much you love the work, can't you?" He always spoke about his poetry as "the work;" it was this sort of dispassion that so excited the B.B.C.

"WE must get all this!" cried the young producer to his assistant, driving his Rover over the moors from Newcastle and pointing to the horizon. "Somehow the sky seems bigger up here. I think one feels that in his poetry."

"We mustn't force the domestic part of it in this one," the assistant said. "I'm not sure we shouldn't do it all outside. What do you think? He's such an abrasive spirit, isn't he? Nothing . . . upholstered—do you know what I mean? That's what's so remarkable about him."

"I suppose he's one of the few classicists writing. Is that the line, do you think? One could say that he was the dissenter in an age of . . . romantic anarchy. Anarchic romanticism. No. Megalopolitan romanticism, perhaps. Anyway, an age with an intense admiration for disorder. Whereas he sees *order* in things, doesn't he? In a very unfashionable way."

The poet's wife was told when they arrived that they would want to film her. She had spent too long getting dressed, changing again and again, because her thighs looked bigger in every pair of trousers that she put on. The exertion and self-scrutiny had made her flush, and she began to turn purple under layers of powder. This made her late with the lunch, and at the table she found the young men impossible to talk to because she was trying to retain the lines of what she had prepared to say. In the afternoon, they went out on the moors with the cameras, and she sat crouched over the plates while the logic of the sentences fell apart completely. She wanted to talk about his poetry. All she could think of was the two of them, and her suspicion that he was right about her. She knew that she had never been an intellectual, but she thought that she had probably once been capable of insight. At the beginning she had known clearly enough that he was an irrevocably solitary man, and it had seemed to her fortunate to live with him at all. He would say, "People need air round them," and she would pretend she agreed. Or perhaps she had felt it then herself.

When the young men came back and started to film her in the kitchen, she forgot every word she had learned.

THE poet had no television. To watch the program, a month later, they went with their child to Newcastle and took a room at the Station Hotel. The poet's wife tried to avoid going, by saying that it was late for the child and that she would have expected her husband not to be curious. While they waited in the room, which was furnished like a nursing home, with the child reading a comic on the bed and eating a bag of shortbread biscuits, she thought that it was as well to be next door to the railway station in case she had to get away quickly.

At the sight of his big-nosed face slanted across the screen, like a pale and captious parrot, the poet detested his sufficiency and looked across at her to ward off its effect. He had a powerful impression that the program was happening in a vault. When the film used some footage of his wife moving about the cottage, he felt as if he had been given a reprieve. She used this moment to light a cigarette.

"What's 'Muse'?" the child asked suddenly.

"Shut up," his mother said.

"Father keeps saying it."

"It's what I hang around for all day," said the poet, "when your mother is doing something useful."

"Useful! You could do without any of it. And what do you mean, that you hang around? You write on the dot. Nothing stops you. It's like the bloody crops."

"I can't hear," the child said.

"If some people think that I live in a void, as you put it," said the poet on television, "perhaps that tells us more about them than about me. I can't think of a thousand acres of natural activity as a void. I agree that it's not a particularly easy life for most people to support. I don't suppose my wife finds it easy, for example. But for me it's the condition of working. I find most company the opposite of useful, because it's conducted at a feverish level. The high temperature of the modern is what I suspect most about it. Art now romanticizes chaos. We have developed an aesthetic of inconsequence and accident. I mistrust a literature that finds suicide more significant than death, and a man's inability to communicate more sorry than the frenzy of his need to. By celebrating the clamorous, we celebrate the bomb."

The poet's wife turned away her head and tried to grow absorbed in their child.

"Twentieth-century art glamorizes the act of flying apart," the poet on television continued. "No one seems to face the fact that this is bound to reduce the tragic to the simply catastrophic. There's nothing tragic about

THE CHILD

Sometimes it is inconceivable that I should be the age I am
Almost always it is at a dry point in the afternoon
I cannot remember what
I am waiting for and in my astonishment I
Can hear the blood crawling over the plains
Hurrying on to arrive before dark
I try to remember my faults to make sure
One after the other but it is never
Satisfactory the list is never complete

At times night occurs to me so that I think I have been
Struck from behind I remain perfectly
Still feigning death listening for the
Assailant perhaps at last
I even sleep a little for later I have moved
I open my eyes the lanternfish have gone home in darkness
On all sides the silence is unharmed
I remember but I feel no bruise

Then there are the stories and after a while I think something
Else must connect them besides just this me
I regard myself starting the search turning
Corners in remembered metropoli
I pass skins withering in gardens that I see now
Are not familiar
And I have lost even the thread I thought I had

If I could be consistent even in destitution
The world would be revealed
While I can I try to repeat what I believe
Creatures spirits not this posture
I do not believe in knowledge as we know it
But I forget

This silence arriving at intervals out of the shell of names
It must be all one person really coming at
Different hours for the same thing
If I could learn the word for yes it could teach me questions
I would see that it was itself every time and I would
Remember to say take it up like a hand
And go with it this is at last
Yourself

The child that will lead you

—W. S. MERWIN

• •

Richard Decker

"Unwinding from what? Sitting with your feet up all day composing a three-line jingle for a shampoo?"

• •

a man flying off course like a burst tire and exploding in a ditch. We now have a colossal documentation of what it feels like to be in the margin. The sensibility of the centrifugal can't go any further, can it? It can only become more heated. Or as I see it, more sentimental. It seems to me that there is something finally maudlin and trivial about seeing neurosis as nemesis."

The camera shifted angle: white face against white wall, a head picked clean of expression, like a skull. The poet felt indifferent toward it; the poet's wife felt suddenly free of it.

"Not that I find it easy to deny what everyone else in Europe apparently finds truthful. But I should like to make poems that are about space and order, in the same sense as some modern sculpture. Not poems that make you feel on the *edge* of space but poems that make you feel you contain space *inside yourself*. I've seen abstracts that do this. With the verbal arts I think it can only be done for the moment by writing about nature. In an age that sees all human behavior and motive as finally hectic, and finds an art that says so rather glorious, the humanist is driven to the vegetable."

The poet's wife unexpectedly laughed. "You never said all this."

"I thought it was implicit."

"I hadn't any idea you would call yourself a humanist."

". . . not a *void*, anyway. Simply to contain space," said the television in the poet's voice, over a shot of him half an inch high striding over the moors. "The word 'void' only projects modern people's irritation with anyone outside their own trap. I expect my wife used it."

The poet hadn't expected the program to leave this in, and he was shocked.

"He doesn't live in a void," said the poet's wife on television, in a cut that shook her with its glibness.

They had photographed her sitting on a kitchen stool in a white passage, with her back against a long stretch of wall, like someone at a dance. " 'Void' is the wrong word. He lives in a sort of gavotte where no one is ever going to drop a glove. But he calls it a world, and he's such a good writer that he can make it seem like one. I think he feels that the most difficult thing in a man's life is to find some sort of balance between longing for company and longing for isolation. Some of us don't think of that till we're dying. My husband has been practicing dying for years. I never know whether the death wish is a wish to get out of activity or out of existence. My husband said once that he wanted to be dead but still to be. I don't understand that. I'm a poor person to talk about his work really, because I don't understand the open air. But looking for the truth in nature walks? Hips and haws don't *mean* anything. They're just hips and haws. He thinks a tide chart is a sort of hymn sheet. The only difference between the significance of a tide chart and the significance of a railway timetable is that a railway timetable can be altered, isn't it? I don't believe that the sort of intractability there is in nature has very much to teach us. I think it just excites people now because it's remote, like the idea of four days of lemon juice to men who have business lunches every day. I mean . . . I suppose I mean that I don't think my husband would be a nature poet if he didn't live now, here, in England. Some other time, he might have been a hymn writer, perhaps. Or a theologian. He just has a monkish temperament. I make it sound as if he finds it easy. . . . He doesn't really dislike people. He used to love girls. I think his poetry is an effort to be stoic. Being married is probably a hindrance."

"You shouldn't have said that," said the poet.

She watched her big face fade into a still of his Savonarola profile while an actorish voice spoke more of his verse.

"Did you expect them to leave all that in?" he said.

"I suppose so."

"You talked as if I were dead. Or deaf."

"No. I'd never, never have said such things if you were dead." She wondered how she could explain this to him if he didn't see it already. The little boy had lost interest and started pulling open the drawers of the dressing table. She put her coat on.

"You looked beautiful," he said after a pause that agonized them both, suddenly moved by her physically, as he had been by the sight of her in the film. "Like a Bonnard."

She thought he was throwing her a sop and it steeled her. "I'm sorry," she said stiffly.

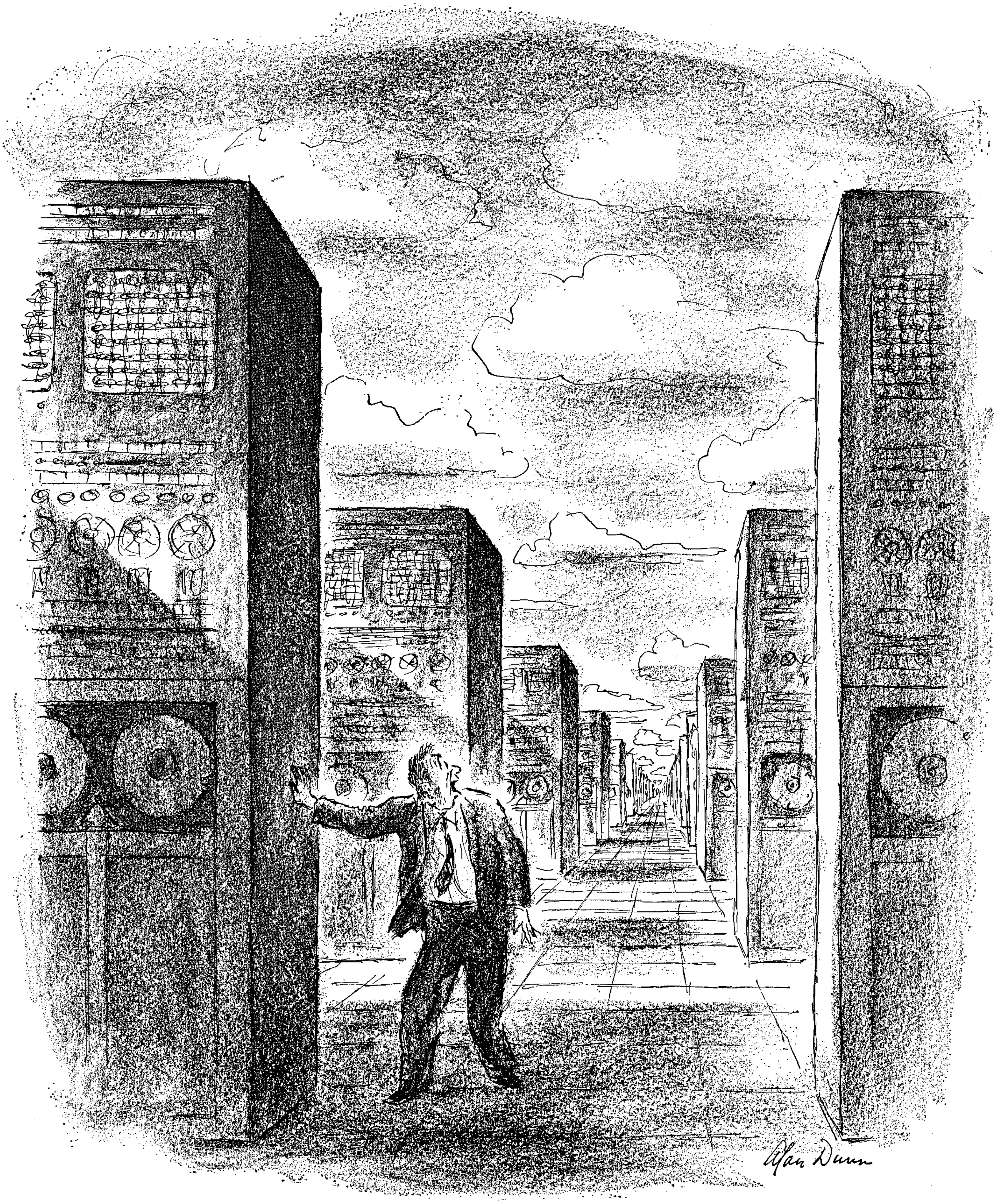
"You should have said it all before."

"I didn't know it before."

"Other people would call it treacherous, I suppose. I don't. It's rather a relief. Where are you going?"

"London." She packed the child into his gum boots.

"Oh, no. Not now. It'll be all right. I'm not angry. It's absurd to go be-



"Where is everybody?"

• •

cause you think I'm angry. Is that it?"

"I can't do anything else now. It's happened in the wrong order. Most things about us have. Not like botany at all."

She kept her face turned away as she moved about the room, and looked stony. At the door she suddenly grinned at him, and when she had gone the grin seemed to him still to be hanging in the air, like the Cheshire cat's. He wept.

THAT night he took a midnight train to London, searched for her all day, and had his first demanding quarrel with her in a Chinese restaurant at five o'clock in the afternoon, blue-jowled with fear and tiredness, and smelling of the stale smells of travellers. She came back to the north with him after that and they lived together again for a time.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

ROCK CREEK

As they were about to leave, Chou began jumping and barking. John put his hand to his face; he had forgotten to do his exercises with the weighted shoe—a red steel shoe with a bar and weight attachment. He felt he had better do the exercises while he had the energy. Lately he was always tired, but he would be particularly tired when he came home. So he put the leash down on the chair in the hall and went into his bedroom and tied the shoe—it weighed about twelve pounds—to his foot, and then, sitting in a chair, he began to bend and straighten his leg; he would start out with his leg hanging down in a normal position, and then he would raise it horizontal to the floor and hold it stiffly for as long as he could stand it. He repeated this about thirty times. It was to strengthen his knee and thigh. The muscles had atrophied badly, and his leg was quite weak. Chou, sitting in the doorway, watched him; she barked at him from time to time. She was irritated and confused. He'd promised to take her out, and now he was delaying again, and she probably wouldn't get to go.

Chou was John's mother's dog, a gray, long-faced toy poodle with sad eyes. She was three years old. Since he had come back from the hospital, they had spent quite a lot of time together in the house and had become dependent on each other for company. But for Chou, and Bessie, the maid, who worked days, he was alone. His parents were in Europe and his sister was away at school. Chou followed him everywhere. While he ate in the dining room, she would remain at his feet under the table. If he read the paper in the living room, she would jump up beside him on the chair. She hated to be alone, and he welcomed her company. They had a game. When she wanted to play, she would approach his chair with a small, yellow woollen cat in her mouth. He would take the cat and toss it across the room, and she'd streak off and pounce on it, slamming it from side to side on the floor, then, crouching, look at him. "Chou, bring it back," he'd say, but she would run into one bedroom or another with the cat in her mouth, crawl under a bed, and wait for him to find her. The game was more hide-and-seek than retrieving. It gave her a great deal of excitement and pleasure, and she never tired of it. But after twenty minutes of looking under beds, he was too exhausted to go on, and he would have to go to his room and lie down for an hour. She would lie at his feet.

He had broken his leg in two places. The cast, which had gone above his knee, had now been off for ten days. He had worn it for three months. Aside from the itching under the cast, he had not been in great discomfort or pain.

"Come on, Chou," he said, untying the weighted shoe. He didn't really want to take her, but he felt sorry for her. He knew she wanted to go into the fields and woods. Between the time his parents had gone to Europe and he had come home, Chou had been boarded in a kennel outside Washington, and after she was brought back to the house, she had never got to go out but for two brief walks a day with Bessie, a tall, hefty, mocha-brown-skinned Negro, who invariably said to her, "Let's go, Chou. Do your business. I got my work to do." Bessie called her a "little garbage hustler." Chou would often dawdle with Bessie until she had got her ration of smells. "Aw, come on, honey," Bessie would say. "We ain't got all day."

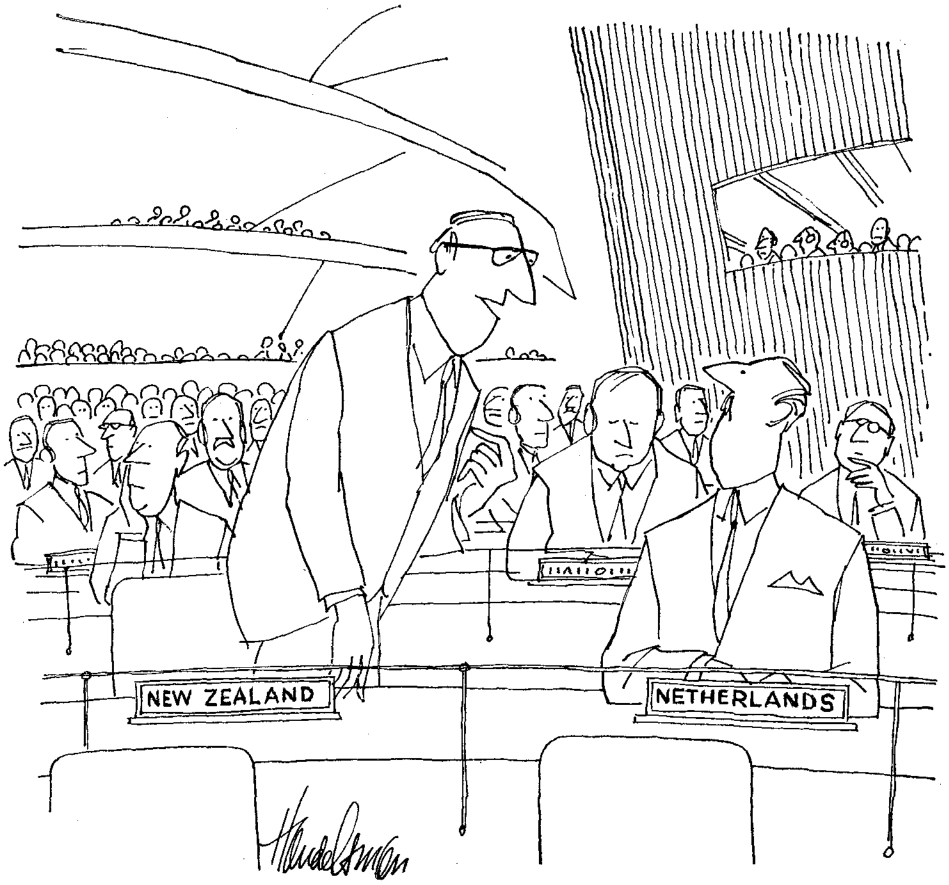
Chou had been angry with him earlier in the week when he had gone out several times and left her behind. He had feared the responsibility, and anyway he had wanted to take a drive and be alone. If he took her, something could always happen. He was afraid that somehow he'd lose her, that she would run away and he wouldn't be able to find her again. Little things upset him; he needed all of his energy to concentrate on his driving. But when he drove into Alexandria, knowing that she dearly loved it there, he had felt cruel and sorry—though he desperately wanted to be alone.

When he returned, instead of the wild greeting he had come to depend on, she had looked annoyed, and ignored him. It was strange how much he depended on her. When he wasn't with her, he thought about her, trying to give his mind something to hold on to. She was a little mystery to him. Anything out of the ordinary offended her, and she was very unfriendly toward strange-looking people or very old people, and there was one sadly retarded girl that she had barked at with great anger one morning when the girl had tried to pet her. Children loved her, and she endured them. While they played with her, she would sometimes look at him as if to say, "You never please me, but can't you at least make them go away?" He was very fond of her—of her sad eyes and strange moods.

John put on a brown sports coat with a rip in the elbow. Under the coat, he wore a blue sweater over a faded blue shirt with a frayed collar. He looked out the window. The day was sunny and clear—a fine autumn day in Washington. He always preferred the autumn, and normally the blue crispness of the day would have filled him with delight. But he was tired and despondent, and he was going out mainly for Chou. She was panting to go. He wore an old pair of gray pants with a tear in the knee. These were the pants he had worn on the day, three months before, when he'd broken his leg. He had been walking on a trail in Rock Creek Park, high above a ravine, and then, while climbing up a rocky ledge overlooking the ravine, he had suddenly fallen. Later, in the hospital, he felt that he'd just lost his concentration, that he had been too careless, but it troubled him that he couldn't remember whether he'd just slipped, whether some loose rock had given way, or whether he had just stepped out and found nothing there. It hadn't been a bad fall—the slope was not, after the first fifteen feet, steeply graded, and some trees broke his pitching, rolling descent—and he would have been all right but for a few bruises and scratches had it not been for his collision with a fallen tree trunk at the bottom. He had lain there in considerable pain for two hours in a soft bed of leaves, until a woman on horseback came along a bridle path above the trail and saw him. An hour later, he was carried out of the park on a stretcher and placed in an ambulance.

A week before the fall, two of his oldest and closest friends, Ewing and Hal, had been killed in North Carolina in a nighttime automobile accident. John was supposed to have gone with them on the trip to Charlotte, where Ewing's girl friend was to have fixed Hal and him up with blind dates, but John had come down with a bad cold and had remained in Washington.

He picked up a book that was on his dresser and put it in the pocket of his coat. Chou jumped up on the bed, jumped down, and began to bark. He felt a little dizzy. For the last months, he'd had trouble concentrating; he had to do everything slowly. His memory



"I don't suppose it's terribly important, old chap, but you're from New Zealand and I'm from the Netherlands."

• •

was unreliable, and he was often confused. There seemed to be a weight on his head that made him want to close his eyes. He tried not to think of Ewing and Hal, of death in general, of his own death, of not being with them when they died, but he would always remember them—in a slight daze, in cold hysteria—at different times of the day. He often found it difficult to breathe. As he felt for the book in his pocket, he suddenly thought of them, and he said, with a slightly hoarse and tired voice, "Oh, Lord, I don't want to die." He looked down at Chou, and he felt he had been alone too much.

He was eighteen, about six feet tall, frail, loose and gangling, with a long face and a wide, full mouth. His expression was tentative and shy. He lit a cigarette, and then he picked up the leash from the chair in the hall. Chou was right at his heels. He said goodbye to Bessie, and he and the dog walked outside and got into his father's car. All the way to the park, Chou stood up on the seat, with her front paws on the rim of the window.

IT hadn't rained for a while. When John pulled into a dirt lot, the tire ruts were deep and hard. He didn't want to get out of the car, and he sat there leaning on the steering wheel for a few minutes, with Chou pawing at the sleeve of his coat, and looked out. Beyond the lot was a grassy field, with the creek to the left of a row of trees. Farther on, there was a small tributary of the creek which divided the field from a wooded hill. Up the hill was the trail that led to the ravine where he had broken his leg. He would stay away from the trail. The day had turned faintly warm in the autumn sunlight. The trees on top of the hill were yellow and russet and brown. He got out of the car and went around it and opened the door on the other side. Chou jumped down, wagging her tail. "O.K., Chou, come on," he said. He took the leash, and they walked across the dirt lot until they came to a low wooden rail, which he stepped over; Chou went underneath.

When he stepped onto that sunny field, he felt at a loss. Chou suddenly seemed very timid, and he felt inadequate as a master. It was the first time that he had been on foot in the park since he had broken his leg. He felt strange, and he nearly got back into the car. Then, in some desperation, he swung his arm toward the empty field and said, "Run, Chou, run!," but she only stood there looking up at him, wagging her tail. She was waiting for him. The sun was in her eyes, and they were half closed and slightly watery. She had a nearsighted quality. She looked irritated. She didn't like to stand very long in one spot.

He began to walk across the field, and she followed him. He felt that she wanted him to be a certain way on their walk together, but he couldn't seem to manage it. His leg bothered him; he walked slowly and dragged it somewhat. He looked back at Chou, who was coming slowly, in her earnest little trot. She looked so small, he thought. She looked bigger in the house; here she hardly rose above the grass. In the house, though sad-eyed, she was frisky and playful, but out in the field she was quite timid and uncertain. She wasn't enjoying herself, and he felt it was his fault. "Run, Chou, run. For God's sake!" he yelled at her. She stood close to him, looking away at something, as though distracted, then gave him a quick glance. "Oh, God, leave me alone," he said. He began to walk. She dawdled behind, sniffing at the ground. His leg hurt and he wanted to sit down, and he was walking only to give her some exercise. She didn't seem interested, but he knew if he sat down on a bench she would look at him accusingly. She lingered, moving in slow half circles behind him.

When he turned around, she stopped and sat down. He told her to come on, but she wanted to go in another direction—nearer the creek, where perhaps the smells were better. It was too far; he didn't want to go that far. He called her. She looked up at him, baring her front teeth a trifle, then looked quickly in the direction of the creek. He called to her again, but she wouldn't come, and then he turned around and walked away. He knew she wouldn't go by herself. He didn't want to take her to the creek. Too much could happen there. She might have one of her wild fits, he thought. She padded along behind him, looking hurt and bewildered. He felt exasperated, and he yelled to her, "Chou, it's nothing personal! So stop acting silly!" But she only looked down at the ground, as though preoccupied with a smell or a piece of the terrain. Suddenly, she began to bark at a squirrel; she streaked across the field and chased it over the small wooden bridge that crossed the tributary. The squirrel ran up a tree, with Chou barking at it below. Chou's spirits improved. She came trotting back with her tongue out and stood up with her front paws on his knee and stretched, and he decided to take her to the creek after all.

THEY walked along together. Chou followed him quickly now, along a bridle path covered with fallen leaves that led under an old stone bridge to the bank of the creek. They passed an old mill. Chou could hear ducks, and she began to bark in a near frenzy. He put the leash on her, for he was afraid she might follow them into the water—something she had done the year before, he suddenly remembered, when Hal and Ewing were along. He wondered if she remembered them. Chou was straining at the leash, standing on her back legs. Quacking, the ducks quickly left the wet ground at the water's edge and paddled down the creek toward the falls. There were white ducks and mallards, green heads and speckled. Chou was disappointed. She kept barking at the ducks, but they receded farther and farther.

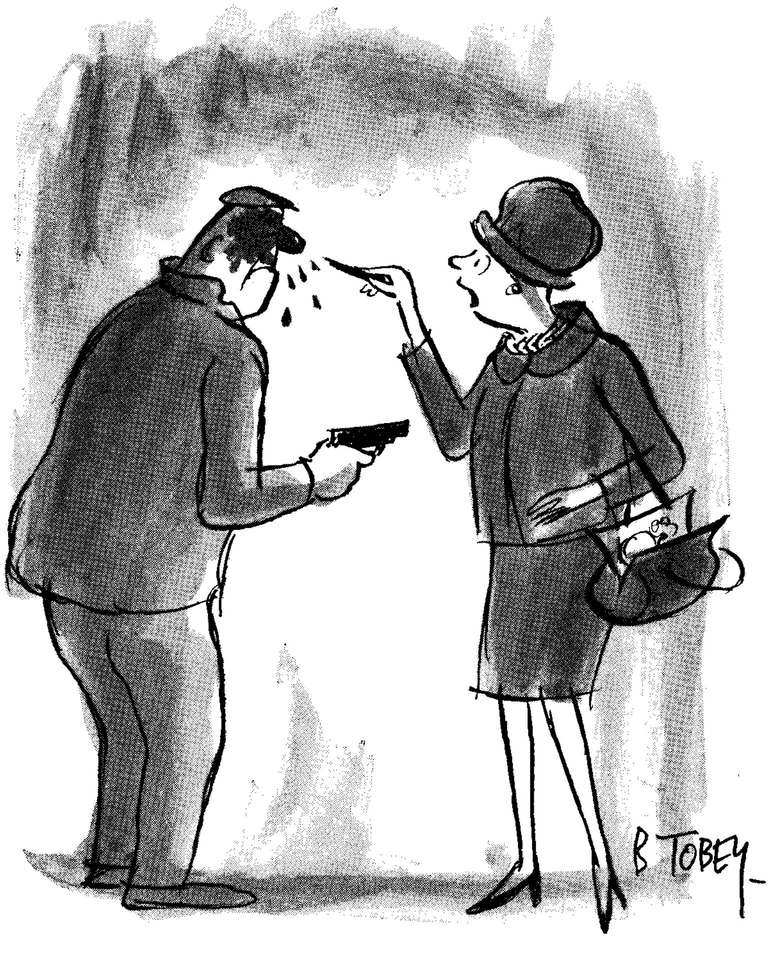
John watched them float downstream. Around the bend of the creek—about a mile farther on, he remembered—there was the sledding hill, a marvellous slope that Hal and Ewing and he had used during one rare snowy Washington winter. He thought of the time they had all gone down the slope on their sleds, coasting onto the ice-covered creek. They had called it the Danger Run. The idea was to test courage, to see how far out toward the thin ice they'd go before turning. Hal had gone part way through the ice. They had all been about eleven then. John and Ewing had got in trouble with Hal's mother for having persuaded him to go sledding right after he had recovered from influenza, and Hal had got wet and ruined his new coat. It seemed like such a rotten joke now, her worrying about that, he thought. He put a hand over his eyes. Chou strained on the leash, and he looked down at her; then he took a deep breath, and began to sink deeper into reverie. All sound and sight were blotted out as he stood immobile on the creekside. He could see them in his mind's eye so clearly. Ewing, always smiling and joking, had raised their spirits. Hal was very serious, almost solemn in a way, and he depended on Ewing and John to make him laugh; he was very kind and honest and dependable. They had all been just like brothers. They'd played baseball together in the various boy leagues, right up to Legion ball. Ewing was very erratic in the field and at bat, but liable to stun you with something absolutely sensational, and Hal was steady and reliable, while John, on the other hand, was a little like Ewing but not as good.

He began to think of the time when they were thirteen, and he was always in fights and regularly getting the worst of it, particularly from a boy named Allie Conroy, who was a year older. Conroy would wait for him and fight him on the playground after school. Ewing and Hal, for the sake of his honor, would never interfere, but after they had witnessed several humiliations, they took him to see a colored man named Soames Hambleton—or Hamby, as he was known. He was a tall, copper-brown-skinned man with high cheekbones. He looked a little like an Indian, and he was supposed to have been a pro fighter, but he was then working as a mechanic in a garage. They all went down to the garage and persuaded Hamby to teach John how to fight Allie Conroy. During the instruction, Ewing said, smiling, "Now, come on, Hamby, don't beat him too bad. Johnny's beat up enough already."

Hal was very serious through all of it. "Run through it all again, Hamby," he'd said. "Conroy's bigger and stronger and has got the reach."

Hamby was very nice. He had taught John all the moves and defenses. He had said to him, "Well, son, I'm gonna show you how to cut a bigger boy down to size, how to slip a jab and get inside and get to his body, and then when he drops his hands, how to go for his head, how to hook off a jab, and how to move away and how to move in, how to glide and shuffle, and how not to think too much about getting hurt so you won't waste your strength worrying." Later on, John had beaten Conroy badly, much to everyone's surprise, and afterward the three of them had gone down to see Hamby at the garage, and they'd had sandwiches together and celebrated. "See, you just listen to old Hamby," Hamby had said. "He's been around some."

Hamby died a year later of a heart attack. He was about sixty-five, it was thought, but Mr. Travis, the owner of the garage where he worked, said, "It's hard to tell the age of a colored man. They don't age like white people." He and Hal and Ewing wanted to go to the funeral. Mr. Travis said he'd let them know about the arrangements. Hal's mother thought it wasn't right for white boys to go to a colored man's funeral—a man that didn't work for you. The colored people, she said, wouldn't like it—they'd resent it. But John and the two others disagreed with her, for, as Ewing said, "Hamby wouldn't mind, and that's all that



"Oh, I'm sorry! I thought this was my tear-gas pen."

MONTANA ECLOGUE

I

After the fall drive, the last
horseman humps down the trail south;
High Valley turns into a remote, still cathedral.
Stone Creek in its low bank turns calmly
through the trampled meadow. The one scouting
thunderhead above Long Top hangs to watch,
ready for its reinforcement due in October.

Logue, the man who always closes down the camp,
is left all alone at Clear Lake, where
he is leisurely but busy, pausing to glance across
the water toward Winter Peak. The bunkhouse
will be boarded up, the cookshack barricaded
against bears, the corral gates lashed shut.
Whatever winter needs it will have to find
for itself, all the slow months the wind owns.

From that shore below the mountain, the water
darkens; the whole surface of the lake livens;
and, upward, high miles of pine tops bend where a storm
walks the country. Deeper and deeper, autumn
floods in. Nothing can hold against that current
the aspens feel. And Logue, by being there, suddenly
carries for us everything that we can load on him,
we who have stopped indoors and let our faces
forget how storms come. That lonely man works for us.

II

Far from where we are, air owns those ranches
our trees hardly hear of—open places
braced against cold hills. Mornings, that
news hits the leaves like rain, and we
stop everything time brings, and freeze that one,
open, great, real thing, the world's gift—day.

Up there, air like an axe chops, near timberline,
the clear-cut miles the marmots own. We
try to know, all deep, all sharp, even while
busy here, that other; gripped in a job,
aimed steady at a page, or riffled by distractions,
we break free into that world of the farthest coat—air.

We glimpse that last storm when the wolves
get the mountains back, when our homes will flicker
bright, then dull, then old; and the trees
will advance, knuckling their roots or lying in
windrows to match the years. We glimpse
a crack that begins to run down the wall,
and, like a blanket over the window at night,
that world is with us and those wolves are here.

III

Up there, ready to be part of what comes, the high lakes
lie in their magnificent beds; but men,
great as their heroes are, live by their deeds
only as a pin of shadow in a cavern their thought
gets lost in. We pause, we stand where
we are meant to be, waver as foolish as
we are, tell our lies with all the beautiful grace
an animal has when it runs:

Citizen, step back from the fire and let night
have your head. Suddenly you more than hear
what is true so abruptly that God is cold—
winter is here. What no one saw has
come. Then everything the sun approved could
really fail? Shed from your back, the years
fall one by one, and nothing that comes
will be your fault. You breathe a few breaths
free at the thought—things can come so great
that your part is too small to count,
if winter can come.

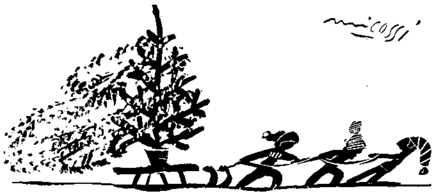
Logue brings us all that. Earth took
the old saints, who battered their hearts,
met arrows, or died by the germs God sent;
but Logue, by being alone and occurring to us,
carries us forward a little,
and on his way out for the year will
stand by the shore and see winter in,
the great, repeated lesson every year.
A storm bends by that shore and
one flake at a time teaches
grace, even to stone.

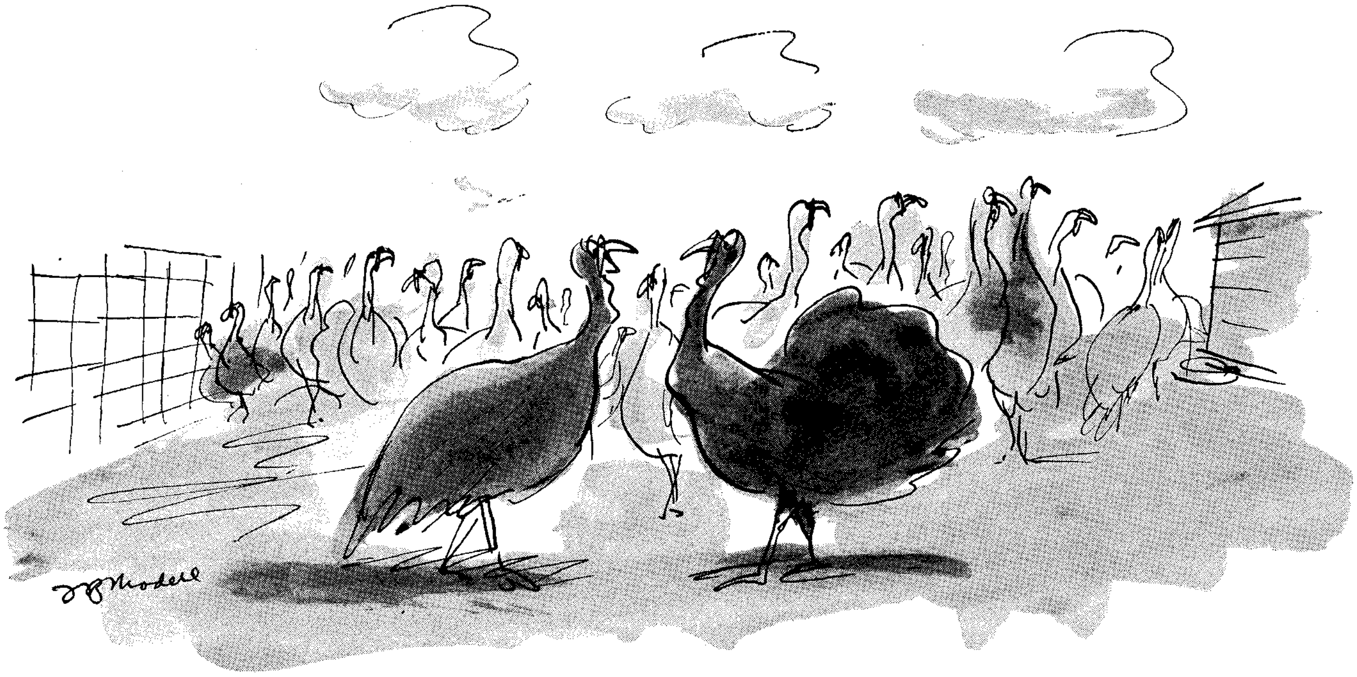
—William Stafford

• •

really matters." It turned out, as far as they knew, that Hamby didn't even have a funeral. Mr. Travis told them that Hamby's "nephew or someone" claimed the body at the hospital and had him buried on practically the same day, but he didn't know where. It seemed that Hamby had no family, really—that his wife had run off about twenty years before and his children, grown now, were probably somewhere in Detroit. "Well, he sure was one fine colored man," Mr. Travis had said, and they had certainly agreed.

WHEN these impressions stopped, John felt very strange and light, as though he were still fourteen. He felt disoriented, and had to stand there awhile to get his bearings. Chou was a small, gray blur at first, but gradually became clear. She was lying on her stomach patiently watching the creek. He hoped he could concentrate on her and not think about anything else. Thinking of the past confused and frightened him. It upset him to drift away like that and then come back feeling strange and lost. He thought if he could just keep his mind on her, he'd be all right. Chou put her front paws on his knees. The ducks had left for good. On the way back to the field, he let her chase some squirrels. By the time they passed the mill near the bridge, she was thoroughly hot and tired and thirsty. Her tongue was hanging out, and her eyes were almost completely closed. He told her, "O.K., Chou. We'll get some water." He had a slight desire to go into the old mill, to see what it would be like to stand there again; he had played there when he was a boy. The plaque on the outside of the mill said it was built in 1801. But he passed up going inside. He and Chou went across the lot to the car to see if her spare dish was there, but he couldn't find it. Then they walked across again to a small stone drinking fountain. He tried the spigot that extended from the base, but it didn't





"Hey, what do you say we try to get away for the holidays?"

• •

work. Then he cupped his hands and filled them with water from the drinking spout and stooped down and offered the water to Chou. She didn't want any. "Damn it, Chou, come on," he said. The water leaked out through his hands, and he stood up and got a drink himself; then he refilled his hands with water and kneeled down again. She took a little, licking his hand, but most of the water leaked out again.

He was very tired. His leg hurt. It had been fairly warm, but the sun had dropped low in the sky; there were many long shadows now, and there was a cool breeze. He wanted to sit down and rest, and he walked to a bench that was still in the sun. Chou trotted along beside him. She was in a wonderful mood, very alert and serene. He sat down on the bench—a rough-slatted picnic bench—and lit a cigarette. Then he put the leash on Chou, who sat at his feet, and looped it around his arm.

He pulled the book out of the side pocket of his coat. He had bought the book in a drugstore that morning—he didn't really know why. It was called "Suicide in Scandinavia." He thought he was curious about the suicidal state of mind. He flipped through the pages, reading at random. Chou sat quietly, looking up at him occasionally. He read some case histories of suicides and became quite despondent. Oh, God, he thought, I hope I never get that low; I don't want to die. After a while, he closed his book, putting his hands over his eyes. "Jesus, I hope I never kill myself," he said out loud. He began to feel very warm and strange, and his heart began to beat rapidly. He tried to stand up, but he fell back down on the bench. "Oh, damn it to hell! The hell with it," he said. A shudder passed through him. He thought of Ewing and Hal. If you could die that way, just out one day and gone, then what was the point of living? He began to breathe hard, and, after a kind of convulsion, he turned his back on Chou and put his arms on the back of the bench. He shut his eyes very tight, then opened them and stared at the sleeve of his coat. Gradually, his breathing became calmer, until it appeared to be so even and regular that he scarcely seemed to be breathing at all. Their deaths had finally registered. It was true. They were dead forever.

AFTER nearly half an hour, John raised his head and turned around. He wondered if anyone had seen him, but the park was empty. It was very quiet except for the sound of an occasional car going across the bridge over the creek, the "caw, caw" of a crow, and the sound of leaves blowing across the grass. He'd go out and see them tomorrow, he thought. They were in different cemeteries, at opposite ends of town, and he would start out early in the morning.

He sat there and looked at the woods. Chou was anxious to go home. She put her paws on his knees and, yawning, looked toward the car. Leaning forward, he took her leash off and yelled, "Run, Chou, run!," and she ran off in a streak, cutting sharply to the right and throwing herself into a pile of leaves, then jumping up and shaking them off. She rolled on the grass, then jumped up and went after a squirrel again. "Come on!" he called. Eagerly, she ran back to him. He put the leash on her, and they began to walk to the car. After a few steps, he turned around and looked at the park again. The field was in a gray, dusky light. Farther on, the woods were in darkness; he couldn't make out the trees. He smelled leaves burning. He could see the light of a small fire and a man with a rake. He looked down at Chou and thought, She's a very honest little dog. When she knows I'm leaving for school, she'll ignore me. When she sees my suitcase, it's all over. She won't grieve. He thought there was no one better at hello and poorer at goodbye.

When John opened the door, Chou jumped right up on the seat. He started the car, and as he drove across the bridge, Chou stood up at the window for a final look at the creek, which, in the fast-fading light, could hardly be seen.

—JULIAN MAZOR

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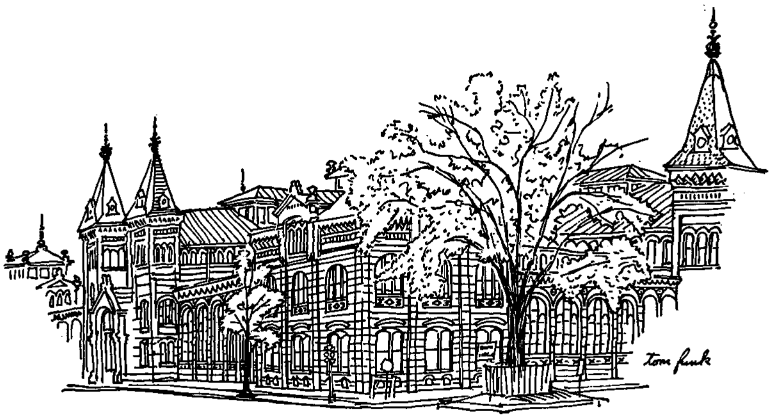
Some toy makers are now coloring their tanks and planes in bright colors. One manufacturer's representative said: "We are trying to get away from olive drab. Just because it's war doesn't mean it has to be dreary."—*Los Angeles Times.*

Every tank a bright tank, and Bob Hope at Christmas.

PROFILES

THE ENIGMATIC BEQUEST—III



IN 1904, the Smithsonian Institution, on Washington's Mall, was approached by Mr. Charles L. Freer, a Detroit manufacturer of railroad cars who had helped put together the American Car & Foundry Co. in 1899 and the following year, when he was in his early forties, had sold his interest for several million dollars and retired from active business. He had begun to collect etchings and engravings in his twenties, and had gone on to paintings, especially those of Whistler, of whom he became a close friend, and whose enthusiasm for Japanese prints and Chinese porcelain had guided Freer, too, into Oriental pastures. Freer was a discriminating, perfectionist, dressy bachelor, whose way of life has been colorfully described by Aline B. Saarinen in "The Proud Possessors":

> Fastidiousness was his persistent and inviolate characteristic.... He could not suffer a chef who knew nothing of pastry-work.... Many of his chefs were returned to New York from his Middle Western home having survived but a single meal. His finicky scrutiny missed no detail, from the flat silver and the ivory dishes with gold edges on his table to the size of the monograms embroidered on his sheets and pillowcases by the nuns of a nearby convent. The color of the single rose in a vase by the bathtub of a lady house guest was as carefully considered as the frequent order for the best imported caviar from New York.

At the time of this connoisseur's approach to the Smithsonian, he had assembled in his Detroit house the world's largest collection of Whistlers—some nine hundred oils, watercolors, pastels, drawings, lithographs, and etchings and engravings. He also had sixty pictures by three other Americans, who had done murals for his house and advised him on its further decoration—Dwight W. Tryon, a painter of misty landscapes; Thomas W. Dewing, a specialist in small, misty, spiritual portrayals of women; and Abbott H. Thayer, another idealizer of the fair sex. In addition, there were more than five hundred tenth-to-nineteenth-century Chinese and Japanese works of art, and nearly a thousand examples of pottery of the Far and Near East. On his visit to Washington, in a conversation with Samuel P. Langley, the Secretary, or head, of the Institution, Mr. Freer offered to leave these to the Smithsonian, along with five hundred thousand dollars to house them.

Secretary Langley was not altogether a stranger to the exotic—in 1901 he had attended a fire-walk ceremony in Tahiti (chiefly to find out whether it was as hot as it was cracked up to be; "I am obliged to say, almost regretfully, that it was not a miracle," he later wrote), and he was not altogether averse to art; in 1896 he had persuaded the Smithsonian's Regents, or board of governors, to recall the engravings, etchings, and paintings that the first Secretary, Joseph Henry, had sent packing to the Corcoran Gallery of Art in 1874. But Mr. Freer and his *kakemono* and *makimono* were a little out of the Secretary's line. He advised the Detroit dandy that he would have to consult his Regents, and they asked Freer to put his offer in writing. In the ensuing correspondence, the candidate for the Regential O.K. said that he would leave the five hundred thousand dollars and the collection, subject to "such changes and additions thereto as shall be made during my lifetime." He further stipulated that the Institution should maintain the objects and their building at its own expense, and that

> no addition or deduction shall be made to the collections after my death, and nothing else shall ever be exhibited with them, or in the same building, nor shall the said collections, or any part thereof, be removed at any time from the said building except when necessary for the purpose of making repairs or renovations in the building.

The offer thus repeated was not immediately accepted. After talking it over again with the Regents, Secretary Langley asked Mr. Freer if he would modify some of his requirements; Mr. Freer said no. He had originally suggested that a Smithsonian-appointed committee visit him and his collection ("I insist upon this," he wrote the painter Tryon, "in order that the Regents may understand fully the nature of the collections at present and familiarize themselves with my intended future additions"), and this offer, or mandate, was now accepted, a year after it had been made; the committee consisted of Dr. James Burrill Angell, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, Senator John B. Henderson, and Secretary Langley. The average age of the inspection group was over seventy, and its members seem to have looked on their expedition as something of a fire walk itself. "The gentlemen charged with the uncongenial task," Mrs. Saarinen writes, "set out on their repugnant journey with Mr. Bell's daughter, Marian, to pilot them through the uncharted land." The prospect of their arrival did not fill their host with unalloyed delight, either. In January, 1905, he wrote Secretary Langley, cordially enough:

> I am pleased to know that the Committee proposes to visit Detroit.... Any time after February 10 will suit me perfectly.... I am wondering if it would aid the work of the Committee if it were to add to its own number one of several well-known American experts of Oriental art, for instance, Professor E. F. Fenollosa of New York [Ernest Fenollosa, half Spanish, Harvard 1874, had spent fifteen years in Japan, teaching in Tokyo and managing the Tokyo Fine Arts Academy and the art department of the Imperial Museum; he had also been curator of Oriental art at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and he had helped, as a dealer-instructor, to familiarize Freer in things Far Eastern] or Mr. Charles J. Morse of Evanston, Illinois.

On the same day, however, he wrote Mr. Morse, a fellow-collector of Japanese prints:

> The Smithsonian Institution matter, I am sorry to say, has made its appearance in various newspapers all over the country. Either the Secretary of the Institution or one of the Regents seems to have given all the information to the As-

> sociated Press. How stupid and foolish! Particularly as nothing has been determined by the Institution, except to send a committee here to view the collections, and what an "expert" committee it is!—Angell, Bell, Henderson, and Langley.
>
> Well, this is what comes from dealing with people who seem to have more interest in seeing their names in the newspapers than in observing ordinary discretion. I am quite excited about it and really do not care a straw now whether the negotiations are ever completed or not.

In February, he wrote Morse, on successive days,

> As you so wisely said, the four Regents [*sic*] are men of broad education, wide experience, and of unquestioned judgment, but what they do not know about art would fill many volumes. . . .

and

> A letter just received from the Smithsonian Institution tells me that the Committee will arrive here on Tuesday next, the 14th instant, and will be ready to begin their arduous duties immediately after their arrival. They make no mention of experts, so I fancy they have decided to rely entirely upon their own judgment. It will be, I fancy, rather a weird experience for me.

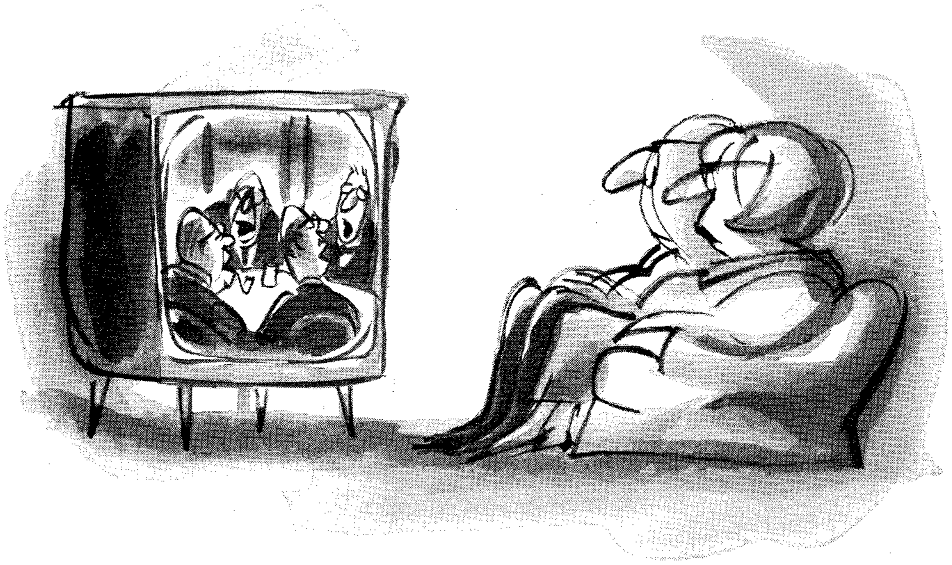
Mr. Freer's weird experience (and the Committee's: "The things were all very well of their kind—but damn their kind!" Mrs. Saarinen quotes Senator Henderson as having said to Marian Bell) lasted four days; Freer insisted on showing his things one by one. At their next meeting, the dilatory Regents passed a resolution thanking him for his courtesy but putting off (for the third time) "further consideration of his generous offer" until their *next* meeting, but then they came to see the light. "On December 6, 1905, a conference was held at the White House concerning the offer of Freer, with the President of the United States and representatives of the Smithsonian Institution among those present," an interoffice Institutional report has chronicled. "At this meeting, President Theodore Roosevelt was emphatic in his statements that the gift ought to be accepted."

Two weeks later, Roosevelt took an even stronger position:

> It is impossible to speak in too high terms of the munificence shown by Mr. Freer in this offer; and it is one which the Government of the United States should at once close with as a matter of course. Mr. Freer's collection is literally priceless. . . . The offer is one of the most generous that ever has been made to this Government, and the gift is literally beyond price. [Freer had estimated its cost price at six hundred thousand dollars.] . . . I hope that the Regents of the Smithsonian will feel warranted to close with the offer; for they are the national guardians of such a collection. If in their wisdom they do not see their way to accept the gift, I shall then be obliged to take some other method of endeavoring to prevent the loss to the United States Government, and therefore to the people of the United States, of one of the most valuable collections which any private individual has ever given to any people.

The Regents closed promptly; at their next meeting, on the morning of January 24, 1906, six weeks after they received the Presidential push, a resolution of Dr. Bell's to accept the gift was, in their wisdom, adopted. Smithsonian acolytes were swift to congratulate Freer. Miss Bell, newly married to David G. Fairchild, a botanist, was the first to wire him the good news, reaching him at lunchtime; a telegram from her father appeared with the pastry; and one from Acting Secretary Richard Rathbun arrived a couple of hours later. (Langley, seventy-one, was dying in South Carolina.) The winner reacted gratefully. "Accept my heartiest thanks for all your kind interest," he telegraphed Mrs. Fairchild at 1:20 P.M.; "I appreciate the kind consideration shown by the Smithsonian Regents," he wired Dr. Bell at two-thirty; and at five o'clock he wired the President, "Without your good influence it could not have been accomplished. Accept, please, my warmest thanks." He and Professor Fenollosa went to work cataloguing the Eastern paintings that were to be earmarked for the Mall, and a good many fakes and

"How about that? I'm the dumbest kid in the class, and here I am playing one of the Wise Men!"



inferior examples were weeded out. "We have gone through the Oriental paintings with a fine-tooth comb," Freer wrote Morse. "I think we eliminated all pestiferous insects."

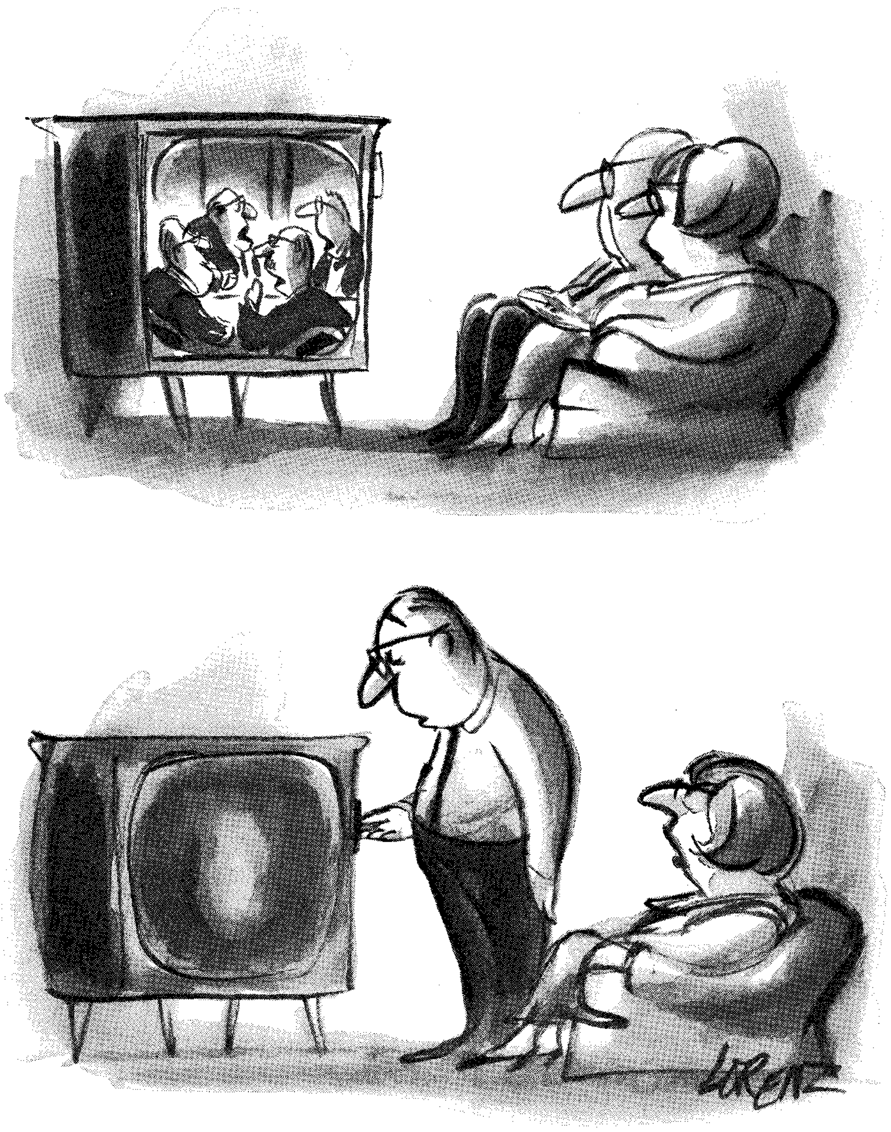
Because of continuing purchases, however, the collection that accompanied a May 5, 1906, deed of gift was a little more extensive than that implied in the 1904 promise—there were twenty-two hundred and fifty objects now. These were left in Detroit, pending the construction of a Florentine Renaissance *palazzo* designed by Freer and Charles A. Platt, a painter and architect, less than a hundred yards west of the Smithsonian's main building. Freer continued to buy art, and to deed over his purchases, until his death, in 1918, and by the time the Florentine *palazzo* was ready, in 1923, his collection had more than quadrupled in content and a great deal more than quadrupled in value—some ninety-five hundred works of art, appraised at seven million dollars.

With all the good will in the world, it was not easy for the Smithsonian to adjust itself to the world of art; in 1921 Mr. William de C. Ravenel, administrative assistant to the Secretary, employing language more consonant with his background as a former assistant in charge of fish culture in the United States Fish Commission than with his new position of recipient of the arts of the East and the West, reported to Secretary Walcott, "The work of unpacking and installing the specimens has begun." Along with the specimens had come—over and above a million three hundred thousand dollars for the building (a million dollars in cash, plus two thousand shares of Parke, Davis stock, worth something more than a hundred dollars a share)—a bequest of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars to cover a director's-salary fund, a court-and-grounds fund, and a court-and-grounds-maintenance fund, plus a bequest of approximately a million and a half dollars that was to be very precisely applied, as we shall see. These bequests were also almost entirely in Parke, Davis stock, which declared a hundred-per-cent stock dividend three years after Freer's death, and zoomed. The Freer fund has been going up ever since. It now stands, or soars, at a market value of around seventeen million dollars, and so constitutes the lion's share of the Smithsonian's private money.

The will that disposed of Freer's aerodynamic bequest was as *sui generis* as its author. It stipulated, in a codicil that was its controlling feature, that the bulk of the income

> shall be used for the encouragement of the study of the civilization of the Far East, as the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution shall determine; and . . . for the promotion of high ideals of beauty, and, to that end, as opportunities shall from time to time occur to make the same, occasional purchases shall be made of very fine examples of Oriental, Egyptian, and Near Eastern fine arts, after [they] shall have been examined and approved by one or all of my following named friends, namely, Miss Katharine N. Rhoades, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Jr., and Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer. . . . Such purchases shall become part of the Freer collection. If, from lack of opportunity, the last described purchases cannot be made, and opportunities from time to time arise for the purchase . . . of works of painting, sculpture, and pottery of high aesthetic quality [by] American painters, sculptors, and potters, then such purchases shall be made and the works purchased shall immediately become the property of the [National] Gallery of Art . . . excepting that no such paintings, works of sculpture, or pottery . . . shall be exhibited permanently in the [Freer Gallery] building. . . . I empower the Smithsonian Institution to accept for the Freer Collection such gifts as may be tendered for that collection by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Jr., Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, Mr. Frank J. Hecker, or Mr. Charles A. Platt.

No lack of opportunity to purchase in the Eastern fields has ever arisen; in accordance with the Smithsonian's interpretation of its founder's intent, the Freer may buy only in the Oriental sphere. The boundaries of this sphere, however, have been questioned more than once by Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, the fifth Secretary of the Institution. In 1926 (he was then Assistant Secretary), as the result of a nudge by Dr. Aleš Hrdlička, the Czech-born curator of anthropology in the National Museum and a great friend of the Eskimos, he wrote to Dr. Charles D. Walcott, the fourth Secretary (who was seventy-six years old and in rather poor shape; he died less than three months later), seeking clarification. Dr. Hrdlička was convinced that Eski-



"Well, that's that." *"Oh, shut up!"*

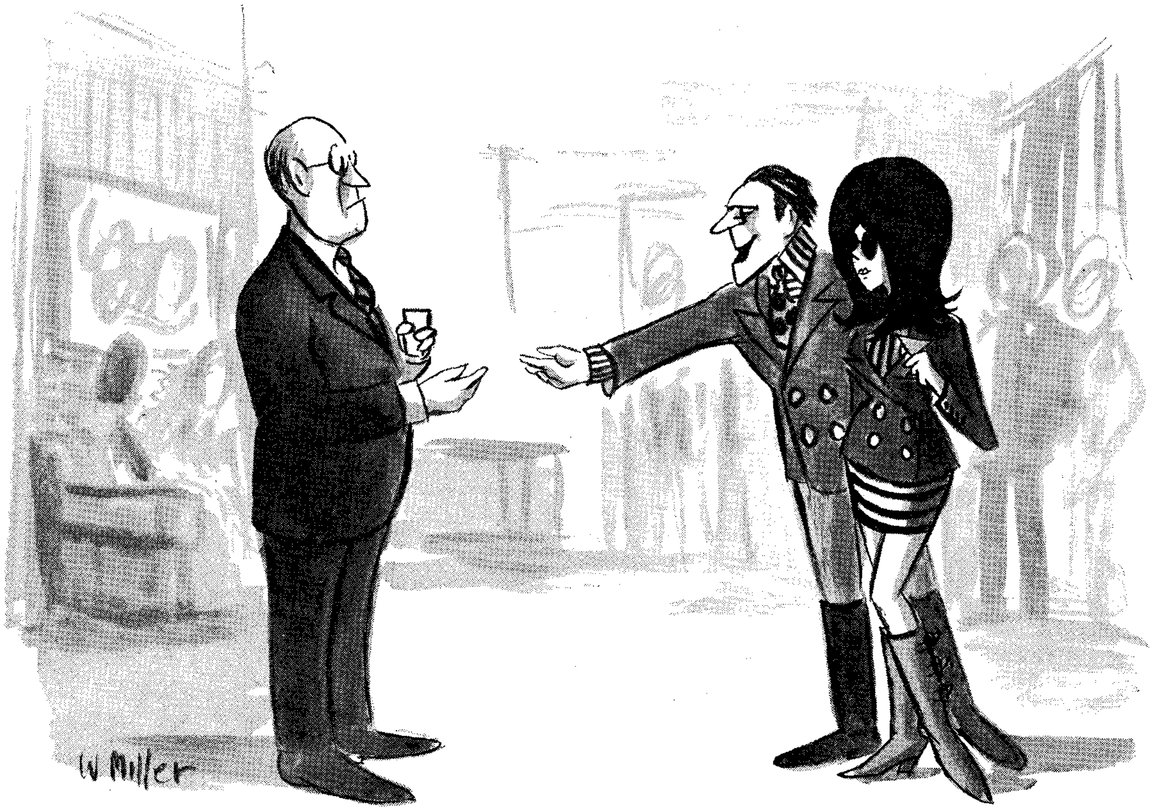
mos were of Mongoloid, or Asiatic origin, and thus related (rather far back) to the East Indians. Dr. Abbot went to bat for him:

> Considering the large increase in the value of the Freer bequest incident to the advance in the market of the Parke, Davis stocks, I note that the present unincumbered income, after the conversion of a considerable portion of the stocks into more diversified securities, amounts to about $175,000 per annum. It occurred to me to examine the will of Mr. Freer in order that I might penetrate his intent as to the use of this income. I find that... in the codicil he proposes as the objects for the use of the income: 1, "Encouragement of the study of the civilization of the Far East;" 2, "the promotion of high ideals of beauty;" 3, (incidental to 2), "occasional purchases of very fine examples of Oriental, Egyptian, and Near Eastern fine arts."... I would like to ask, therefore, in the expression "study of civilization of the Far East" what is the interpretation of the word "civilization"? Does it include all of "the state of being reclaimed from the rudeness of savage life and advanced in arts and learning"? [Dr. Abbot had consulted the Century Dictionary and come up with this one.] If so, is there any inferior limit to the degree of it, short of the moment of the development of man from the brute, at which the application of the income from Mr. Freer's bequest ought to stop?
>
> In the second place, the expression "Far East," does it include India, Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, Malaysia, and Australia? If not all of these localities are included in the term "Far East," which ones of them are excluded? It would appear that if the interpretation of "civilization" and of "Far East" would be properly considered as broad as I have indicated, then the support of such works as Dr. Hrdlička's on the origin and development of man in these countries could properly be undertaken under the Freer bequest.
>
> In further consideration of the language, we come to the phrase "the promotion of high ideals of beauty."... It occurs to me that the wideness of the scope of this activity might include the collection of art of high forms, or the study of the exhibition in nature of high forms of beauty which would be susceptible of a very broad scope of enterprises and investigations.

Dr. Abbot's suggestions were referred to the Freer's curator, Mr. John E. Lodge, who wrote back:

> If I have understood you correctly, it is on this provision [No. 1 of Dr. Abbot's letter], and, in particular, on the meaning of the words "civilization of the Far East," that, in your judgment, the right of the Institution to use the Freer funds for the promotion of archaeological research among the Eskimo and Indian sites of Alaska depends, the controlling factors being, in your opinion, the not unusual anthropological classification of the Eskimos and some North American Indians, anyway, as Mongoloids, and the familiar theory that they migrated to this continent from northeastern Siberia.... No serious doubt can exist, I should think, as to what Mr. Freer meant by the language he used in providing by Will for the study of Far Eastern civilization.... Nothing would have astonished him more, in my opinion, than the suggestion that simply because a culturally primitive people like the Eskimos... are believed by many to have come to this continent from northeastern Siberia, or because Chinese are... known to have come to New York from Canton, any part of the fund which he left "for the encouragement of the study of the civilization of the Far East" should be spent on investigating the anthropology of Alaska or of Mott Street.... Nothing, I suppose, was farther from his expectation than that the needs of the Gallery would ever be subordinated to the administrative or financial exigencies of the Smithsonian.

The Lodge-Freer interpretation prevailed; the old Prague University try of Dr. Hrdlička came to naught; and the Freer went on to an income of well over half a million dollars and an annual directorial, curatorial, laboratory, and library-staff payroll of more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Its purchase program still operates only in the Oriental field. No overt official attempt has been made in the Smithsonian family to circumvent Mr. Freer's decree against augmenting his Gallery's American collection (he added a dozen compatriots to his initial quartet, among them Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, John Singer Sargent, John Henry Twachtman, and Charles A. Platt), which is so static that it does not even have a curator, or to get around his stipulation that only five people could donate to the Gallery. Of that privileged quintet, Mr. Meyer (a former Lazard Frères partner and publisher of the Washington *Post*) is dead; Mrs. Havemeyer (a famous collector who left most of her paintings to the Metropolitan Museum) is dead; Mr. Hecker (an early Freer railroad-car associate and executor) is dead; and Mr. Platt is dead. The only person



"Hello there! I'm Fitz-Hugh Morton, twenty-eight, social anthropologist, city planner, and painter turned designer of far-out furniture. This is my wife, Desdemona, twenty-three, ballet dancer, harpsichordist, and owner of a popular Mod boutique. We ride motorcycles."

• •

in the world who is allowed to give the Freer an object of art today is Mrs. Meyer, now in her late seventies; she has made it a number of Oriental presents.

Although Dr. Abbot's attempted raid on the Freer failed, the Gallery itself has exercised a certain ingenuity, *sub rosa*, in interpreting the will of its founder—specifically, the anti-removal-of-objects-from-their-building commandment. It has been the Smithsonian's wont at Regents' dinners, which are generally held in the Institution's Great Hall, to dress the room up with exhibits from the Smithsonian collections. The basement of the Great Hall is connected by an underground passage with the basement of the Freer, and this tunnel, originally constructed to carry Potomac Electric power cables from the parent building to the gallery, has additionally been pressed into service to transfer Oriental scrolls, Ming bowls, Japanese paintings, Persian miniatures, and the like for the prandial delectation of the assembled senators, congressmen, and distinguished private citizens, on the theory that an object that moves underground to a sister, or sire, edifice does not really leave its home. These dinners also take place on the far side of the Mall, in the recently built Museum of History and Technology, between which and the Renaissance *palazzo* no umbilical public-utility cord stretches; ornamentation at these functions is Freerless.

The fact that the Freer is dependent on Congress, via the Secretary of the Smithsonian, only for housekeeping expenses—guards, charladies, light, and heat—leaves it relatively carefree when it comes to pleasing the legislators, but it would just as soon please them, and it has its fiscal worries. In line with the codicil's provision for "encouragement of the study of the civilization of the Far East" and a corresponding one in the 1906 deed of gift—"Said building shall be constructed and equipped . . . with special regard for the convenience of students and others desirous of an opportunity for uninterrupted study of the objects embraced hereunder"—it has become a great place for scholarly research and publication. It has a library of forty thousand titles, half of them in Chinese or Japanese (during the Second World War, under War Department auspices, it translated captured Japanese documents and translated into English the place names on Chinese and Japanese maps), and its staff, which includes such students as William Trousdale, a well-known Sinologist, and Richard Ettinghausen, a former professor of Islamic art at the University of Michigan, is forever turning out articles like "Confucian Elements in the Theory of Painting" and "Near Eastern Book Covers and Their Influence on European Binding." Although the Freer is not seriously concerned with its attendance record, Mr. James C. Bradley, the Assistant Secretary for Administration of the Smithsonian and the man who represents the Institution at Bureau of the Budget hearings, thinks it ought to be more so.

"Mr. Bradley asked me to solicit employee suggestions that might lead to a bigger gate," Dr. John A. Pope, the current director of the Freer, told me one day not long ago when I dropped in at his office, thus swelling the attendance record by one. "The suggestion was made that we show movies! The Freer's function is to train specialists rather than to cater to the man in the street. A scholar wants to read books and handle objects, not see movies. I do resist and I will resist any attempt to make us give popular lectures at eleven in the morning to people who don't know anything."

"Can Mr. Bradley do anything to you?" I asked.

"Well, he hasn't cut off our light bulbs so far," Dr. Pope replied, glancing in the general direction of the electric-cable tunnel.

"Look," he went on. "Here's a letter that sums up part of my feeling about the Freer," and he stuffed into my pocket a Xeroxed communication from Dr. Walter Muir Whitehill, the director of the Boston Athenæum, which, on later inspection, turned out to read:

> The Freer Gallery proved a pleasant refuge on this snowy afternoon, so pleasant indeed that I send you this word of thanks. It is unusual today to find an art museum that is quiet, tasteful,

ROYAL SECRET

Royal Secret
BATH PERFUME
Germaine Monteil

For every angel on your Christmas list. Wrapped in boldly striped shiny foil, as colorful as Christmas . . . and bowed beautifully in gold.

Bath Perfume; Spray Perfume; Spray Concentrée; Luxury Cologne; Soap; Luxury Lotion; Luxury Bath Foam; Luxury Bath Powder; Powder Mist; Luxury Shower Spray Oil.

Germaine Monteil

restful; that has objects so good that it is unnecessary to call attention to them by the techniques of the department store.

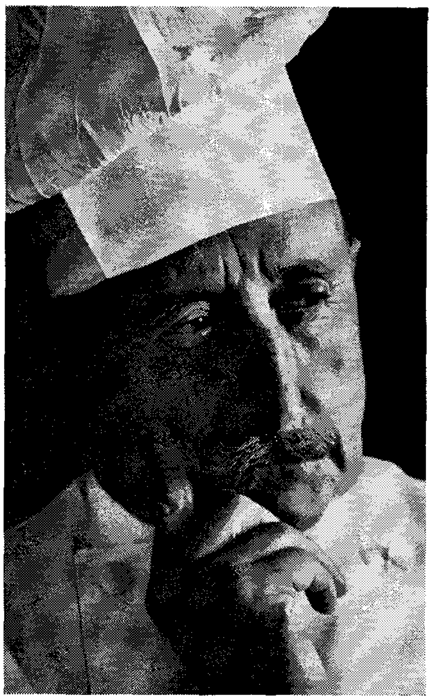
I am very weary of "togetherness" in art museums. It gives me no pleasure in Boston to receive mail from the Museum of Fine Arts that is cancelled with the slogan JOIN—IT'S *YOUR* MUSEUM; to see a graph or thermometer indicating a spectacular rise in membership outside the door; to have a perpetual hurry, scurry, and bustle in the galleries. It is worse to realize that this is not an idiosyncrasy of Boston, but part of a national disease, contracted from Madison Avenue.

To be in the Freer for two hours was a pleasant contrast—no trace of "togetherness," no beatniks, no herds of snivel-nosed children, no clatter, no commotion, only an extraordinary variety of works of art quietly displayed in a building that is handsome without being obtrusive. I hope that it will never lose this character.

Prompted by a sketchy prior knowledge of Dr. Pope's history, I asked him how he happened to get into the *kakemono* business. "It was something of a switch, I guess," he said. "I come from Detroit, you know. My mother took me to Freer's house after he died; I was thirteen. I thought: Why does a fellow want to live in a house with junk like this? Well, my attitude wasn't very different when I was at Yale, where I was captain of the swimming team. Books and pictures are now sources of pleasure to me to an extent I couldn't have imagined then. But the year I got out of Yale my father sent me on a trip around the world that included three months in China with an American Red Cross Commission—he'd retired from business and was active in the Red Cross—and I got interested in Chinese art and its reflection of the human spirit. After a couple of years as a trainee with the Chase National Bank in New York, I spent the next ten working at the Detroit Institute of Arts and studying Oriental art and languages, off and on, at the Harvard Graduate School, and in travelling around to various museums. Then I lectured on Chinese art at Columbia, and in 1943 I came here—we were all working for the Army Map Service and the O.W.I. at the time. I left for a while to join the Marines as an interpreter and translator; this led to seven months in China. I'm the third director here; my predecessor, Archibald G. Wenley, an outstanding Sinologist, died in 1962."

I asked Dr. Pope whether Mr. Freer's restrictions had proved much of a nuisance.

"I wouldn't say that the purchase-approving committee has ever been a



The day Maxim's of Paris went back to the drawing board.

It doesn't happen often, but it did happen once.

Our seven-man gourmet committee actually turned down an entree created by *Maxim's of Paris.*

Six men nodded yes to Blanquette de Veau. But one man shook his head no. And that was that.

As you can imagine, it took several cables plus another tasting session or two before *Maxim's* and our gourmets could agree on a unanimous yes.

But once they did, you may be sure the Blanquette was fit for virtually any discriminating palate.

Today, Blanquette de Veau is one of 70 international entrees you're likely to find on our ever-changing President Special menus between here and Europe.

Plan to sample some soon. They're all worthy of the finest groaning board.

PAN AM

President Special

Pan Am's first-class service throughout the world

Seagram's
Crown Royal

Whoever gives you Crown Royal for Christmas is certainly no Scrooge.

Seagram's Crown Royal costs more, much more, than other whiskies.
But the giver, while no pinchpenny, is not necessarily a spendthrift.
You may characterize him as wise, thoughtful, kind, generous and tasteful.
A judge of good whisky who'll pay the price to give the finest.
Aren't you flattered?

Seagram's Since 1857
Seagram's
Crown Royal

All three sizes come in traditional purple sack and carton. The fifth about $9.00. The half-gallon (where available) about $21.00. And, the pint or 4/5 pint priced accordingly. Seagram's Crown Royal Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, N.Y.C.

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nuisance," he said. "I'd say that it constitutes some control over an impulsive director, or one who goes crazy. I can't buy at auction or on trips abroad, because the price as well as the object must be reviewed by the committee—or what's left of it—but I can generally arrange to have dealers bring around things that I want. By stipulation of the will, we can't send paintings out to be restored or repaired, so we have our own shop; we're allowed to send *frames* outside for repair and regilding. The Freer has added over twenty-five hundred items to its original ninety-five hundred; I suppose the collection is worth between ten and twenty million dollars today. Only seven or eight per cent of it is on view; the rest is in study rooms. We can't let anything go, and we can't accept loan exhibitions. We're very comfortable here; we have a cabinet shop, where all our furniture is made, and a staff dining room with a cooking pantry, and the government air-conditioned us a few years ago. We have a big auditorium, where we give lectures, illustrated with slides from our collection of three thousand. We often lend the room to the Department of Agriculture, which is next door, and to other organizations; the Peace Corps has used it."

Dr. Pope paused, and then said, "I've never been happier than since I came to work for the Freer. I've found pleasures of the intellect—seeking out in the most beautiful objects made by man the story of man's everlasting search for his gods—that were known to me only by hearsay thirty-five years ago. I think it's remarkable that a fellow can make a living doing something he enjoys. I can sit on a train and read a book on Marco Polo and still be doing my work."

THE pace on the Mall is far from headlong. If there was a gestation period of seventeen years between the legal acceptance of the Freer collection and the opening of its gallery, *one hundred and twenty* years have gone by since Congress established the Smithsonian arm formerly known as the National Gallery of Art and now called the National Collection of Fine Arts (not to be confused with the *present*, or Andrew Mellon, National Gallery of Art, which was created in 1937 and leads a separate life; I will come to this nomenclatural switch at the appropriate time, with luck), and it is *still* without a home of its own. (However, a nest is being readied both for it and for the National Por-

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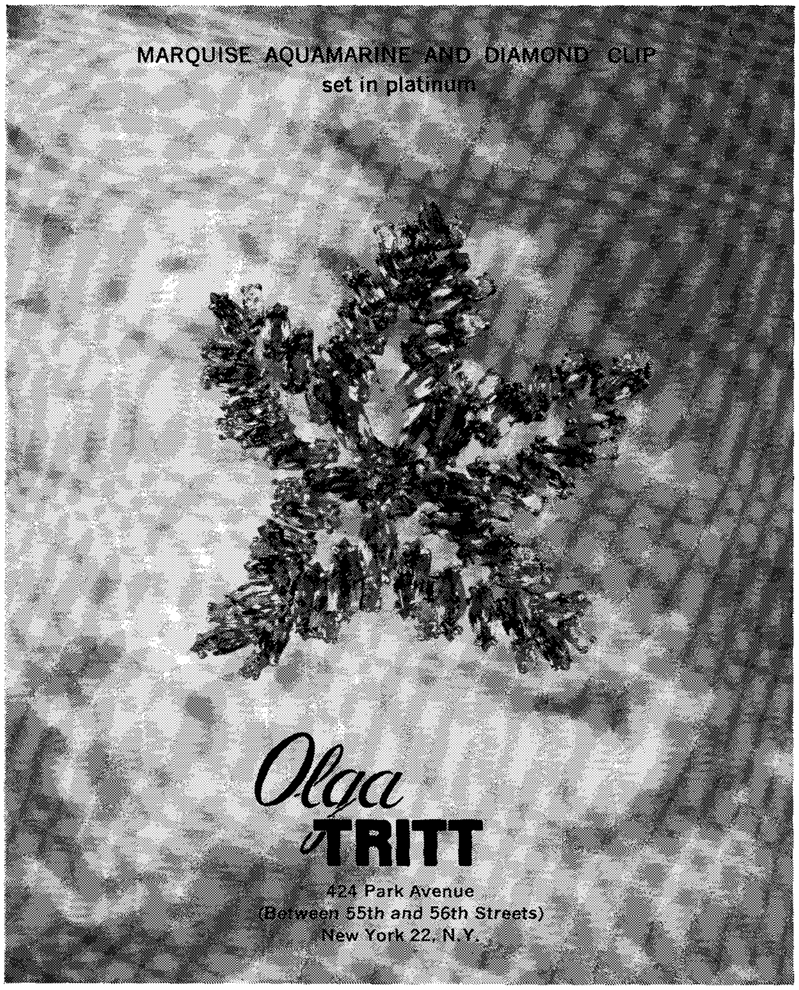

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trait Gallery—an offshoot that was set up in the spring of 1962—in the old Patent Office Building, an enormous structure whose main Doric façade recalls the colonnade of the Parthenon.)

The Smithsonian Institution was founded by act of Congress in 1846, following twenty years of congressional bickering over the will of James Smithson, an illegitimate son of the Duke of Northumberland. Dated October 23, 1826, the will left the equivalent of $541,379.63 "to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men"—an enigmatic bequest indeed, since Smithson had never been to the United States and, as far as anybody is aware, never even *knew* an American. Congress's enabling act provided for the erection of a building "of sufficient size, and with suitable rooms, or halls, for the acceptance and arrangement, upon a liberal scale, of objects of natural history . . . [also] a library, a gallery of art, and the necessary lecture rooms." Well, the objects of natural history were accepted and arranged on a truly liberal scale; the library came and went, having been turned over to the Library of Congress in 1866; and lecture rooms were and are available *in extenso;* but the art gallery never materialized. After its creation, on paper, by Congress, it wandered in limbo for sixty years before its existence was officially recognized in a July, 1906, decree of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, following hearings in which the Smithsonian took a lively interest. These hearings were prompted by a bequest of Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, an early-orphaned niece of the unmarried President Buchanan, who brought her up and installed her, in her twenties, as his official hostess in the White House. She had practiced up for the White House at the Court of St. James's, where she had stayed with her uncle for a year and a half when he was President Pierce's Minister to Great Britain. "When Miss Lane visited him," the Dictionary of American Biography says, "the mission became one of the most generally popular the United States has had in England." She reciprocated the regard of the British, and she got to like British art. Living to the age of seventy-two (at thirty-five, she married Henry Elliott Johnston, a Baltimore lawyer), she formed a collection of objects of art that came to consist, in the main, of a Lawrence, a Romney, a Hoppner, a Reynolds, a

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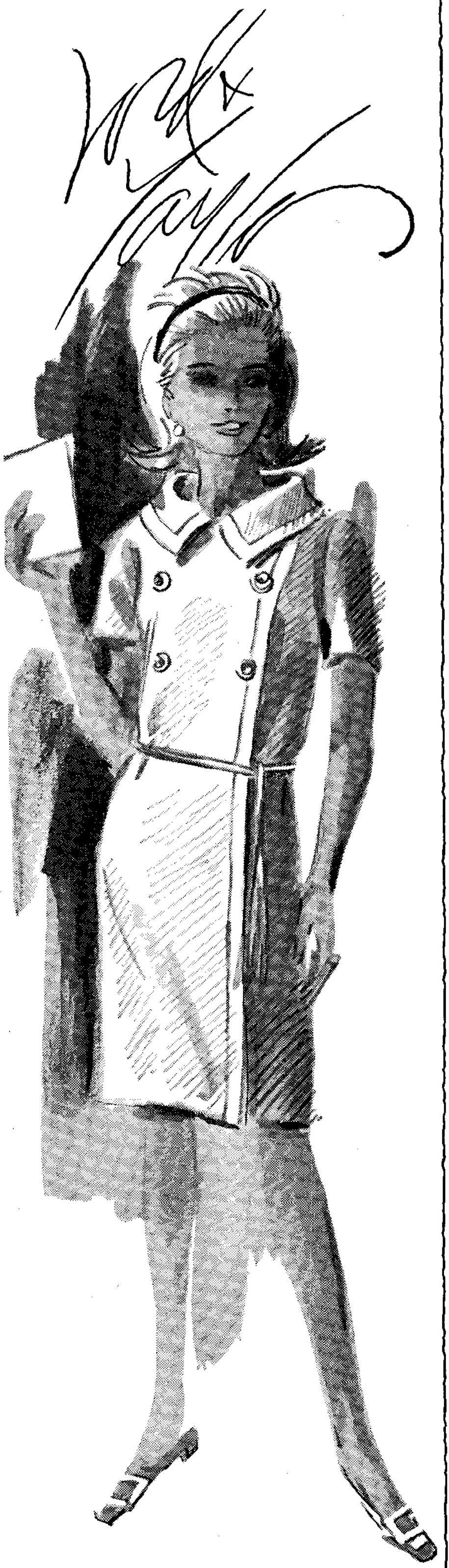

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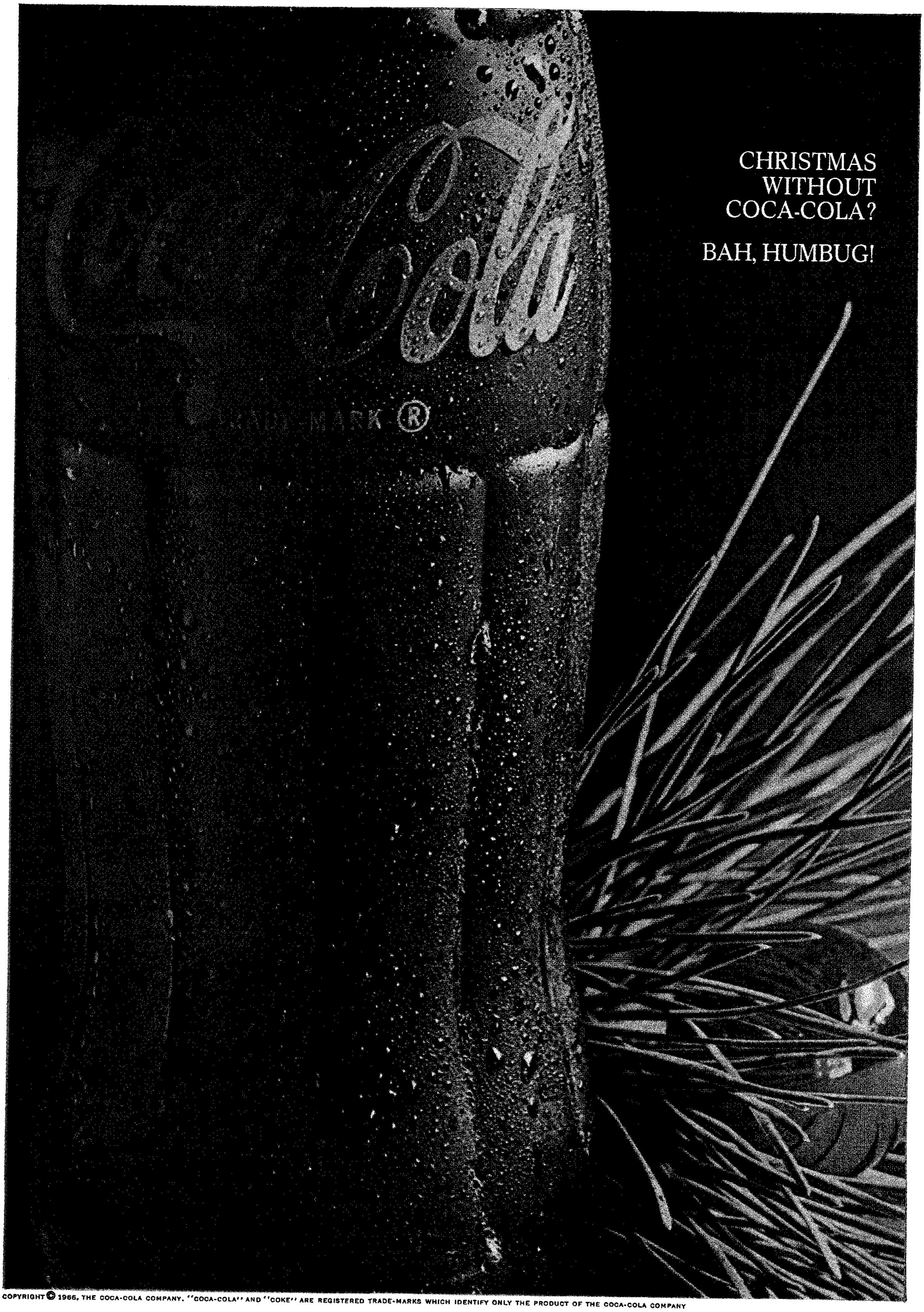
Constable, a Bernardino Luini, an "after-Correggio" Madonna and Child, a portrait by Sir John Watson Gordon of the nineteen-year-old Prince of Wales (with whom she had danced when he was fifteen), several portraits and a marble bust of her uncle, an autographed photograph of Queen Victoria, whom she had known ("The Queen . . . . spoke of you kindly and inquired in a cordial manner about you," her uncle once wrote her from his legation), and the Bible on which Buchanan took the oath of office. Mrs. Johnston did not, however, leave her collection to the Smithsonian in so many words. She left it instead to the Corcoran Gallery of Art (founded in 1859 by William W. Corcoran, a Washington banker), subject to the provision that

> in the event that the Government of the United States shall establish in the city of Washington a national art gallery, the said articles shall, upon the establishment of said national art gallery, be, by the said trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art and their successors, delivered to the said national art gallery, and upon such delivery shall become the absolute property of the said national art gallery established by the United States.

The Corcoran's trustees felt that this was not a suitable arrangement. They declined the potentially mobile property, and the Smithsonian, which as late as 1905, the year in which the legal proceedings were started in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, was not really sure that it *had* an art gallery, now concluded that one had been hiding under its wing all along—and a national one, at that. The court decision that agreed with this conclusion disposed of a question brought up by the Harriet Lane Home for Invalid Children of Baltimore City, a legatee with an interest in the residuary estate under Mrs. Johnston's will. The Smithsonian offered testimony in opposition to the Children, and so did the United States Attorney General, Mr. William H. Moody, whom President Roosevelt had instructed to back the Smithsonian up. The suit having been crowned with executorial, and Institutional, success, the Johnston collection joined Brünnhilde, the Transparent Woman, and other exhibits in the Arts and Industries Building.

The renovated status of the arts at the Smithsonian gave impetus to an increase and diffusion of pictures and sculptures on the Mall that began to cut down on the lead so long enjoyed by cotton gins, electromagnets, solar cookers, Indian relics, fossils, minerals, Malayan tapirs, one- and two-humped camels, Florida and Amazon River manatees, cinchona barks, zoophytes, red snappers, hornets' nests, Cecropia cocoons, toad embryos, turkey-feather dusters, skeletons of famous race horses, two-headed snakes, four-legged chickens, and more orthodox avicultural and reptilian offerings. The National Gallery of Art had no money for purchases and no building of its own to house *anything* in, but philanthropic collectors of art kept stocking it anyway. The two hundred and sixty-five paintings and engravings of William T. Evans, a New Jersey businessman, came in between 1907 and his death, in 1918, and were exhibited in the Museum of Natural History. The arrival of his Winslow Homers, John La Farges, George Innesses, and Alexander Wyants was paralleled, in other areas of the Smithsonian, by that of the "Star-Spangled Banner" banner, from a grandson of the commander of Fort McHenry; a skeleton of Baird's beaked whale, from Mrs. William Ziegler, the widow of a baking-powder magnate who financed a couple of expeditions to the North Pole (not sighted); a hundred and sixty-six elk antlers and scalps, from the State of Wyoming; three common skunks (*Mephitis putida*), from Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, the animal painter and writer; two hundred and thirty-five seal skulls, from Mrs. E. H. Harriman; eight hundred thousand insects, most of them injurious, from the Department of Agriculture; four Manchurian stags (*Cervus xanthopygus*), from the Duke of Bedford; and a mink (*Mustela vison*), from the Adams Express Company, of Washington, D.C.

In the bailiwick of the National Gallery itself, the Evans art's arrival was paralleled by the arrival, in 1908, of a present from Congress, which Representative James R. Mann, of Illinois, its instigator and a Regent, described as something "to aid the Institution in its efforts to establish a national gallery of art in the city of Washington." This housewarming present was a marble statue, eleven feet high, of a seated, sandalled George Washington, naked to a little under the navel and thereafter draped with a robe, its right arm pointing upward and its left hand holding a sheathed sword, upon the execution of which Horatio Greenough, a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leading Boston sculptor of his day, had spent nearly eight years, working nearly full time. At the end of the Revolution, Congress had voted to erect a statue of Washington but had taken no implementing action until 1832, when it commissioned Greenough to make "a full-length pedestrian statue of Washington" for the rotunda of the Capitol, "the head to be a copy of Houdon's 'Washington' [a statue in the Virginia State House, in Richmond], and the accessories to be left to the judgment of the artist." Greenough, who was living in Florence, modelled his figure after a seated, sandalled, semi-nude, seven-times-life-size Phidias statue of Zeus that had been regarded as one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World; he finished it in 1840, and it was placed in the rotunda the following year. There it was regarded as more of a horror than a wonder; the New York *Herald*, in a critique signed "Georgy Porgy," called it "the selection of an idiot;" Senator William C. Preston, of South Carolina, described its features (which were poorly lit) as "the most horrid phantasmagoria I have ever beheld;" and Henry A. Wise, a Virginia congressman and subsequent governor, suggested throwing most of it—the body; he approved of the head—into the Potomac. In 1843, after a good deal of pejorative discussion on the Hill, it was moved outside to the Capitol grounds, where it stood for sixty-five years, engendering *more* pejorative discussion (although Ralph Waldo Emerson and Samuel F. B. Morse went on record in the statue's favor), until Congress arranged to put a roof over its head again. Rain and snow had collected in the wrinkles and folds of the torso and lap robe, and "deterioration . . . became so evident," according to the Dictionary of American Biography, "that the work was removed to the Smithsonian Institution." It was placed, none too prominently, in the apse of the chapel of the old Smithsonian Building. Today, the Father of His Country sits across the Mall in a place of honor in the newly built Museum of History and Technology, in the immediate vicinity of Whitney's cotton gin, Isaac Singer's first patent model of the vertical-needle sewing machine, George Catlin's brushes and palette, and a field compass used by William Clark, the explorer. However, since the ceilings (except in a three-story rotunda) in the exhibition halls of this thirty-six-million-dollar building are only fourteen feet high, the statue, a prime tourist attraction, frequently gives rise to the

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remark "If Washington got up, he'd bump his head."

I seem to have strayed from the Evans collection, one of whose specimens—Henry W. Ranger, a landscape painter (five of his works were included therein)—is an interesting example of a gift that turned into a donor. In 1916, in one of the peculiar wills that the Smithsonian appears to stimulate, Mr. Ranger, who had invested his earnings in real estate, directed that his residuary estate of four hundred and sixteen thousand dollars

> be paid over to the National Academy of Design [this had been founded in 1825 to encourage American painters and painting, and Samuel F. B. Morse was its first president] . . . the income thereof to be spent by the council of said Academy in purchasing paintings produced by American artists. . . . All pictures so purchased are to be given by the Council to art institutions in America . . . upon the express condition that the National Gallery at Washington, administered by the Smithsonian Institute [*sic*], shall have the option and right, without cost, to take, reclaim, and own any picture for their collection, provided they exercise such option and right at any time during the five-year period beginning ten years after the artist's death and ending fifteen years after his death.

Only living artists were bought by the council, so the Smithsonian, of necessity, lay doggo on this bequest for quite a while. Its delayed-action gimmick began to yield dividends in the nineteen-forties; since then, thirty-odd paintings have been recalled by the Smithsonian from museums, galleries, and colleges the nation over. Artists, living or lately dead, who are waiting, at places ranging from the Rhode Island School of Design to Coker College for Women, of Hartsville, South Carolina, for the Smithsonian's posthumous beckon include Louis Bouché, Xavier González, Alexander Brook, Edwin Dickinson, Eugene Speicher, Edward Hopper, Maurice Sterne, John Koch, and Leon Kroll.

The long-range Ranger present was followed, three years later, by an immediate one—twenty-four paintings from Ralph C. Johnson, a Washington lawyer, some of which were by, or attributed to, Titian, Rembrandt, Rubens, Hogarth, Turner, Lawrence, Gainsborough, Romney, and Reynolds. Then, in 1921, the National Gallery placed on exhibition—in the Museum of Natural History, since it still had no hall of its own—a "National Portrait Collection" of twenty likenesses of Allied leaders that the Smithsonian had caused to be painted just after the First World War by Douglas Volk, Cecilia

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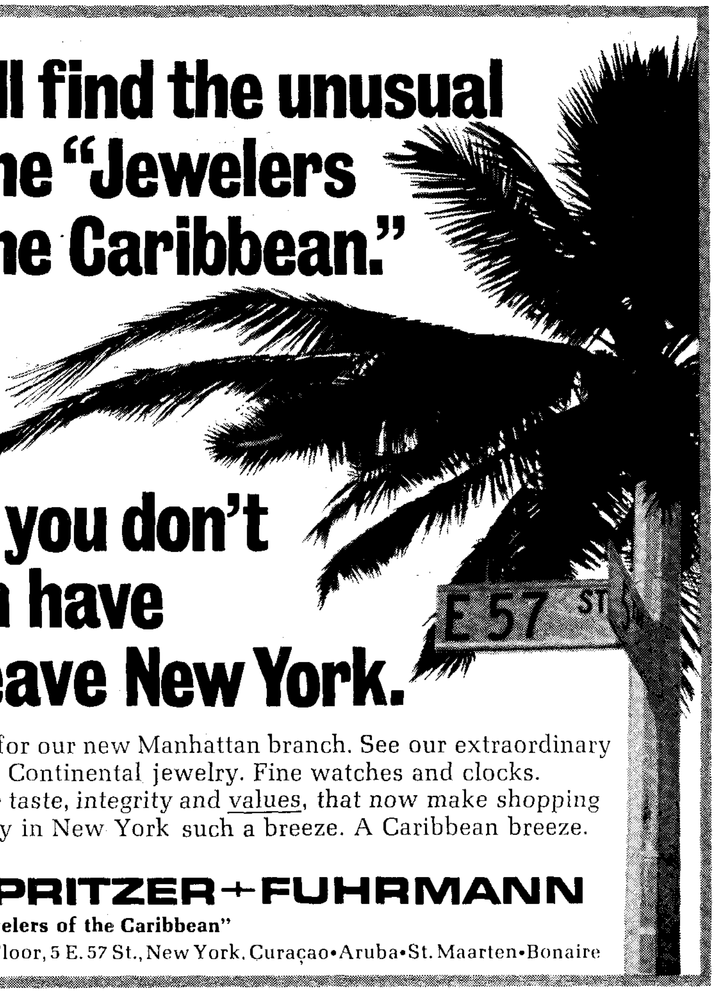

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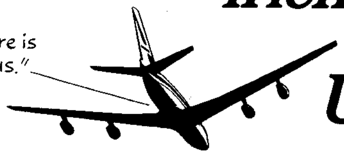
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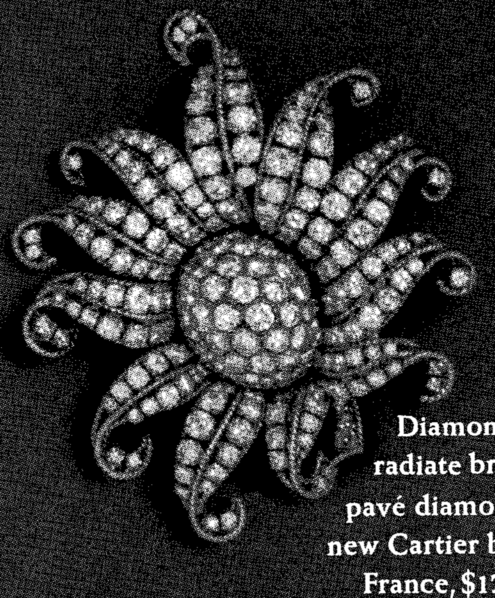

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Beaux, and others. This was a seminal installation if ever there was one, since it fathered, after a gestation period of forty-one years, the National Portrait Gallery, which, once it gets settled in the old Patent Office Building, expects to

> exhibit portraits and sculpture of persons who have made significant contributions to the history, development, and culture of the United States of America from its earliest period of discovery to the present, and, as integral to this purpose, to establish a research center in American iconography and biography.

Does all this sound flourishing? It was, but there was a serious catch in the National Gallery's lack of any place to hang its hat or the bulk of its pictures. Year after year, the Smithsonian, now solidly sold on the arts, peppered its *Annual Reports* (which are officially transmitted to Congress) with pathetic pleas for a Gallery home. In 1923, an act of Congress authorized the raising (by the Institution) of funds for a National Gallery building worthy of the name, but the money, apart from ten thousand dollars for the drawing up of preliminary architectural plans, was not forthcoming, and a 1924 bill for a seven-million-dollar building was not enacted. A few years later, however, a rich gift of art was made by a liberally inclined collector who was willing to brave the spectre of storage—Mr. John Gellatly, a New York real-estate man whose wife was a rich niece of Mr. Jacob S. Rogers, a locomotive manufacturer who had stunned the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1901 by leaving it nearly five million dollars. Mr. Gellatly and his wife were both omnivorous collectors, and after she died, in 1913, he went on amassing paintings (mostly American), tapestries, textiles, antique furniture, stained glass, crucifixes and religious charms, Chinese antiquities, sixteenth-century jewelry, necklaces of Syrian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Arabic origin, and sculpture in wood, terra cotta, ivory, jade, emerald, bronze, and marble. In 1929, a huge initial installment—sixteen hundred and forty items, valued at over four million dollars—was offered to (and accepted by) the Smithsonian's Regents, on condition that it be moved from the Hecksher Building, in New York, where it was then reposing, to the Smithsonian in four years, when the Hecksher lease would be up. (Mr. Gellatly, who had virtually exhausted his means in collecting, had sold his house and was living in a hotel on a tiny income; he died in 1931, before he could see his gift installed.) "It is hoped

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that by the end of that period the National Gallery of Art will have a suitable building and the collection can then be transferred to Washington," Secretary Abbot remarked in the *Annual Report* that announced the gift, but Congress remained obstinate, and when the collection *was* transferred, in 1933, it was parked in the Museum of Natural History, which somehow managed to make room for it. "One important painting, a fifteen-foot circular decoration called 'Dawn,' by T. W. Dewing, which had been rolled for nineteen years, was mounted and hung in the rotunda," the *Report* for that year stated; the collection included sixteen other Dewings and one *Mrs.* Dewing, twenty-three Thayers, seventeen Ryders, fifteen Hassams, twelve Twachtmans, seven Churches, four Puvis de Chavannes, three La Farges, two Whistlers, two Sargents, one Homer, one Inness, and one Mary Cassatt, as well as a number of attributions to Ghirlandajo, John S. Copley, Rubens, and Anthony Van Dyck.

In 1930, a year after his collection was accepted, Mr. Gellatly, then seventy-seven, married Mrs. Charlayne Whiteley Plummer, a lady forty-three years his junior, who found his contribution to the American people so idiosyncratic that she bestirred herself to have it revert to her. Her efforts lasted nineteen years and provided the Smithsonian with a first-rate headache. The skirmish has been touched on in his autobiography by Dr. Abbot, one of my favorite Smithsonian authors:

> The Gellatly case occupied months of my time as Secretary of the Institution. Mr. John Gellatly . . . inherited a fortune from his first wife. . . . He expended several millions in procuring paintings . . . and other objects of art. In 1928 . . . he wished to provide for his collections after his demise. . . . A certain list of conditions accompanied the proposal, among them the requirement that the Institution should assume costs of the lease of rooms in the Hecksher Building. . . . I called a special meeting of the Board of Regents. Their reaction was . . . favorable, but conditional on Congressional authorization of an appropriation of $20,000 annually till the lease expired. . . . Senator [Reed] Smoot [of Utah, a Regent] undertook to secure such authorization. A contract of gift was then drawn up which I carried to New York and it was executed in the presence of Mr. Gellatly's lawyer. . . .
>
> Later Mr. Gellatly acquired other art objects, and these also were accepted by the Institution. . . . This [second] transaction was completed in August, 1929. About six weeks later, a lady called and sent in a card inscribed "Mrs. John Gellatly." As I met her, I said, "I had not known that Mr. Gellatly was married." "It is very recent," said she. . . . She continued that after the marriage she was

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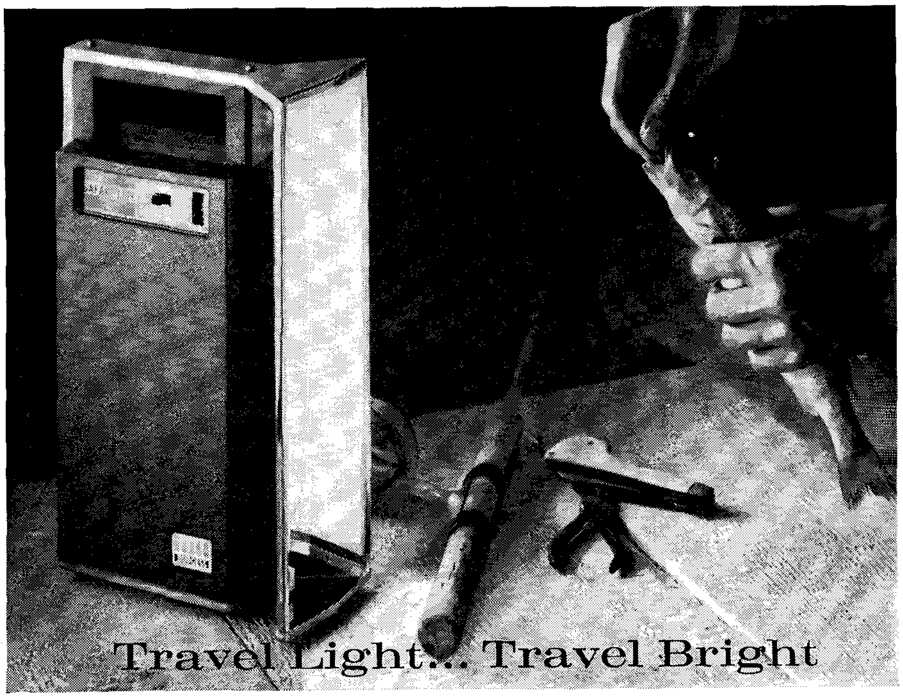

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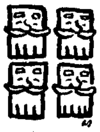
POPPYCOCK CANDIES, VILLA PARK, ILL.

> shocked to find that he had dispossessed himself of his valuable collection, and had no means excepting an annuity of some $4,000 a year. "Although of course I have a high regard for Mr. Gellatly," said she, "I . . . married him to make the future of my little daughter secure. I now find that he has next to nothing. I come to you to ask at least the return of the second part of his collection." . . .
>
> I informed her that I had no authority to return the collection. That would require at least action by the Board of Regents and very probably by Congress.
>
> Almost the next day, Mr. Gellatly came in, very angry. . . . He said that if the Institution dispossessed itself of the collection or any part of it in her favor, he would bring suit through the best lawyer in New York against the Institution for breach of contract. I succeeded in relieving his concern. It appeared later that they had come to a sort of Gretna Green which subsists in northern Maryland, married, and started back towards New York. At Philadelphia, the bride said she had business, and left him to proceed alone with his valet, R. Seymour. She never lived with [her husband]. Mr. Gellatly soon died, and she buried him in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington.
>
> From that time . . . Mrs. Gellatly did her utmost through lawyers to whom she offered half of whatever she might gain, and [who might be able] through influence in Congress to get something out of the affair. The Smithsonian legal committee . . . carefully examined her lawyer's "brief" of 200 pages, and dictated a letter through me to the effect that the Institution saw no reason to dispossess itself of any part of Mr. Gellatly's collection. . . . At last, in 1944, the House of Representatives passed a resolution requesting an opinion by the Court of Claims. A hearing was held, and the Court ruled that neither in law or in equity was there any just claim against the Institution.



The widow persisted, but she had the Regents of the Smithsonian arrayed against her. Dr. Abbot goes on:

> Several years later [in 1947], Mrs. Gellatly brought suit, unsuccessfully, against the then Secretary of the Smithsonian, Dr. Alexander Wetmore. Apparently the matter is at last dead and buried. Senator Smoot, as leader of the Senate in Republican days, and Senator [Joseph T.] Robinson [of Arkansas, also a Regent], as leader during the New Deal, were powerful aids to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. At one time, Mrs. Gellatly succeeded in getting a relief bill through the House when our House Regents were not present. But Senator Robinson sat all day at his desk on the last day of the session to prevent its passage through the Senate. Another Regent friend, Senator [Marvel M.] Logan, of Kentucky, also helped to block the Gellatly lobby on several occasions.
>
> Senator Smoot used to like a round of golf with me . . .

Well!, I thought when I read this diffusion of knowledge. Those were the days, when a man could travel with his valet on four thousand dollars a year! But Dr. Abbot was eighty-six when he diffused it, and some of his facts and dates are slightly askew. R. Seymour, whose first name was Ralph, was curator of the Gellatly collection at the time of Mr. G.'s honeymoon; he may have been moonlighting as a valet, but his official salary—five thousand dollars—was being paid by the Smithsonian out of the twenty-thousand-dollar annual congressional appropriation for the collection's upkeep in New York. (The Hecksher Building rent was eleven thousand dollars, and, all in all, the Smithsonian contributed $69,680.58 to the collection's maintenance before it was moved to Washington; this advance constituted one of Mrs. Gellatly's grounds for bringing suit—that her husband's "gift" had not been a valid gift, *inter vivos*, but a kind of barter, and that, in consequence, "title to the subject-chattels" resided not in the Smithsonian, or its Secretary, but in the "transferror's estate." Mr. Gellatly had left this estate to the Smithsonian in a will that was voided by the Surrogate Court of the County of New York as being "in derogation of the widow's rights." The court then made Mrs. Gellatly administratrix of the estate—which, other than the controversial collection, consisted chiefly of an umbrella, a suitcase, some clothes, and seventy-seven dollars in cash, and was appraised at two hundred and fifty dollars, the annuity having terminated with Mr. Gellatly's death. Mrs. Gellatly's other talking point was that "prior to my marriage, the decedent made an agreement with me that if I would engage myself to marry him, he would support me in accordance with his own station in life, which he represented to me was that of a multimillionaire, and in consideration of his promise to support me in accordance therewith, I consented to and did become engaged to marry him," and that his failure to live up to this "was in fraud of the antenuptial rights of Appellant.") Furthermore, Mrs. Gellatly's conversation with Dr. Abbot took place not in the fall of 1929 but on October 24, 1930, precisely one month after her marriage.

By the time Mrs. Gellatly was down for the count for the last time, her husband's victorious beneficiary, the National Gallery of Art— Stop! Good heavens! The locomotive of history has carried me past the siding! The National Gallery of Art was no *longer* the

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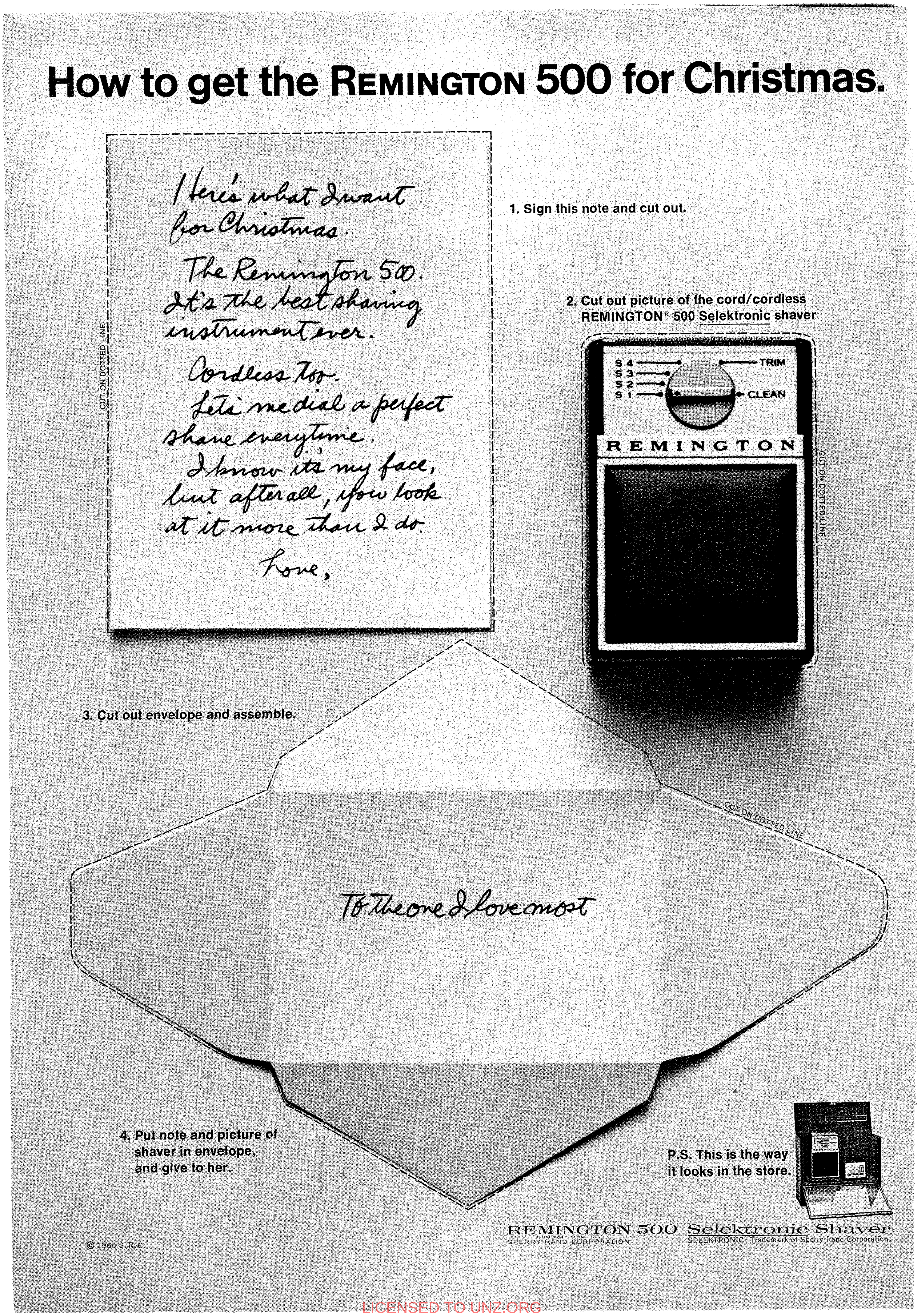
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National Gallery of Art; it had become the National Collection of Fine Arts. In 1937, Mr. Andrew W. Mellon, the former Secretary of the Treasury, having obtained the necessary clearance from Congress, gave his fifty-million-dollar art collection, along with more than fifteen million dollars for a building and an endowment, to the Smithsonian. This flexible Institution thereupon decided that it hadn't had a national gallery of art after all, but it did not remit the Johnston collection to the Baltimore Home for Invalid Children; invoking synonymy, it simply changed the name of the National Gallery of Art to the National Collection of Fine Arts, and gave its old name to the Mellon collection.

I am not going to dwell upon the new National Gallery any more than I have already, since its connection with the Smithsonian is so peripheral: although it appears on the Smithsonian's letterhead, it isn't listed in the Institution's interoffice telephone directory; its private funds are not set forth in the *Annual Report;* and even its light bulbs are autonomous. Nor, for latter-day reasons that are in part somewhat similar, am I going to say much more about the Smithsonian's Astrophysical Observatory, which also appears on the Institutional letterhead. From its inception, in 1890, it had lived pretty much from hand to mouth, and during the Second World War it hung on by carrying on such *terre-à-terre* chores for the Office of the Quartermaster General as determining "the surface temperatures attained by various samples of military clothing under conditions similar to those of actual use in the field." Its outstanding angel was John A. Roebling, a grandson of the chief engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge, from whom, over a period of twenty-eight years, Dr. Abbot extracted more than five hundred thousand dollars for field-station observatories, equipment, expeditions, and solar-research publication. But Mr. Roebling died in 1952, and by 1954 the Observatory had fallen on such evil days that the seventh Secretary of the Institution, Dr. Leonard Carmichael, "found it increasingly difficult to entice a new director to Washington," as Mrs. Bessie Zaban Jones puts it in her book "Lighthouse of the Skies." Dr. Carmichael solved this problem by enticing the Observatory to the Harvard College Observatory, under the directorship of Dr. Fred L. Whipple, chairman of the Harvard Department of Astronomy, and there today, known as "Harvard-Smithsonian," "Smithsonian Cambridge," and "a Cambridge

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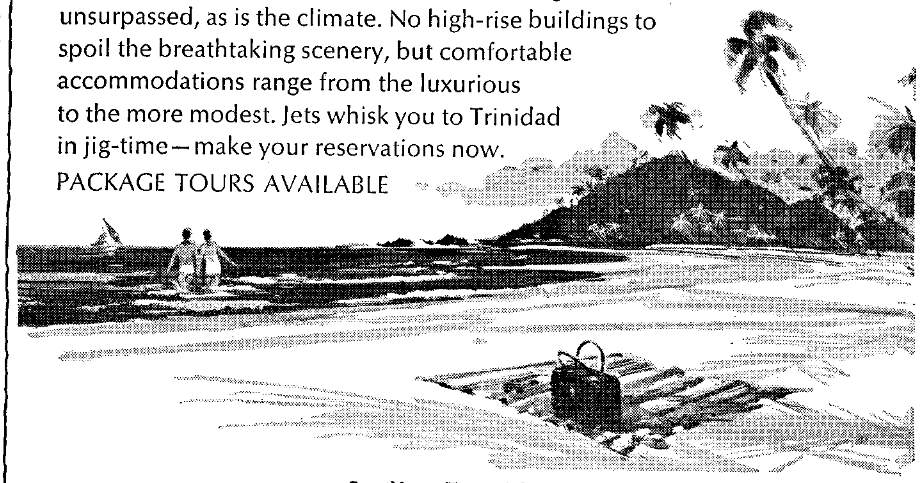

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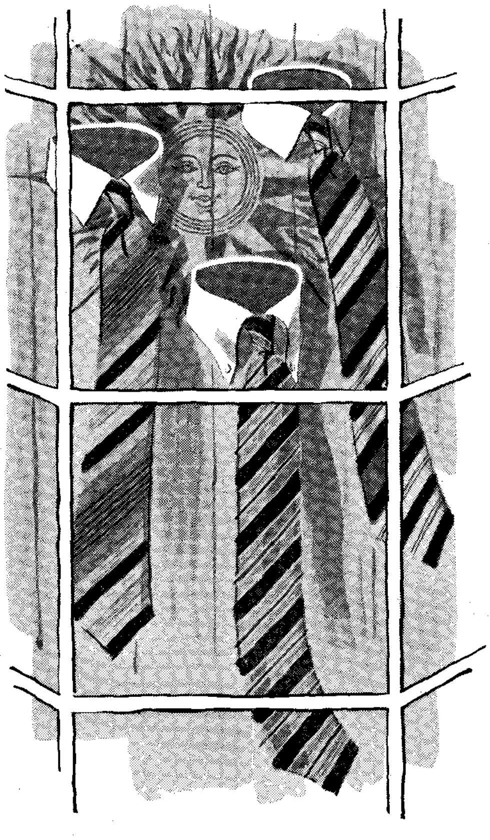

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cousin," it carries on with satellite-tracking, moon-watching, the analysis of meteorites, spectral measurements of atoms and molecules, and something called exobiology, which is not in any of my dictionaries. What Dr. Carmichael actually enticed to Cambridge was not so much the Observatory as its name and address; of its eighteen employees in 1955, none moved to Cambridge. A handful stayed on in the Observatory's Division of Radiation and Organisms to ponder the effect of radiation on plants; this research is still going on in a Radiation Biology Laboratory housed in the basement of the original Smithsonian Building and in an adjacent greenhouse, neither of them open to the public. The monthly house organ of Harvard-Smithsonian's four hundred space scientists and secretarial help has made an occasional stab at Mall identification with passages like:

> The strange proud history of "that great research university . . . that unique organization," the Smithsonian Institution, was most engagingly told to [Observatory] workers here June 12 [1961], by the man best placed to speak thereof—Dr. Leonard Carmichael, Secretary of the Institution. It was the Secretary's first Observatory visit since the Sputnik-spangled winter of 1957-58, and his talk was so filled with affection for the Institution and respect for its work and its workers as to make his hearers feel, many for the first time, what a fine warm thing *it is to belong to the Smithsonian.*

However, the Harvard orientation and NASA financing of this home away from home have removed it, spiritually, from the Smithsonian orbit as far as I am concerned, letterhead or no letterhead.

Let me backtrack for a moment to Mr. Roebling. His father, Washington, who had succeeded *his* father on the Brooklyn Bridge job, had formed a collection of sixteen thousand minerals, embracing nearly every known type; in 1926, when he died, his son presented this collection to the Smithsonian, along with an endowment fund of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—now two hundred thousand dollars. (The Institution's private money is handled by the New York office of the investment-counsel firm of Scudder, Stevens & Clark, subject to review by the executive committee of the Board of Regents.) Today, the Institution values the minerals at a million dollars. Big figures have not always tripped easily on the tongues of Department of Mineral Sciences curators. "I remember asking Dr. Kellogg"—A. Remington Kellogg, a former

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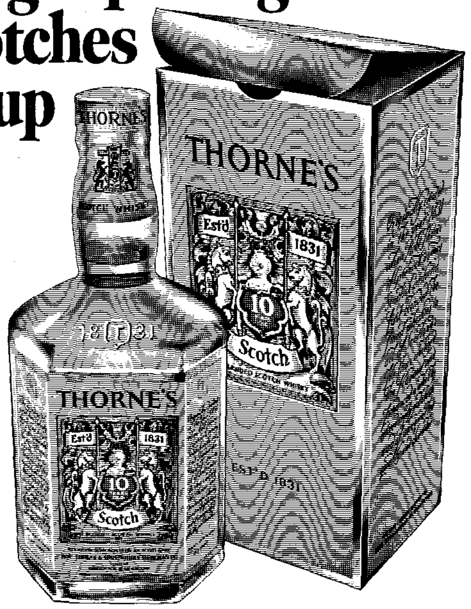

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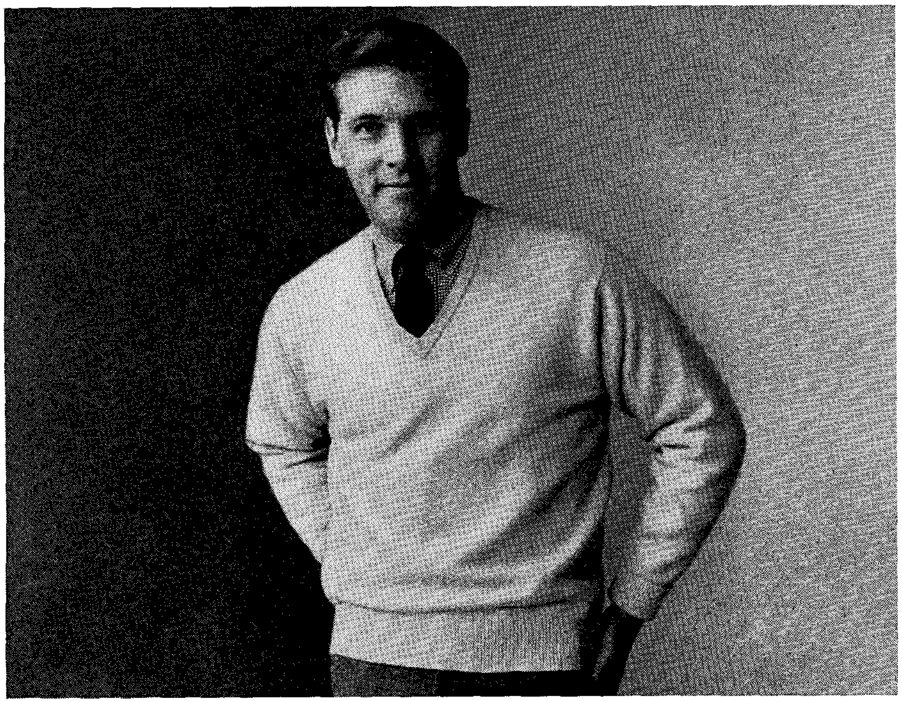

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Smithsonian Assistant Secretary—"for a three-hundred-dollar microscope and being turned down," Dr. Edward P. Henderson, who was then in charge of the Division of Meteorites and is now a research associate, told me one morning as I was touring his domain. " 'You can't justify that,' he said. We used to call him the Abominable No Man. He said no to everything, unless it had to do with whales; he was, and is, an accomplished paleocetaceanologist. Well, things are different now; the space age has upgraded meteorites. Look at this."

He pointed to a machine the size of a large refrigerator, and I asked what it was.

"An electronmicroprobe," he said. "You feed it a micrometeorite—a polished disc section an inch in diameter—and it tells what the sample contains. There are only four of these machines in Washington; the Bureau of Standards has one, and the Geological Survey has a couple. We got ours with a NASA grant. What do you think it cost?"

I gave up, and he said, "Just under a hundred thousand dollars. It's easier to get a hundred thousand dollars here now than it was to get a hundred dollars ten years ago."

A young man was fiddling with this expensive marvel, and Dr. Henderson introduced him to me as Dr. Kurt Fredriksson, of the University of California.

"He came with the machine," Dr. Henderson said.

"I'm interested in cosmic dust," Dr. Fredriksson said. "You have no idea how pretty meteorite samples look under the microprobe."

The machine was out of order, so I never got this idea.

I MADE my first reportorial visit to the Smithsonian in 1944, to interview Dr. Abbot in connection with an article I was writing. (In the course of our talk, he offered to sing me a couple of old French love songs—an offer that I accepted and that he fulfilled, in a clear, accurate voice.) I did not know it then, but the Institution was deep in the doldrums, and had been there for quite a while. In the opinion of some old Smithsonian hands, this decline (a *museumy* decline as well as a scientific-research decline) began shortly after the death, in 1896, of George Brown Goode—an ichthyologist and Acting Secretary—at the age of forty-five. "If George Brown Goode had lived," Paul H. Oehser, a Smithsonian staff historian, wrote in 1949, "quite

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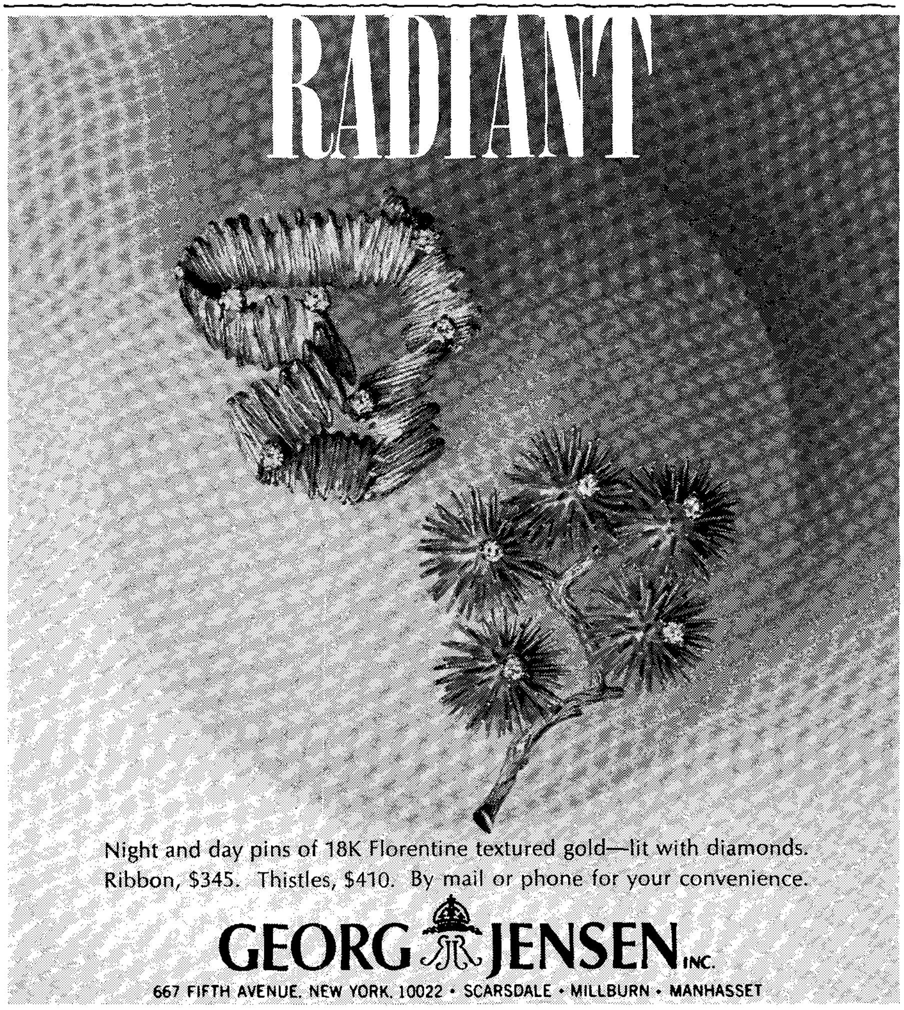

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likely he would have become Secretary of the Smithsonian," and in 1965 G. Carroll Lindsay, who was then a Smithsonian curator and is now the director of museum services of the New York State Museum and Science Service, in Albany, remarked in an essay on Goode:

> As an organizer of museum activity, Goode had no peer. . . . He was the first American to begin to realize the role of the museum in synthesizing the study of science, art, and history. . . . Goode struggled throughout his life to accommodate the diversities of science, history, and art within the framework of his museum philosophy. While Henry Adams boggled at the "multiplicity" and "complexity" of the nineteenth century, Goode dealt with the same problem on a practical working level, incorporating into his museum exhibits a theme of continuity and valid relationships between diverse objects, following a pattern unfamiliar either to scientist or historian of the time. . . . How history has fared in the museum world over the past seventy years is neither to the fault nor to the credit of G. Brown Goode, but the result of how well or poorly his successors have built upon the foundation he laid.

Goode died during Secretary Langley's tenure, and Langley himself died ten years later. His successor as Secretary was Charles D. Walcott, a paleontologist. Walcott was a whiz in his own research field ("It has been said that seventy per cent of existing knowledge of Cambrian and pre-Cambrian paleontology is due to him, and of this one half was acquired by him while Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution," Dr. Abbot wrote when *he* died), and a fine figure of a Secretary ("of commanding height and noble features, he was physically every inch a worthy head of the Institution"—Abbot, again; the last three Secretaries have all been well over six feet tall, with rather noble features), but his attitude toward the Smithsonian and the becalmed conditions under which he worked are indicated in a passage from his first *Annual Report*, in 1907:

> The overcrowding of the present Museum building has necessarily continued, so that in many places it presents almost the aspect of a storehouse. . . . It is but natural and proper that in the course of classification and arrangement skilled scientific men engaged in this work should make discoveries of importance to science and that the Museum should publish them. In this way, the Museum . . . is a great research institution as well, but this research work is a by-product rather than the fundamental purpose of the Museum.

In the Dictionary of American Biography, Dr. George P. Merrill, Wal-

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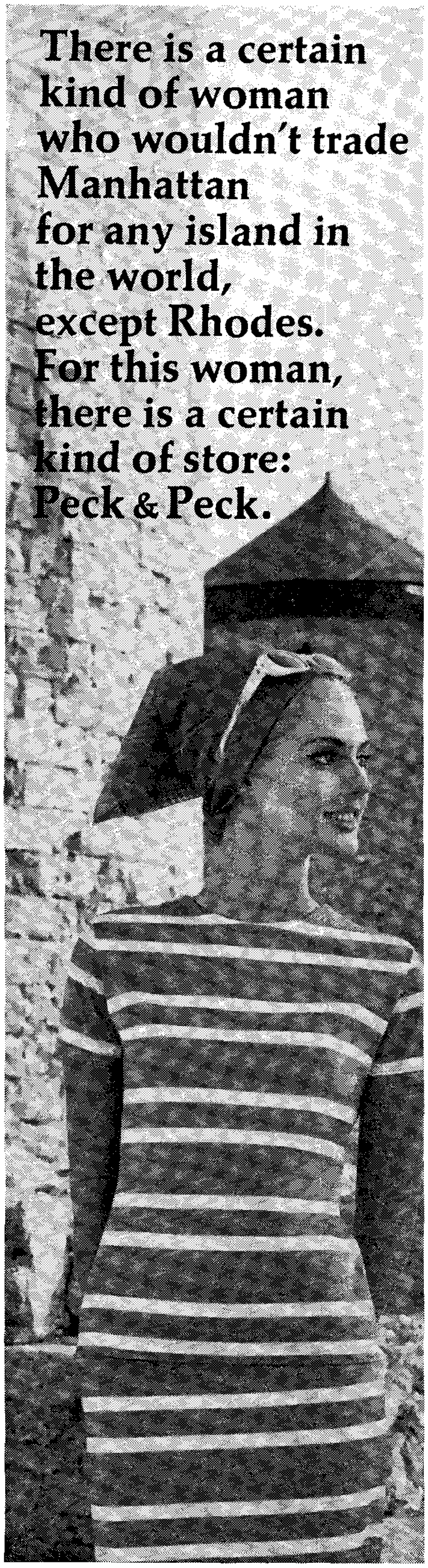

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cott's Head Curator of Geology, says of him:

> The institution over which he presided was threatened with decline to secondary rank through the shrinking value of its endowment and the vastly larger endowments of institutions newly organized.... The demands made upon him were certainly sufficient to warrant a complete abandonment of all personal scientific work. Yet season after season he found time for field work, mainly in the Canadian Rockies, returning each year enthusiastic over new materials and discoveries, but in later years lacking in stamina for his manifold duties.

Walcott came in for a certain amount of criticism from his associates for regularly spending money on trips when there was practically no Smithsonian income available for *them* to take trips on; the fact is that his excursions were largely financed by grants from the National Academy of Sciences, of which he was either treasurer, vice-president, or president for twenty-four years. In 1940, when his widow, rich in her own right, died, she left the Smithsonian more than four hundred thousand dollars for geological and paleontological research; a consistent companion on his trips, she specialized in wild flowers, which she photographed and sketched while her husband was blowing up rocks. The Institution made $60,888.72 from the sales of her "North American Wild Flowers," a five-volume quarto portfolio of four hundred watercolor plates, and in 1952 it used the money to establish the Mary Vaux Walcott Fund for Publications in Botany. The two Walcott funds now amount to nearly a million dollars. "Geologists are well taken care of here," Mr. Oehser, the staff historian (now a research associate), said recently. "They can go on expeditions, and it's easy for them to get their papers published. Entomologists are well fixed, too—there are lots of bug papers—but the marine-invertebrate people are less well off; they can get *short* papers published."

The two Secretaries who followed Walcott—Abbot and Wetmore—were as firmly hooked on the sun and on birds as Walcott had been on rocks. As Secretaries, unlike Walcott, they conscientiously cut down on their field expeditions in order to mind the store, but their hearts did not belong to administration, or, indeed, to the Smithsonian as a whole. (Dr. Abbot's detachment toward some of its ramifications was so pronounced that he refers to "James Freer" in his autobiography; "Abbot didn't know me from Adam," I was told by Dr. T. Dale Stewart, a leading curator of physical anthropology during the Abbot regime.) It is easy to see why Dr. Wetmore (for example), who could write with enthusiasm, "The location was ideal for the ornithologist. . . . The morning alarm clock, half an hour before dawn, was the complaining cry of the large brown jays," had little appetite for uttering such complaining cries of his own as:

> The matter of space shortage is... serious.... The Smithsonian Institution has today [1948] the same amount of space that it had in 1911 in which to accommodate four times as many visitors and four times as many specimens. The inevitable result is a greatly overcrowded condition in the exhibition halls and in the study collections and laboratories, making expansion of public exhibits impossible and hampering scientific research.... The task of accommodating new accessions becomes a juggling game.

"ONE of my first concerns was to review the relationship of the Institution with the Series Publishers, Inc., who published the Smithsonian Scientific Series," Dr. Wetmore wrote in his initial *Annual Report*, in 1945, and thereby hangs a tale, the moral of which is that scientists ought to think twice before venturing into the marts of trade. Twenty years earlier, after *Reporting* that "without a marked increase in the Institution's resources . . . the Smithsonian . . . would be relegated to second or third rank, and its worldwide reputation as a center of scientific effort in America would rapidly diminish," Secretary Walcott had revealed that in "a direct effort to increase its resources" an agreement had been entered into with a New York publishing house to issue a series of popular scientific books. According to the contract, Parke, Austin & Lipscomb, a subscription-book concern of 50 Church Street, was to publish and sell, through a subsidiary called Smithsonian Institution Series, Inc., an illustrated, Smithsonian-staff-written set of volumes on scientific subjects, to be known as the Smithsonian Scientific Series. The enterprise, as it worked out, provided for six different classes of twelve-volume sets, distinguished chiefly by their binding. These sold, in descending order of their physical grandeur, for $500, $250, $198, $129, $99, and $59.50. First came a de-luxe James Smithson Memorial Edition, limited to eight hundred and seventy-five sets, boxed in olive green, bound in red levant with a star-studded border on both covers and the Smithsonian seal, in dark green and

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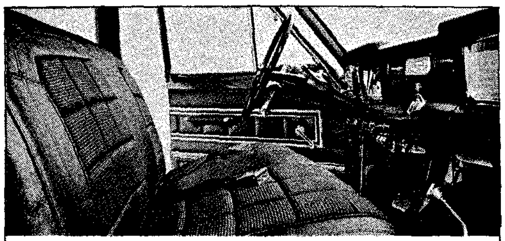

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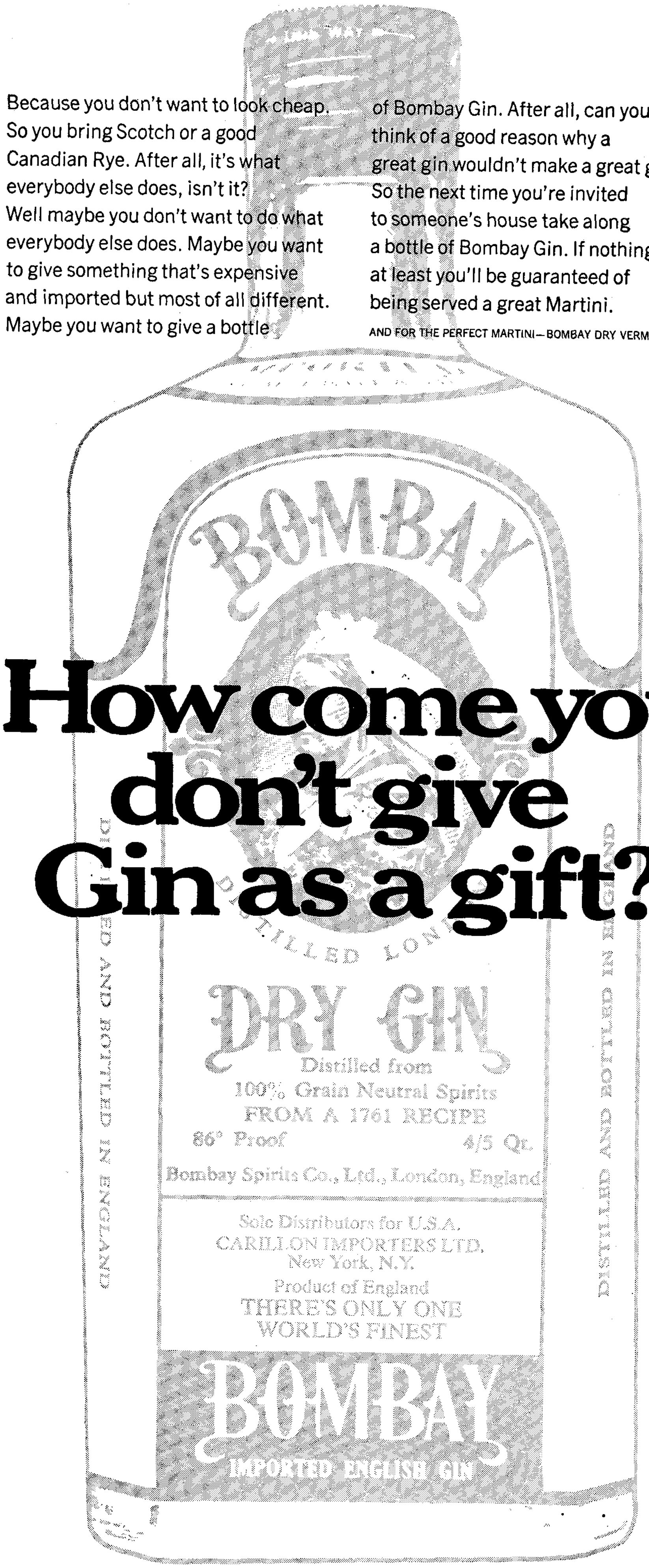
gold, on the front one, and further decorated with end papers of green watered silk. Volume I—"The Smithsonian Institution," by Webster Prentiss True—opened with two pages embellished with a certificate-like gold border, one of which proclaimed the number of the set (in ink) and the name of the owner (printed), and the other of which, signed by the Secretary and stamped (in notary-public style) with the Institution's seal, "certified" that the edition had been "prepared by the Officers and Scholars of the Smithsonian Institution for the diffusion of knowledge and the increase of its financial endowment for scientific research." Next came a Patron's Edition, bound in dark-blue cloth with gold torches and the seal in maroon; the first pages of *its* Volume I, devoid of legal-looking borders, again proclaimed the owner's name and, without "certification" or stamped seal, repeated the "prepared-by-the-Officers" assurance. *Next* came a William Howard Taft Memorial Edition, and then, at the bottom of the price scale, a couple of popular editions, containing no intimation of officerly preparation.

In addition to Mr. True's work (a rather chatty contribution to knowledge which contains the line "Not long ago a baby hippopotamus weighing something over forty pounds was born at the Zoo and a large stork in excellent condition died the next day, though these two facts may have no connection!"), there were three books written, or co-written, by Dr. Abbot—"The Sun and the Welfare of Man," "Great Inventions," and "Man from the Farthest Past." The other books were "Minerals from Earth and Sky," "The North American Indians," "Insects: Their Ways and Means of Living," "Wild Animals in and out of the Zoo," "Cold-Blooded Vertebrates," "Warm-Blooded Vertebrates" (of which "Part I, Birds" was contributed by Dr. Wetmore), "Shelled Invertebrates of the Past and Present, with Chapters on Geological History," and "Old and New Plant Lore." The 1928 *Annual Report*, resorting to extra-large type, published in its Appendix 11 an alphabetical roster of the three hundred-odd James Smithson Edition subscribers "as of Oct. 15, 1928, when manuscript of this report went to the printer," to wit, in part:

Mr. J. Henry Alexandre, a New York society man [identifications are mine].
Mr. Henry Platt Bristol, president of the Bristol-Myers Company.
Mr. Robert S. Brookings, a Regent and the founder of the Brookings Institu-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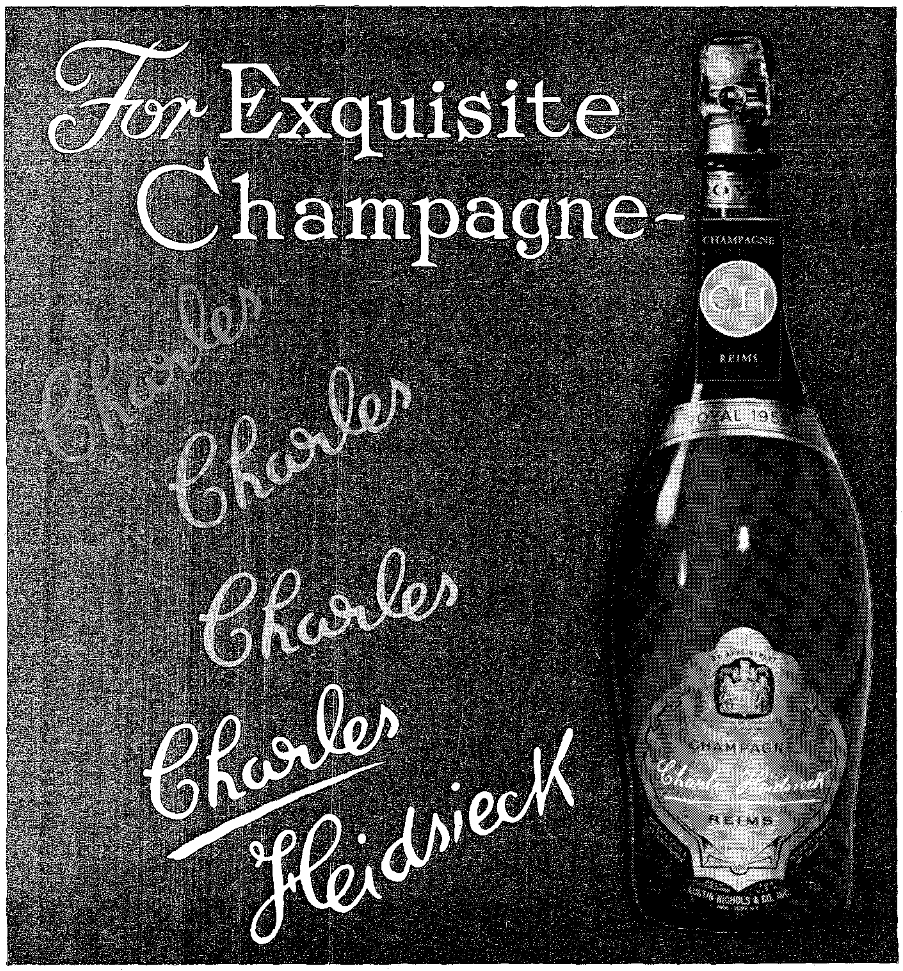
Because you don't want to look cheap. So you bring Scotch or a good Canadian Rye. After all, it's what everybody else does, isn't it? Well maybe you don't want to do what everybody else does. Maybe you want to give something that's expensive and imported but most of all different. Maybe you want to give a bottle of Bombay Gin. After all, can you really think of a good reason why a great gin wouldn't make a great gift? So the next time you're invited to someone's house take along a bottle of Bombay Gin. If nothing else, at least you'll be guaranteed of being served a great Martini.

AND FOR THE PERFECT MARTINI—BOMBAY DRY VERMOUTH.

How come you don't give Gin as a gift?



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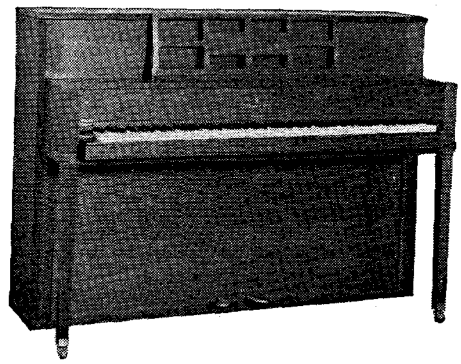

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tion in Washington, which does economic research for the government.

Mr. W. Douglas Burden, an uncle of the present Regent W. A. M. Burden.

Mr. William C. Cannon, a partner in the law firm of Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner & Reed, now Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Sunderland & Kiendl.

Martin Conboy, another lawyer, who was director of the draft for the City of New York in the First World War.

Mr. William Nelson Cromwell, of the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell.

Mr. E. A. Cudahy, Jr., of the Chicago meat-packing family.

Mr. C. Suydam Cutting, a naturalist-explorer son of the president of the board of trustees of Cooper Union.

Mr. William Adams Delano, the architect.

The Messrs. Eugene E., Henry B., Irenée, Lammot, and S. Hallock du Pont, and *Mrs.* J. Coleman du Pont, of Wilmington, Delaware.

Mr. Louis J. Ehret, the brewer (who took *two* subscriptions).

Mr. Eberhard Faber, the pencil manufacturer.

Mr. Charles F. Glore, of the Chicago banking house of Glore, Forgan & Co.

Mr. John Gribbel, a Philadelphia manufacturer of gas meters.

Mr. John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer.

Mr. Samuel Insull.

Mr. Eldridge R. Johnson, founder of the Victor Talking Machine Company.

Mr. Otto H. Kahn.

Dr. Foster Kennedy, the neurologist.

Dr. Shepard Krech.

Mr. Samuel A. Lewisohn, the copper, gold, and platinum magnate.

Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago.

Mr. Andrew W. Mellon, then in Cabinet office.

Mr. Ogden L. Mills, who was to succeed Mr. Mellon in the Treasury four years later.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan (two subscriptions).

Mr. Frank C. Munson, president of the Munson Steamship Line.

Premier Benito Mussolini, Rome, Italy (so listed).

Mr. George W. Norris, a senator from Nebraska.

Mr. William Cooper Procter, president of Procter & Gamble.

Mr. Ralph Pulitzer, ditto of the New York *World.*

Mr. Percy R. Pyne, Jr., banker.

Mr. John J. Raskob, chairman of the finance committee of General Motors.

Mrs. John A. Roebling, the wife of Dr. Abbot's solar-radiation angel.

Mr. T. A. Scott, vice-president of the Merritt-Chapman & Scott Corporation, ship salvage and marine contracting.

Mr. E. H. H. Simmons, president of the New York Stock Exchange.

Mr. Alvin Untermyer, the lawyer.

Mr. S. M. Vauclain, chairman of the board of the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

Mr. Thomas John Watson, president of I.B.M.

Mr. William E. Winchester, treasurer and director of the Little Androscoggin Water Power Company.

Mr. Clarence M. Woolley, chairman of

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SOUP
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the board of the American Radiator Company.

Had enough? The Smithsonian hadn't. This high-powered list, which came several pages after a typically peculiar Astrophysical Observatory report from Dr. Abbot ("Arriving in July, 1927, at Pasadena, the writer constructed . . . radiometer vanes from bits of house-flies' wings"), was followed up the next year by an amplified registry of well over eight hundred names: Mr. Gilbert W. Kahn had joined his father in the diffusion of knowledge; the Wall Street group of warm- and cold-blooded-vertebrate enthusiasts had been additionally swelled by Mr. Jules S. Bache, Mr. E. F. Hutton, Mr. Walter Seligman, and Mr. F. H. Sisson, a vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company. Half a dozen Detroit "Fisher Bodies" Fishers were duly certified, and so were four Waterbury, Connecticut, Scovill Manufacturing Company Gosses; the gas-meter Mr. Gribbel was down for five subscriptions, with his name misspelled for his pains. Early in 1930, Dr. Abbot signed his certifying name for the eight-hundred-and-seventy-fifth time; the five-hundred-dollar edition was fully subscribed, and the list was closed.

Meanwhile, in March, 1929, Mr. Sisson, who had started out in life as a newspaper reporter, reported to the New York *Evening Post* that the salesman who had signed him up had represented himself as coming from the Smithsonian Institution itself; another customer, Colonel Clarence S. Dame, a Manhattan stockbroker, sent an associate to Washington to complain to Secretary Abbot that *his* salesman, after brandishing photographs of subscription checks from Mr. Morgan, Mr. Mellon, and others, had assured him that everything above actual expenses went to the Smithsonian, which, after thinking things over, he was inclined to doubt. "I made special inquiry," the Colonel declared, according to the *Post*, "because I had no overwhelming interest in the books but did desire very much to help the Smithsonian." The *Post*, which had a reporter planted in one prospect's office at the time a pitch was being made, went on to reveal that the salesmen were getting thirty-five per cent of the proceeds for cash payments and twenty-five per cent for time payments. Dr. Abbot corroborated Colonel Dame's suspicions; *he* revealed that the Parke, Austin & Lipscomb contract gave the Smithsonian only ten per cent of the royalties and another ten

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Many Bell "telephone neighborhoods" have grown tremendously in 20 years. Then, less than half of the Bell System's customers could reach one or more exchanges by making a "local" call. Today, 9 out of 10 can do so. More than a third of the calls handled as long distance then now go through as local.

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In our Arnold Palmer blazer, your stance is always correct. The fabric is handsome hopsack (55% Fortrel polyester and 45% worsted). The tailoring is in our best natural shoulder manner. And the lining is a matching paisley print. It's touches like these that make the difference between a Sunday duffer and an Arnold Palmer. Fashion for individuals, not everyone. That's PBM!

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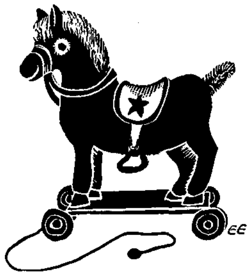
per cent "for the cost of writing and editing." "The Smithsonian has played fair and square with everybody," he told the Washington *Star*, and he advised the New York *Times* that "he had suggested some time ago to the publishers that to disarm such criticism as may have arisen among the public over the situation, that the publishers increase the returns to the Institution from sales of the de-luxe edition." At the time, nothing came of this plan to mollify the public, but the Smithsonian did get the book concern to promise that it would cut out misrepresentation and reimburse dissatisfied customers, who included Colonel Dame and George F. Baker, the eighty-nine-year-old chairman of the First National Bank of New York. Later on, after resorting to the law, the Regents took over. "In effect, the Smithsonian closed the Series publishers out," Mr. Oehser told me. "They just evaporated. The copyright on the books was transferred to the Smithsonian." The Smithsonian style had been a little dented, but the Institution eventually came out well on the deal. By 1953, when all operations of the Smithsonian Scientific Series ceased, it had sold 74,230 sets of its status symbols and received over seven hundred thousand dollars in royalties.

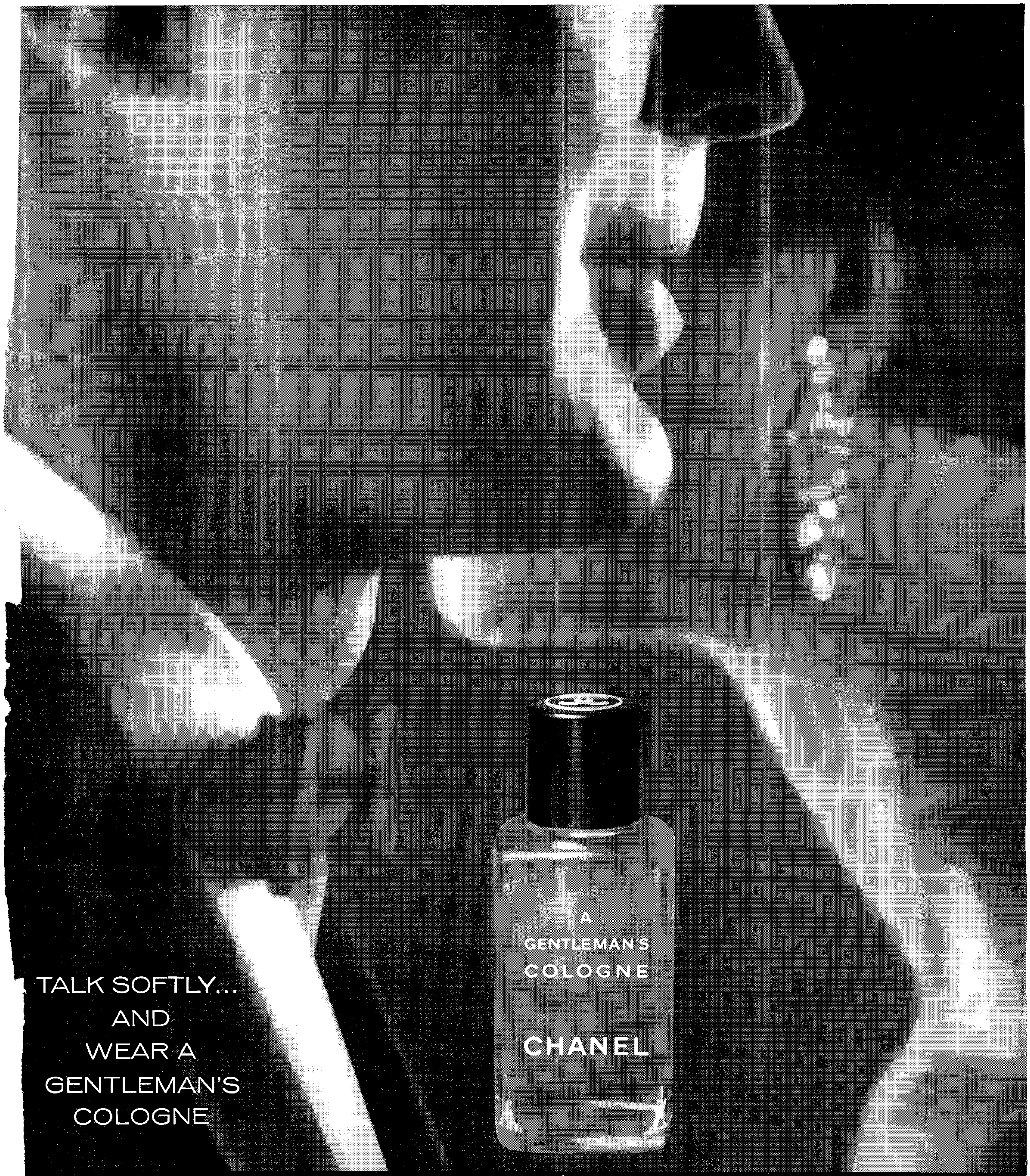


THE Smithsonian style has regained ground, and so has the Institution's financial standing, during the past twenty years or so; no such shenanigans colored the efforts of Dr. Carmichael to underwrite the increase and diffusion of knowledge. Coming to office at a propitious time (1953) when relative peace and prosperity were prevailing, and being by profession a psychologist and therefore not tempted to go off on paleontological, astrophysical, or birdy field trips, this worldly professor, who since Smithsonian retirement in 1964 has kept busy with such stately tasks as the chairmanship of the committee that selected the contents of the second Westinghouse Time Capsule for the World's Fair (an electric toothbrush, antibiotics, Ernest Hemingway, and the New York *Times* on microfilm), obtained from Congress during his incumbency sixty-two million dollars for buildings and for architectural plans for *more* buildings. "Carmichael had a very strong competence in presenting needs," a man on the fiscal side of the Smithsonian has said. "He had personal persuasiveness and stature. He was able to convey the great *diversity* of the Smithsonian to the Hill. And he was a master of the 'Smithsonian letter,' which is dignified, tugs at your heart, is outrageously pompous and a bit chauvinistic, and ends with a little joke." "When Carmichael came here, the place was dead on its feet," a man on the museum side has said. "Not much constructive action was being taken in the way of exhibition programs and expansion. For the most part, the place was dominated by antiquarians and collectors. Carmichael was not an idea man, but he got things going; he took command. Some of the things he promoted had been thought of before. In the late nineteen-forties, Frank A. Taylor, the head curator of the Department of Engineering and Industries, was pushing for a new museum of science on the order of the present Museum of History and Technology, but this got nowhere under Wetmore, whose attitude toward Congress was apologetic. Carmichael, who did his best to make every member of Congress feel like a million dollars, and like giving away a great deal *more* than a million dollars, got the appropriation for it—thirty-six million—and he raised the standards for curatorial appointments. Carmichael's *Annual Reports* were full of *numbers*, and these certainly grew during his time—from an endowment of ten and a half million dollars to one of nineteen million dollars, from annual appropriations of two and a half million dollars to more than thirteen million dollars, from thirty-four million catalogued objects to more than fifty-eight million, and from an attendance of three million four to one of ten million eight. He reaped the harvest of good times."

Although the seventh Secretary's habit of over-all command was in contrast to the attitude of his predecessors, I learned one day as I was strolling through the castle with Assistant Secretary Bradley that at least one of them had pulled off an authoritative coup of which the Secretary was envious. We were on our way to the Bradley office, and in the Herbarium I paused in front of a steel exit door that leads to the administrative section of the building to study a big printed sign, dated February 1, 1930, that read:

GENERAL ORDER

The accumulation of inflammable material, such as waste paper, loose ex-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The use, in any part of the buildings under the Smithsonian Institution, of matches, other than the kind known as "safety," which have to be ignited on the box containing them, is strictly prohibited. . . .

C. G. ABBOT
Secretary

"Dr. Carmichael used to pass this sign lost in admiration," the Assistant Secretary told me. "'I must issue a general order,' he would say, but then he would go off to the Metropolitan Club to have lunch with one of the senatorial Regents and forget about it."

ALAS, on my last trip to the Mall, a few months ago, the General Order was gone, and practically all the paintings and statues and busts that had astonished and delighted me in the Museum of Natural History's rotunda had been banished to storage; the new Secretary, S. Dillon Ripley, installed in January, 1964, was in the throes of sorting out the Smithsonian. "The biggest power play in Washington today is that of Ripley and the Smithsonian; he's been a great surprise to his old roommate," I had been told by Mr. August Heckscher, who roomed with Ripley at college. I found the energetic housecleaner, his manner as relaxed as ever, smilingly contemplating a coup that has reversed Institutional policy in the field of the arts. This was the acquisition of the Joseph H. Hirshhorn collection of four thousand paintings and sixteen hundred pieces of sculpture, among them fifty-three Henry Moores, forty-two Willem de Koonings, thirty Larry Riverses, twenty-three Giacomettis, twenty-two Degas, twenty-one Matisses, and hundreds of Daumiers, Rodins, Picassos, Brancusis, Thomas Eakinses, Ben Shahns, Stuart Davises, Andrew Wyeths, and Jackson Pollocks. Ripley had begun to woo Mr. Hirshhorn, a uranium multimillionaire whom he had never met, soon after taking office. The thinking behind this courtship was reflected in a "For the Record" office memorandum that the Secretary dictated after the battle was won:

During the autumn of 1963, I was able to read over a good deal of the history

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Las Vegas, Nev.	D. I. Distinctive Apparel
Los Angeles, Calif.	I. Magnin & Co.
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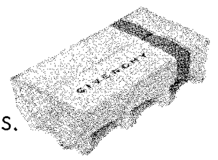
Memphis, Tenn.	The John Gerber Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Young-Quinlan Rothschild
Muncie, Ind.	Ball Stores
Nashville, Tenn.	Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
New York, N.Y.	Bloomingdale's
New York, N.Y.	Bonwit Teller
New York, N.Y.	Henri Bendel
New York, N.Y.	Lord & Taylor
Oakbrook, Ill.	Bonwit Teller
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Rothschild's
Philadelphia, Pa.	Bonwit Teller
Portland, Ore.	I. Magnin & Co.
Providence, R. I.	The Shepard Company
Redlands, Calif.	The Highlander Shoppes
Rochester, N.Y.	B. Forman Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Bernardino, Calif.	The Highlander Shoppes
San Diego, Calif.	Hafters Haggarty
San Francisco, Calif.	I. Magnin & Co.
San Francisco, Calif.	Livingston Bros.
San Luis Obispo, Calif.	Sinsheimer Bros.
Santa Ana, Calif.	Bullock's
Scarsdale, N.Y.	Lord & Taylor
Seattle, Wash.	Frederick & Nelson
Seattle, Wash.	I. Magnin & Co.
Sherman Oaks, Calif.	Bullock's
Short Hills, N.J.	Bonwit Teller
Stockton, Calif.	The Brown House
Syracuse, N.Y.	Helmer's
Tulsa, Okla.	Field's
Washington, D.C.	Julius Garfinckel & Co.
Washington, D.C.	Lord & Taylor
Washington, D.C.	Woodward & Lothrop
West Hartford, Conn.	Lord & Taylor
White Plains, N.Y.	Bonwit Teller

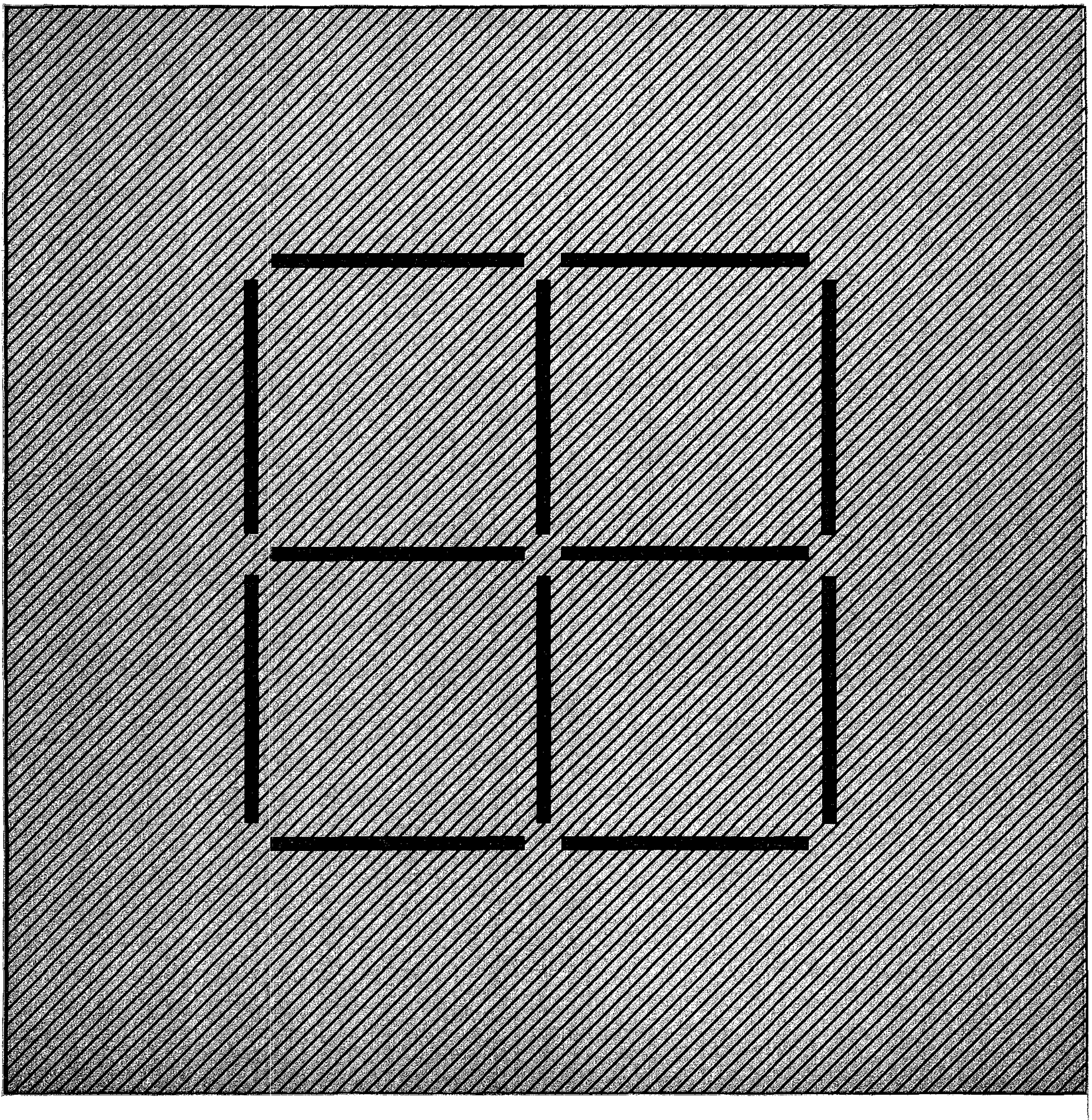
This tiny egg crate holds a wardrobe of Givenchys.

It would take Givenchy to create
the most elegant gift in the world for his following.
He has selected a wardrobe of his colors, designed glistening little lipstick eggs
and put them in a miniature egg crate to lift out like jewels.
This charming new egg crate to sit on a dresser holds six eggs
ranging from pale pink to brilliant red.
And each one is small enough to tuck into the tiniest silk purse.
With it, a new click-open golden bamboo brush.

The Lipstick Egg Crate $40. Egg and Brush $10. Egg alone $6. From the Givenchy Collection of Cosmetics.



CAN YOU MAKE ONE LESS SQUARE BY MOVING ONLY 3 LINES?



The clue is to build another square. Branch out!

We branched out here at the American Can Company. And a lot of good things happened because of it. To us. And to you!

If you're a stockholder, you know one of them already. Our earnings in 1965 were up from \$2.70 to a record \$3.61 per common share.

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Now you see what comes from branching out! (If you still don't see it in the small problem on your left, try moving the bottom right-hand line. Now watch what you develop!)

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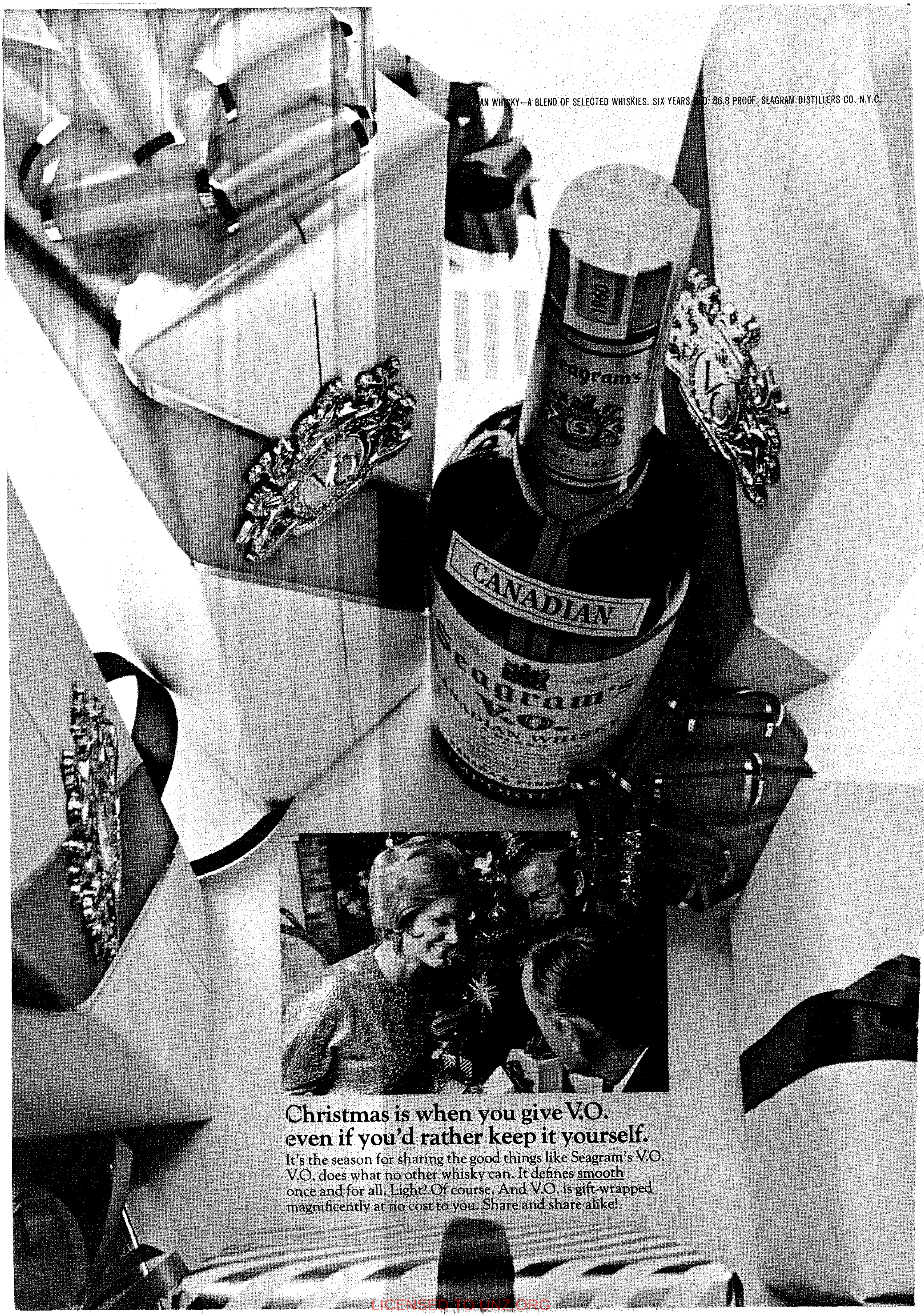
1960
Seagram's
CANADIAN
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
V.O.

Christmas is when you give V.O. even if you'd rather keep it yourself.

It's the season for sharing the good things like Seagram's V.O. V.O. does what no other whisky can. It defines smooth once and for all. Light? Of course. And V.O. is gift-wrapped magnificently at no cost to you. Share and share alike!

and legislation of the Smithsonian. I was particularly struck by the Act of May 17, 1938 . . . in which, in connection with the receiving for the Nation by the Smithsonian Institution of the Mellon Collection, Congress provided that a site for a museum for contemporary art should be assigned by the President to the Smithsonian Institution on the Mall. . . . The concept was clearly stated that this museum of contemporary art would be a foil to the new National Gallery of Art which was envisioned as being a museum of stated masterpieces. . . . In 1946, a contest for a dramatic modern building for this purpose was won by Eero Saarinen. . . . Apparently this building was too startling for the Washington of the post-war years, and it was quietly shelved. . . . I had often thought about the years in the mid-thirties when my mother had been on the first women's committee of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. Those were the formative years for contemporary art in the United States. If the National Collection of Fine Arts had had the same impetus behind it . . . it could have been paramount among the influences shaping the acceptance of contemporary art in America. But such was not the case. . . . It appeared to me that there were two things to be done. The first was to stimulate the National Collection of Fine Arts in every way, to remove its light from under a bushel. . . . A considerable infusion of budgeted funds, as well as private funds, was put into the operation for the first year, with a massively increased budget for the second year. In the meantime, I strove to find a private collector who had been purchasing works of contemporary art all these years on his own. The only way to make up for lost time and acquire an important collection of contemporary art for Washington would be to take a "giant step" by finding someone who had already gone ahead and done it.

I first wrote to Mr. Hirshhorn on June 15, 1964. . . .

"The Smithsonian Institution has a lively interest in establishing an American equivalent to the Tate Gallery, emphasizing American and contemporary art," Ripley wrote Hirshhorn. "The National Gallery of Art, with its emphasis on the arts of Europe and the past, leaves the capital and the nation with no proper equivalent to the Tate. The need for such a museum here has been widely recognized. . . . We would be most happy to explore this concept with you."

There were a number of other suitors for the Hirshhorn hand. Canada, where the Hirshhorn uranium is situated, was one. The Tate Gallery itself was another; on its behalf, British officials offered to build a museum in Regent's Park to house the collection. Governor Nelson Rockefeller tried hard to get it for New York State; *he* offered to construct "an appropriate building and sculpture garden" in Westchester County, these and their

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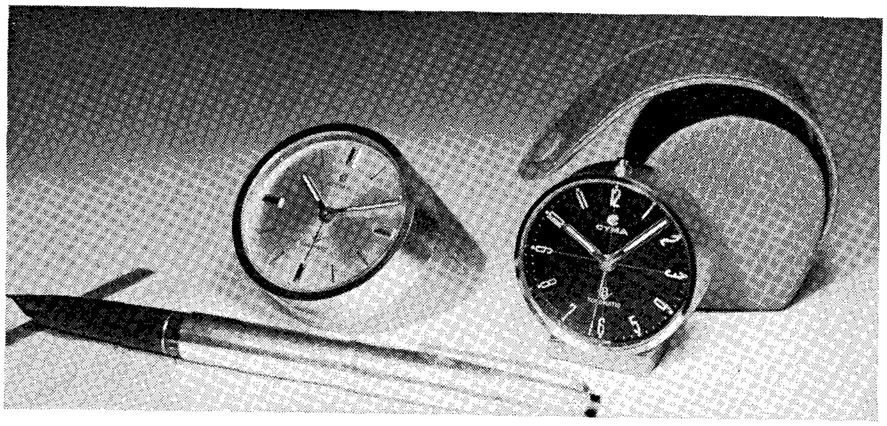

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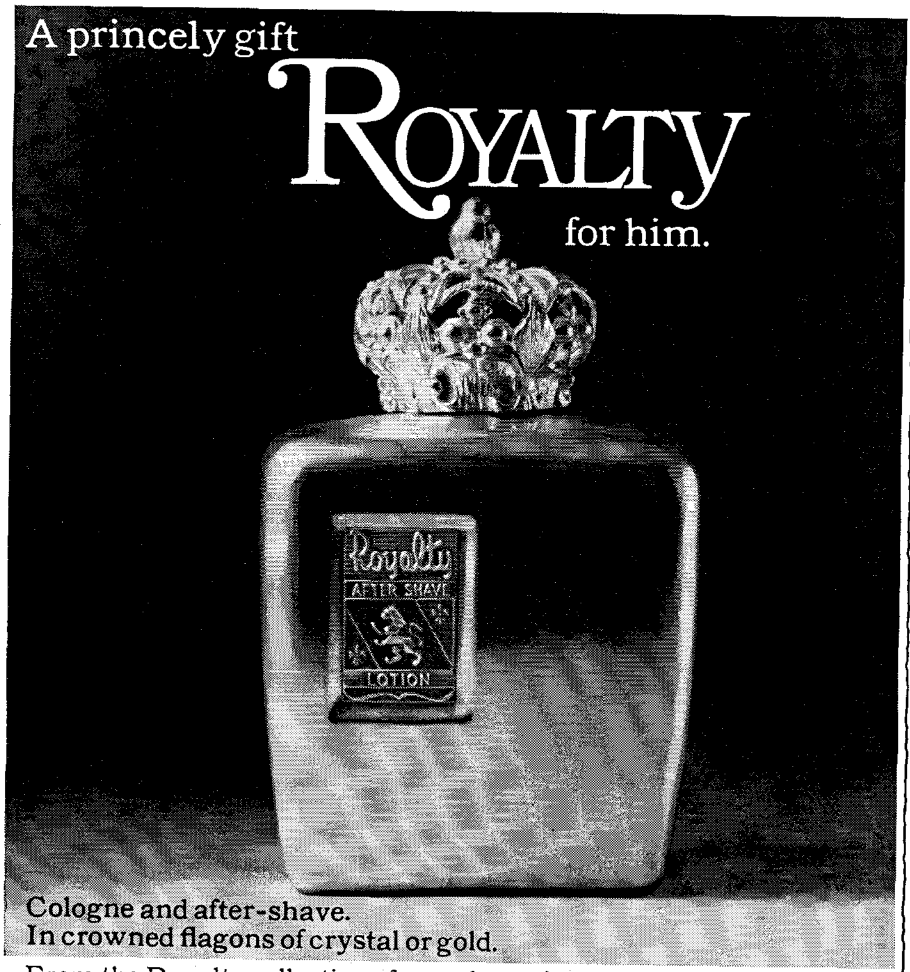

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contents to be named the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Museum and to be maintained and operated in perpetuity out of state funds. Still other would-be suitors were Israel, whose government suggested a Hirshhorn museum in Jerusalem, and museumy groups in Baltimore, Los Angeles, and Zurich. In the course of triumphing over this field, Ripley visited Mr. Hirshhorn and his works of art in Greenwich in the fall of 1964. "He didn't know what the Smithsonian was," the Secretary has said. "He's a wonderful man, in love with his collection." The Smithsonian was virtually terra incognita to Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy, but the Johnsons like the place, and Ripley's relationship with them is a good one. On May 21, 1965, Mrs. Johnson invited Hirshhorn and his wife to the White House for lunch, along with the Ripleys, the Sam Harrises (Mr. Harris is the Hirshhorn lawyer), the Roger L. Stevenses (Mr. Stevens is chairman of the Smithsonian's John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts), and the Abe Fortases (Mr. Fortas, now on the Supreme Court, is a Center trustee). The President joined them briefly, and over *tournedos béarnaise*, a domestic red wine, and chocolate mousse, Mrs. Johnson expressed her interest in the project. Two days later, the Nelson Rockefellers visited Greenwich; the Governor's offer, in writing, arrived the next day. In August, Mrs. Johnson and Lynda Bird went to Greenwich for a two-hour inspection tour. A few weeks later, the President wrote their host, then recovering from a heart attack:

> Our friend Dillon Ripley has told me of your severe and painful illness. I am deeply sorry. . . . Lady Bird has told me so much about your great collection of contemporary art. Her visit with you was one of the high moments of the past year for her, and she has stirred a very considerable interest in it in me. I hope very much I will have the opportunity to see both you and your collection soon.

Coziness prevailed. "Mrs. Johnson is darling and has completely charmed me," Mr. Hirshhorn replied. "She is the most perfect wife a President could have—and as you know, she has become interested in modern art. Be careful. This interest can be contagious—you had better watch out!" Last May, after agreeing to present the collection to the Smithsonian, plus a million dollars for additions thereto, Hirshhorn and his wife attended a ceremony in the Rose Garden of the White House at which, under the nose of a beaming Ripley, the President hailed him as one

If Edgar Allan Poe had really been up on his sherry, he might have written The Cask of Amontillado, The Cask of Oloroso, The Cask of Manzanilla, The Cask of Fino and 4 or 5 others.

Poor Poe.

There's good evidence he never knew amontillado was a type of sherry (if he had come to Pedro Domecq, we would have set him straight).

We're not blaming Poe. Or you, if you're in the same fix. After all, there are eight different types of sherry. And dozens of brands that have their own names for each type. Very complicated.

We think sherry should be a simple pleasure, as it's always been in Spain. So we'll try to clear things up a bit.

Sherry is Spanish, much as scotch is Scotch.

There are only four important sherry types—from very dry to very sweet. Generally, the driest sherries are served at cocktail time, the sweetest with dessert. All other types are super subtle variations (we make those, too, for people with super subtle taste).

The Four Sherry Types

Manzanilla is the driest sherry type of all, and may be the driest wine in the world. It can make your lips pucker, and many find this an advantage. Ours is called, simply enough, Pedro Domecq Manzanilla.

Fino is a less dry variety, and is often served as an aperitif. We've named our fino Pedro Domecq La Ina, after a place near our winery (the Spanish are very sentimental). We have reason to believe that La Ina is the world's favorite fino—a small honor in the larger scheme of things, but a great victory in the sherry scheme of things.

Amontillado is neither very sweet nor very dry, so it's a good sherry to start with. To get our amontillado, ask for a fifth of Pedro Domecq Primero (a fifth of amontillado is roughly 1/648th of a cask).

Oloroso, the sweetest of sherries, is often called cream sherry, and most often served with dessert. Ours is Pedro Domecq Celebration Cream.

Although some Americans prefer the sweeter sherries, the Spanish have a taste for the drier types. The Spanish are born knowing all about sherry, and they know what they like. Pedro Domecq sherries are the largest selling in Spain, as well as the largest selling in the world.

Very often, Americans get their first taste of sherry when they get their first taste of Spain. If you visit our country, please plan to tour the Pedro Domecq bodega—the winery. We've been showing people around since 1731. We'll even show you a cask of amontillado.

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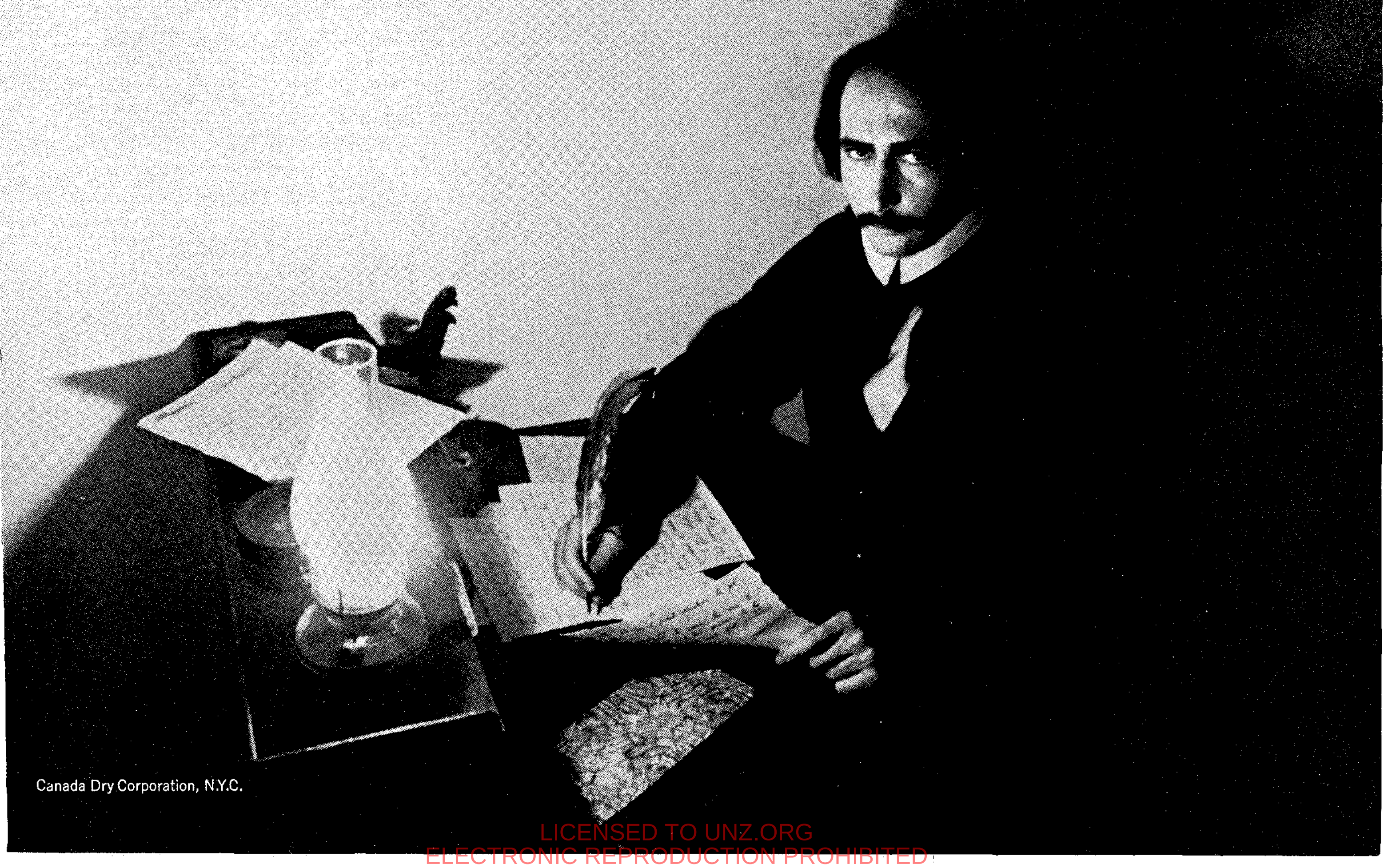

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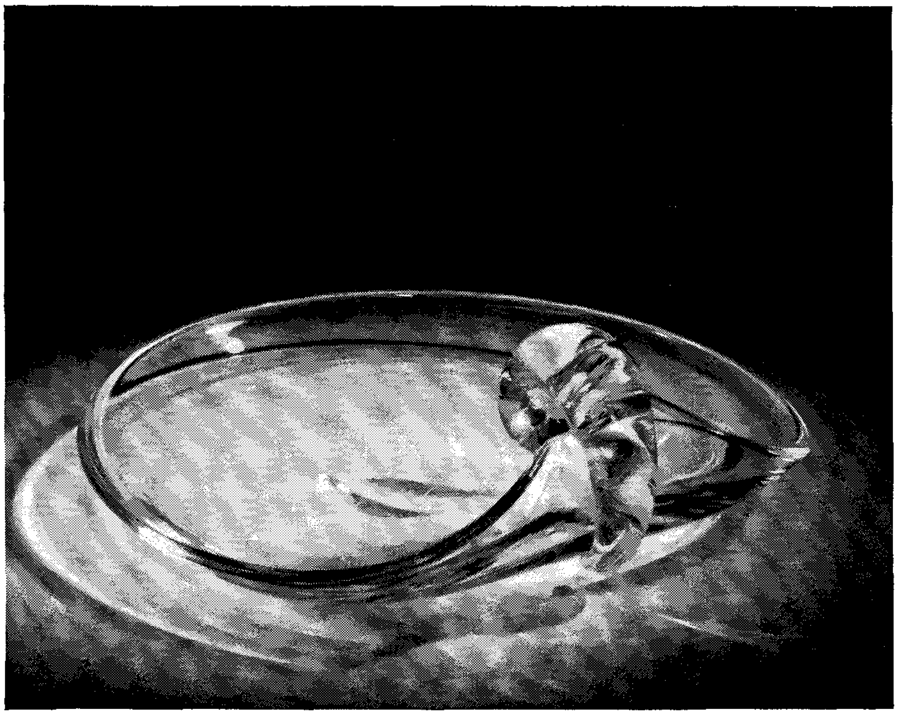

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of America's most distinguished philanthropists. "I've been influenced by the President and his darling wife, by my wife, my attorney, by Justice Fortas, a darling and sensitive man," Mr. Hirshhorn said. Congress has now agreed to provide a fifteen-million-dollar building on the Mall for the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden. "The collection is worth at least twenty-five million dollars, so it should have a fifteen-million-dollar building," Ripley says.

The Secretary's aggressive art policy is by no means confined to the American Tate. He is in the process of annexing the Cooper Union Museum as a Smithsonian outpost (he is looking for another home for it in New York, the old Custom House at the Battery being under consideration), and Congress has given him $1,850,000 to convert the Court of Claims Building in Washington into a suitable home for a museum of the decorative arts. This Renaissance structure, a block from the White House, was designed as the original Corcoran Gallery by James Renwick, the architect of the original Smithsonian Building; it is full of florid ceilings with carved cornices. Ripley took Johnson for a walk around it a couple of years ago. "I suggested to the President that it might be used for shows of the arts and crafts of the emerging nations, especially at times when representatives of these nations were visiting Washington," he has said. "This appealed to him. He recommended that the Bureau of the Budget transfer it to us. We may call it Renwick Hall."

In a lighter, more festive vein, the eighth Secretary has peppered his museums with outdoor fountains; terrace cafés, with sandwiches and soft drinks; and indoor and Mallside concerts rendered by the Smithsonian Tower Musicians, the United States Air Force Bagpipe Band, the Third Infantry Fife and Drum Corps, the United States Marine Drum and Bugle Corps, and the United States Coast Guard, Army, Navy, and Marine Bands. He has held a black-tie reception at the Zoo (in honor of a reconditioned bird house) and, on occasion, has lent out the Museum of History and Technology for dances, at which government officials have essayed the Frug and which have inspired the press to such headlines as "The Old Smithsonian—Where the Action Is" and "Minsky's? Nope, Smithsonian." Ripley has installed chairs for writers- and artists-in-residence—the first is Saul Steinberg—who will receive fat an-

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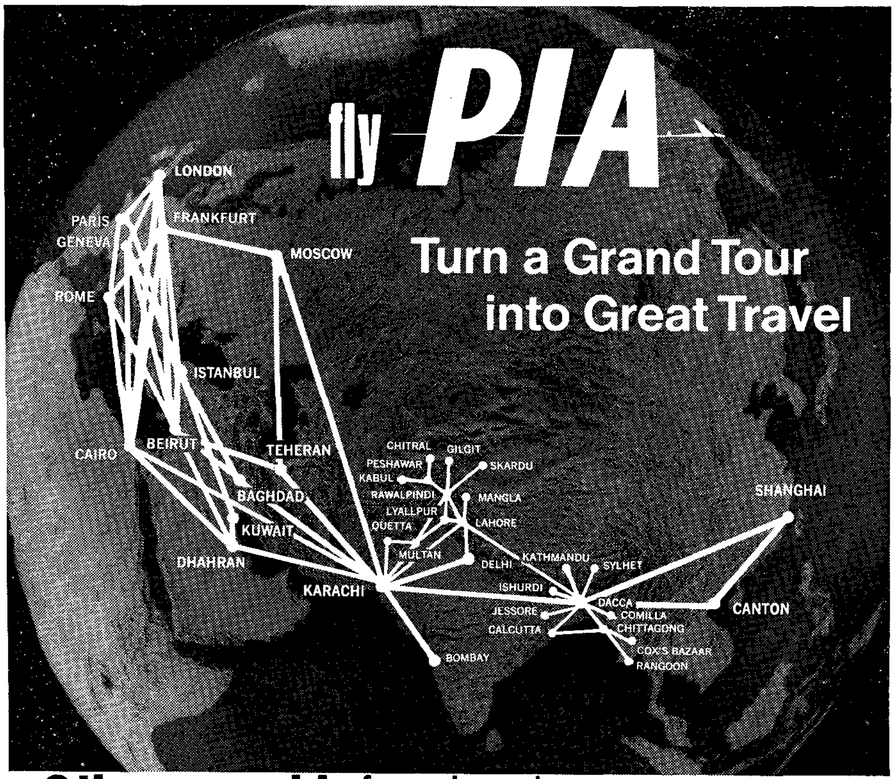

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nual stipends and comfortable living quarters, and he has started a Smithsonian Society of Associates, whose dues-paying members are invited to openings of new exhibits, lectures, and movies, and to "open houses" with hot chocolate or pink lemonade, depending on the season. He has brightened up the lives of twenty-five-year employees by supplanting the conventional government pin (embellished with a tiny diamond) given at their quarter-century anniversaries with a bronze medal bearing the likeness of Joseph Henry, the first Secretary.

The first Secretary is in many ways the eighth Secretary's hero. "When the Institution was founded, Joseph Henry pointed out, quite rightly, the great need in America for advanced study," Ripley said in a recent speech. "This is as much a goal for the Smithsonian today as it was in Henry's time." He has hired Dr. Nathan Reingold away from the Library of Congress to edit the Joseph Henry papers, most of which have reposed in the Smithsonian archives for nearly ninety years. By way of furthering advanced study himself, Ripley, in the budget that was submitted to Congress for the fiscal year 1967, received an increase in funds of \$3,768,000, of which the lion's share is earmarked for research. "I estimate that we are at about thirty per cent to forty per cent of strength in the sorts of people we ought to have, especially in the supporting positions," he says. "Suppose, as is the case, that we pay a malacologist between fourteen thousand dollars and twenty thousand dollars, thus equating him with a top professor. But once he arrives on the spot, he is treated like a highly paid janitor. He has no assistants. He should have the necessary support—say, from one to three technicians, or more, to cut slide sections for him, do an endless amount of bookkeeping, and help him with the laboratory equipment. In the past, we developed a policy of getting the top man, and that's all. It was totally uneconomical. Congressmen find it difficult to realize that what I am talking about is the same kind of problem that besets NASA, which gets five billion dollars a year from the government. We're still in short pants when it comes to Congress. The first time I appeared before the Bureau of the Budget, I felt I was up against a totally blank wall. I thought: *What* am I doing in Washington? I ought to go back to my potatoes—the Peabody Museum, in New Haven. But at a budget session a year later there was an improvement. The congressmen kept me for two and a half hours, asking all sorts of questions. Some of these were peculiar—such as 'Why do you need fifteen thousand dollars to repair the pavement in front of the Freer?'—but I live in hope. If in the next ten years I could build up our relationship with Congress to the point where it could understand . . ." Ripley's voice trailed off, and then he said, "We have one and a half million specimens of insects waiting to be identified. If we had ten summer students a year working on this, we could clean it up in three years."

Shortly after this chat with the eighth Secretary, I decided to call on his predecessor by three—Dr. Abbot. I found him, approaching his ninety-fifth birthday, in his house in Hyattsville, Maryland; he opened the door when I rang the bell. He was wearing light-tan moccasins, a well-cut light-gray suit with a heavy gold watch chain looped through a buttonhole in the waistcoat, a white shirt and a flowered tie, and light-green socks with white-and-black clocks; his white mustache and eyebrows were bushy. Inside, he introduced me to his wife and led me to a small dining room that he also uses as a study. A bust of Robert H. Goddard, the developer of the high-altitude rocket, whom the Smithsonian helped to finance in his early days on Abbot's recommendation, stood on a corner shelf, over a plaque that read, "For Charles G. Abbot, Friend and Champion." "Mrs. Goddard gave it to me after his death," the Friend said. He told me that he still has an office, with a secretary, on the eleventh floor of the main tower of the Smithsonian Building, and that he is working on a fifty-year forecast of the rainfall in twenty-three foreign cities. He knelt down on the floor before a low-slung cabinet, pulled out some precipitation charts, and started to arrange one of them—a scroll marked "Tokyo Precipitation, Observed 1934"—on the dining-room table. The chart was too long, however—ten feet of mathematical figures—so he took it into the living room and spread it out on the floor. "Most American meteorologists predict the weather five days ahead," he said. "I predict it fifty years ahead, and get pretty good results. I'm still publishing my forecasts in the *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections*, under a fund that Mr. Roebling set up for solar research. They're occasionally a bit off; I think such errors are caused by fallout."

I tried to follow him as he expounded his mathematical tables, and

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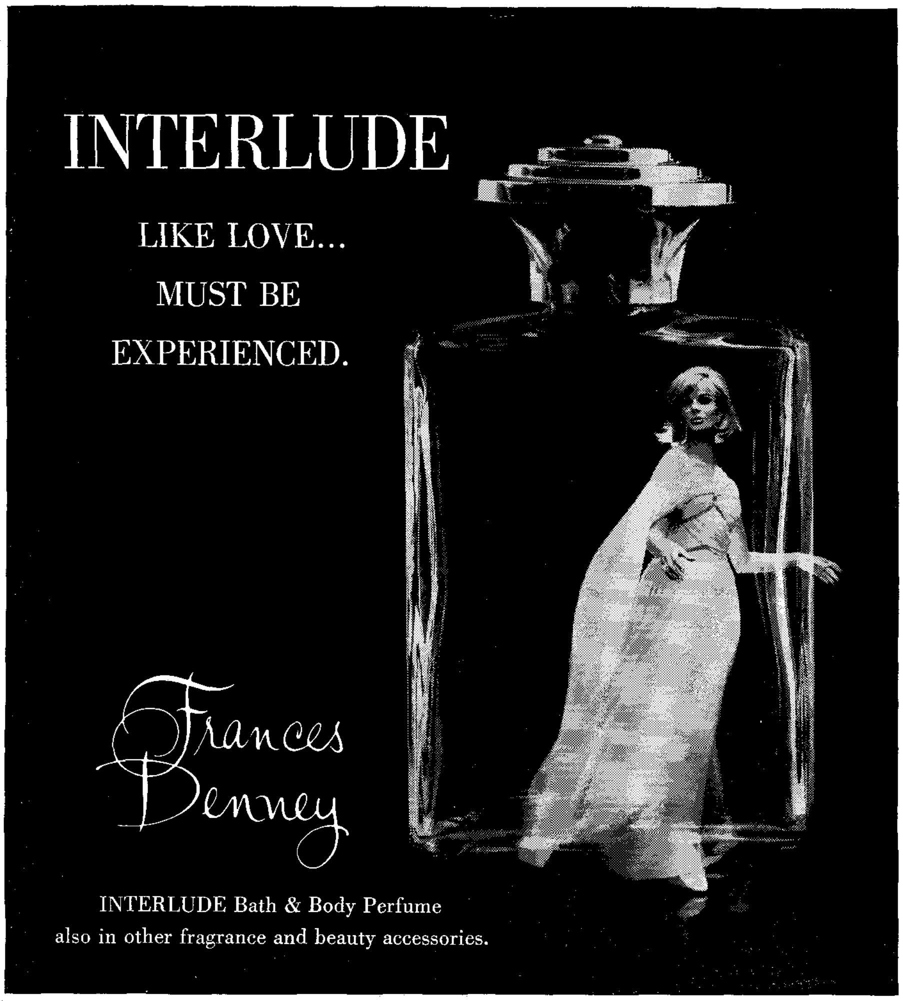
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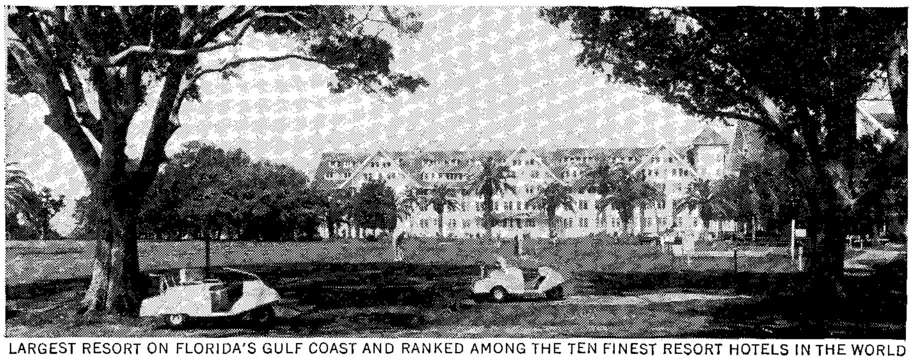

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I presently asked him how he was getting along with his singing.

"Here's a record I made a couple of years ago," he said, and he produced a disc that bore the title

DR. CHARLES GREELEY ABBOT

Song learned from the lips of Admiral Moore on a voyage to Flint Island in the Pacific, to observe the total eclipse of the sun, January, 1907.
Recitations learned at school about the year 1883.

1. Bos'n's Song
   (Molloy)
2. The Lightning-Rod Man
   (Author Unknown)
3. Old Farmer B
   (Author Unknown)
4. Uncle Joe Cannon and the Sun

"That '1907' is a mistake," he said. "It should read '1908.' Flint Island is four hundred and fifty miles from Tahiti. Admiral Charles B. T. Moore picked us up there, from Samoa, on the gunboat Annapolis. He taught me the 'Bos'n's Song,' and I have been singing it ever since. Uncle Joe Cannon—Joseph G. Cannon, a congressman from Illinois—was a great friend of the Smithsonian; he was on the House Appropriations Committee for many years, part of the time as chairman. Want to hear the record?"

He turned it on, and settled back with a pleased, modest smile in a rocking chair, with his feet on a footstool. The chanty was delivered in resonant tones. ("We sailed one day from Milford Bay, away and away with the great big whale. . . . So we tickled the tail of the great big whale. . . . And that's the truth, said he.") The lightning-rod man, a salesman, came through as a figure of fun, sardonically treated. ("That sugar-coated scamp . . . his slick, trim carcass.") Farmer B was a stingy man who watered his milk, and Uncle Joe was the sun-appreciating hero of an Abbot account of a congressional hearing on the budget for the Observatory, which ended up, "We got the appropriation."

I thanked Dr. Abbot for this musical and dramatic treat, which had taken eleven minutes. "I'd like to give you a record," he said, "but I've sold a hundred and sixty of them to members of the Cosmos Club for sixty-five cents apiece, and this is my last one."

I besought him for a longevity recipe as I left, and he said, "I've only smoked three cigarettes in my life. I don't drink any whiskey. I had pleurisy in 1891 when I was at M.I.T., and I've been careful not to get my feet wet since."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(*This is the last in a series of articles on the Smithsonian Institution.*)

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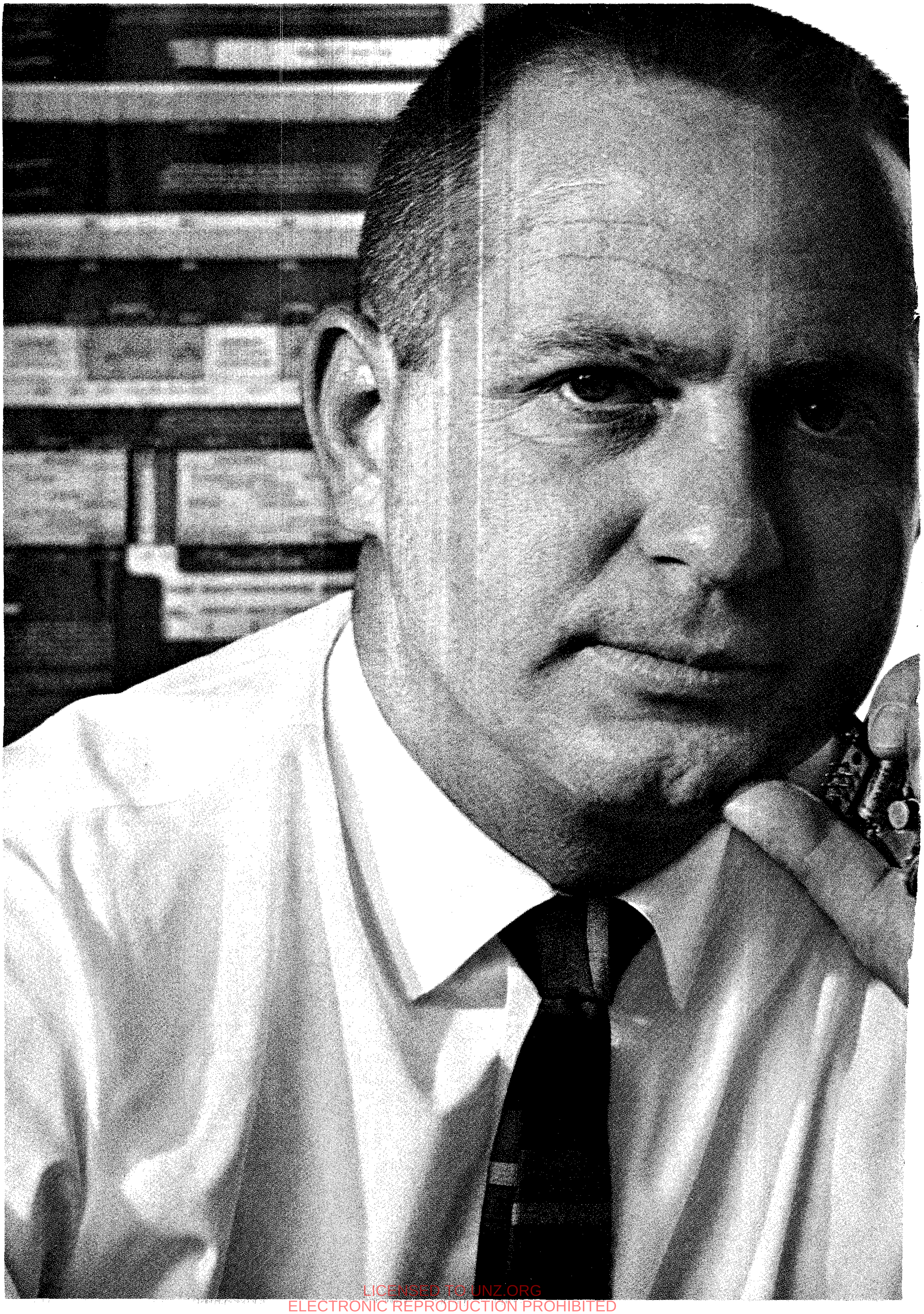

This engineer is developing a way to send talk down a pipeline of light.

What's he doing at IBM?

The usual channels of long-distance communication, namely, wires, radio and microwave, aren't looking so roomy these days.

At the rate we are transmitting talk, pictures, and information between our cities and into space we may one day need new means of communicating.

One new means appears to be the laser.

A laser beam, in theory, can transmit more information than all the radio channels currently in use.

The engineer in our picture is one of IBM's team which is inventing ways to get information on the beam at one end and off at the other.

IBM's interest in the laser grows out of its interest in anything that makes information more useful for people.

IBM has already demonstrated a laser device that can shoot check-out signals directly into a launch vehicle standing on the pad. Another IBM team is developing a laser for communicating with the astronauts, earth to spacecraft, planet to planet.

It all comes under the heading of making information easier to get, which is step one in making it more useful.

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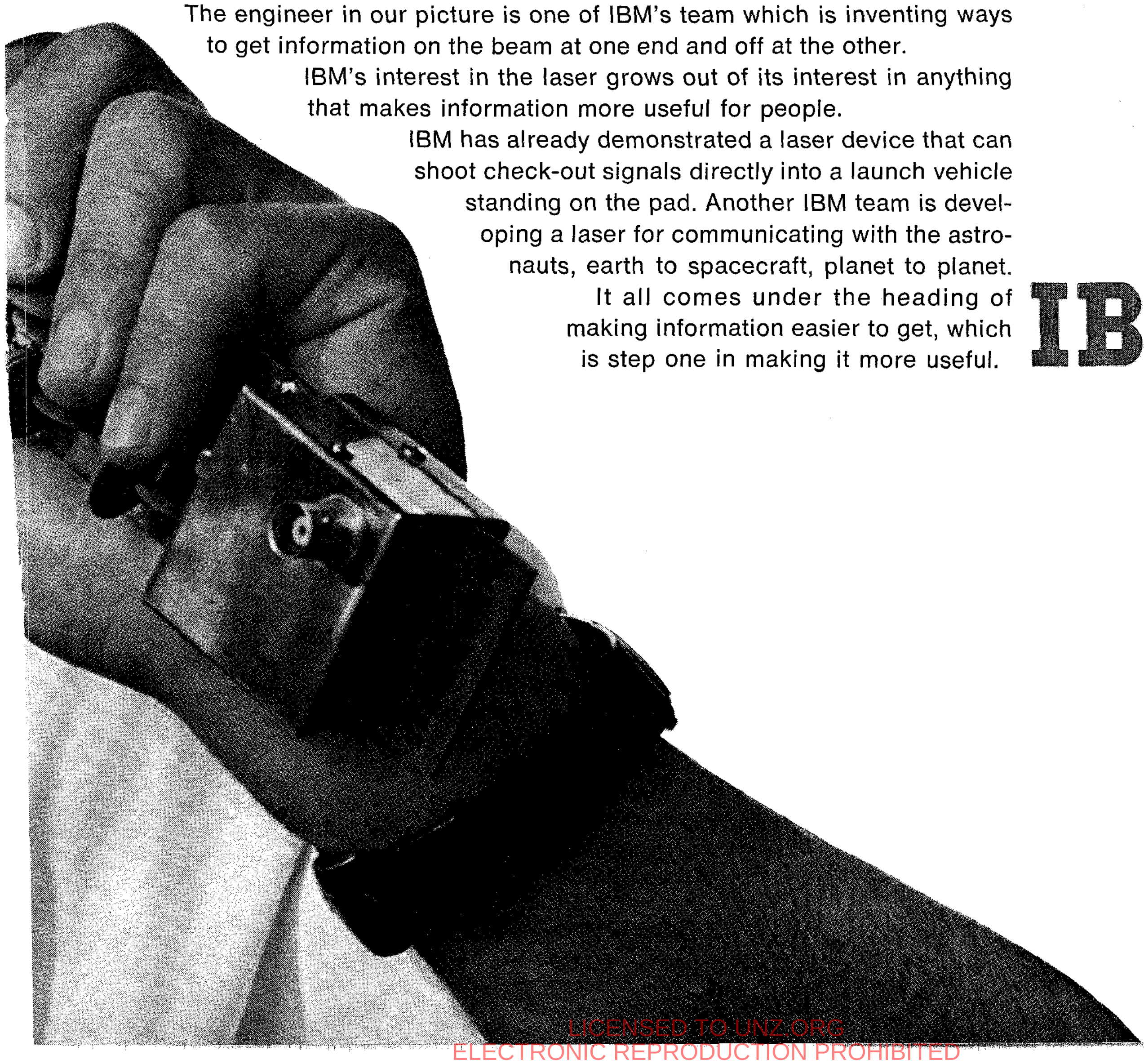

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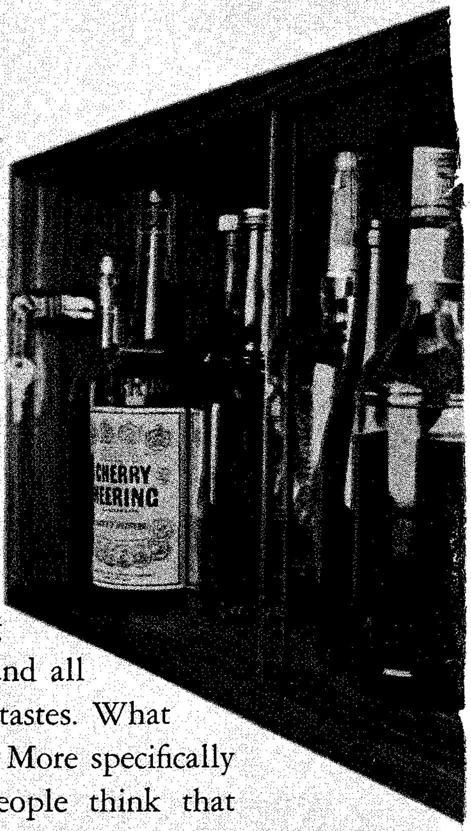


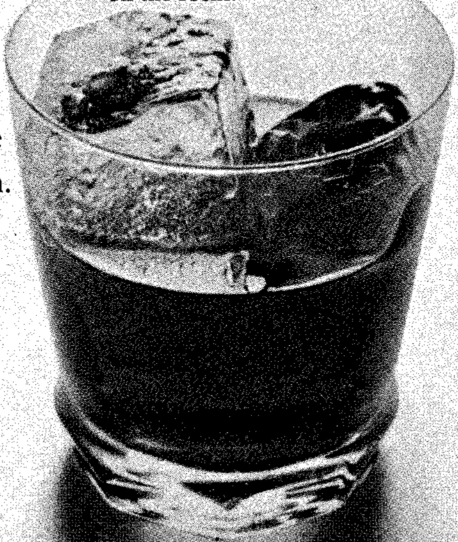
Our bottle looks almost too good to open. So many people don't. They tuck it away for a special occasion or they put it "on display." (That means someplace where guests can read the label, but can't open the bottle.)

They've heard that Cherry Heering is pretty expensive and prestigious and all that, but they haven't heard how it tastes. What adds to their confusion is our name. More specifically our first name. "Cherry." Some people think that means Cherry Heering is a too-sweet liqueur. Which it isn't. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish.

Cherry Heering is light and almost dry. In fact, it's one of the liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste. Another thing: Cherry Heering isn't only for women. Women like it because it's good. Not because they're women.

So please remember. If you receive a bottle of Cherry Heering for the holidays, and it says "Don't open 'til December 25th"— please make it *this* December 25th.

Try a "Redhead". One part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac on-the-rocks.



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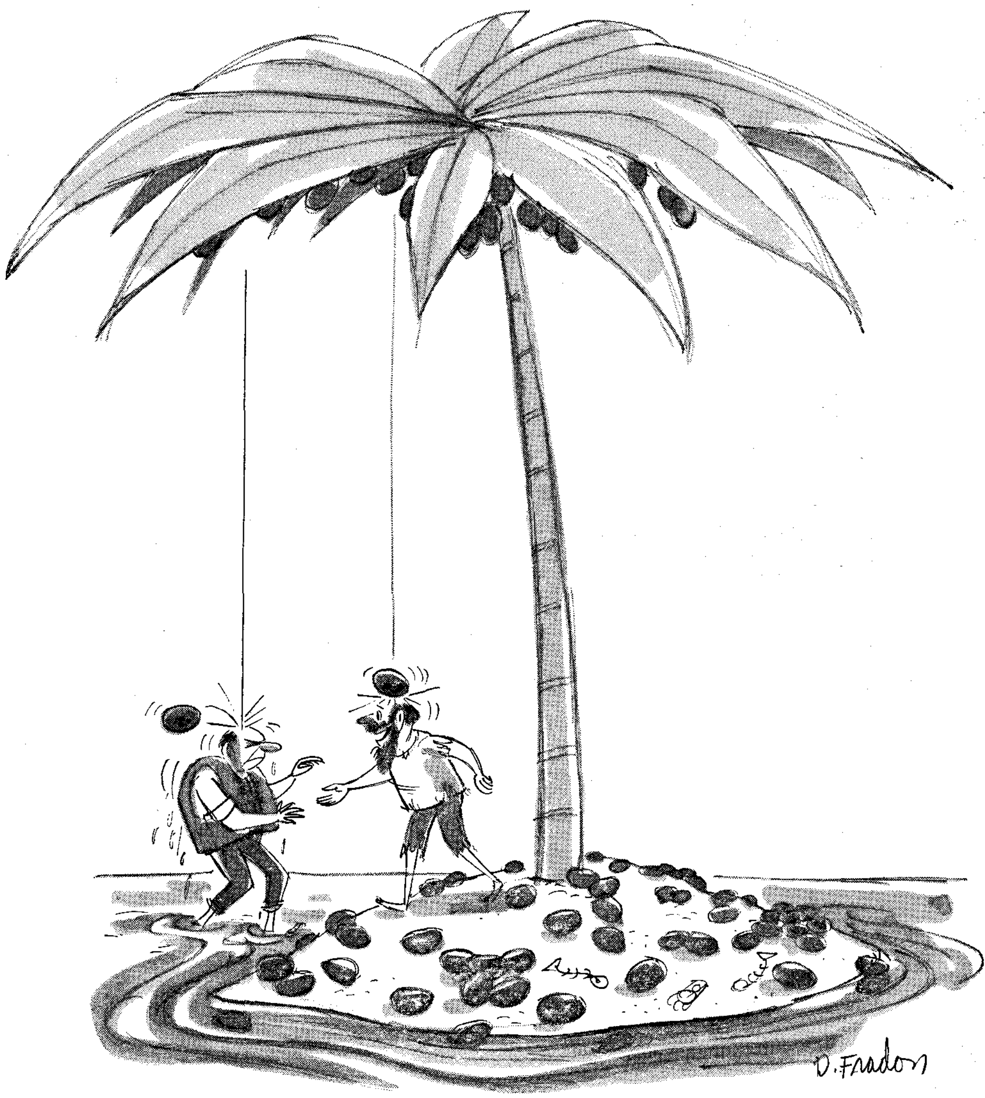
THE THEATRE

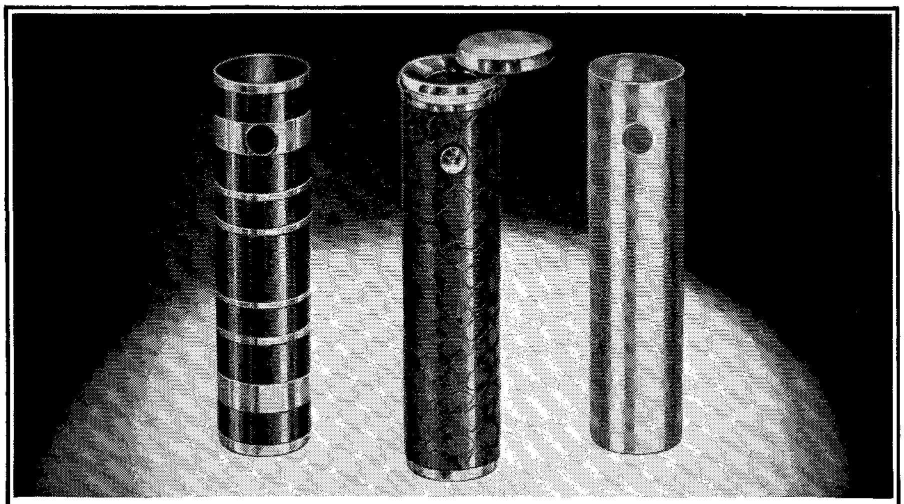
EPITHALAMIUM

FIFTY years of happy marriage are hymned in "I Do! I Do!," at the Forty-sixth Street, and while the contents of the musical, an adaptation by Tom Jones of Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter," aren't very substantial, the play has been given a highly polished production in which Mary Martin and Robert Preston, the only actors on view, disport themselves most appealingly. The situations that take shape in "I Do! I Do!" are developed along familiar lines, and the action is predictable from the moment our hero and heroine enter into wedlock until, in old age, with their brood gone from them, they bid farewell to a house that has grown too big for them. In their half century together, they go through the agitations of the bridal night, nervously anticipate the birth of their first child, become uneasy when their children start getting marriage-minded, and have their little spats as time goes by. This is obviously simple stuff, and the music and lyrics, by Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones, are rather simple, too. But, under the direction of Gower Champion, Miss Martin and Mr. Preston make it all an unexpectedly pleasant affair, and they complement each other skillfully not only in their songs and dances but also in the development of the characters they portray. As an extraordinarily bouncy matron, periodically upset by the notion that her husband is becoming unbearably stodgy and that she is doomed to kitchen vassalage, Miss Martin is a delight to have around, even when her material is something less than electrifying. Similarly, Mr. Preston overcomes the handicaps of the script, and, with muscular authority, gives us a portrait of a second-rate author who takes himself entirely too seriously. At various stages in this game, which, I'm afraid, is a little too long for its own good, Miss Martin and Mr. Preston hop, skip, and jump through a variety of stylish routines devised by Mr. Champion. The setting, by Oliver Smith, is also stylish, and Freddy Wittop has provided some attractive costumes. But the book and lyrics remain the stumbling block, and even Miss Martin can't make much of a line about a child she is soon to bear that runs, roughly, "He kicks me gently with his feet." Although there's too much of that in "I Do! I Do!," Miss Martin and Mr. Preston are quite a compensation for such inadequacies.

THERE are six performers in "My Sweet Charlie," at the Longacre, but only two of them—Louis Gossett and Bonnie Bedelia—have any real function. In this earnest effort, by David Westheimer, Miss Bedelia plays a pregnant, unmarried poor-white girl who has sneaked into a summer cottage on the Gulf of Mexico to await the arrival of her baby, being reluctant to have the child in any of the establishments providing for the needs of unwed mothers. Presently, into her refuge comes a handsome, well-spoken Negro (Mr. Gossett), from whom she anticipates only the worst. Instead, the new occupant of the cottage, a lawyer from the North who is a fugitive from justice because he attacked a white man during a civil-rights demonstration, turns out to be a kindly man, and despite the fact that he finds the girl physically repulsive and dreary to listen to, he eventually becomes a kind of tutor for her—a Pygmalion, let us say, to her Galatea. Under the direction of Howard Da Silva, Miss Bedelia is never plausible as a character whose racial prejudices could be removed by exposing them to a civilized mind, and she is further handicapped by her uncertainty as to just how denizens of the Deep South talk. In contrast to Miss Bedelia, Mr. Gossett is persuasive, but it takes two to play a drama like "My Sweet Charlie," and although I am sure of Mr. Westheimer's good intentions, I don't think that



"Don't worry. You'll get used to it."



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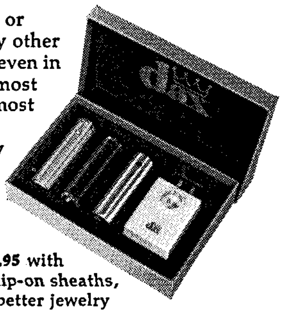

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this, his first theatrical work, adds up to much more than an exercise in unlikely sentimentality.

"YERMA," at the Vivian Beaumont, is the latest offering of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. As directed by John Hirsch, "Yerma" consists, to all intents and purposes, of a solemn reading of Federico García Lorca's poem, in a translation by W. S. Merwin, about a woman driven to distraction by the fact that she cannot get with child by her husband. The poem isn't very dramatic, and in its constant reiteration of its central, or even sole, idea it becomes tedious long before it has resolved itself. The company attacks the Lorca theme portentously. This does not help.

IN "Hail Scrawdyke," which departed after a brief stay at the Booth, David Halliwell set about examining the sexual, political, and moral fantasies of a group of youths resident in an industrial town in northern England. The youths, portrayed by Victor Henry, Austin Pendleton, Drewe Henley, and Tim Preece, were certainly loquacious and occasionally amusing, but the more they talked the more Mr. Halliwell's drama seemed to lose its focus, and it finally wound up a discouraging blur. —JOHN McCARTEN

◆

This new edition is far, far more than a mere "reference work." It contains all information significant to mankind. It is the collected sum-total of human knowledge. With more than 36 million words, its accuracey and authority are unquestioned.—*Letter from the Encyclopædia Britannica.*

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◆

"A BODILESS FUNERAL IS LIKE A BAPTISM WITHOUT THE BABY, A WEDDING WITHOUT THE BRIDE, OR A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION WITHOUT THE BIRTHDAY CHILD."—*Howard C. Raether, Executive Secretary of the National Funeral Directors Association, quoted by Press Relations Wire.*

Or an undertaker without his foot in his mouth.

◆

ENGLISH SENTENCES THAT HAUNT OUR DREAMS

[*From the Times*]

Yesterday, Henry McFarland, a large and friendly 71-year-old man who is the warden at the prison, denied that any such visit took place.

"If a prostitute came here, she did not do so with our knowledge," he said, "and that would be impossible."

THE RACE TRACK

Curtains

THOUGH the season runs on for a fortnight elsewhere, it ended for Aqueduct and this department last Saturday. Most of the afternoon, the course was shrouded in the gloom of fog. As a matter of fact, nobody saw much of several of the races until the winners popped out of the mist halfway down the stretch. In the final event, won by Ambi Enshalah, who paid $24.60, the runners should have had tail-lights. Nevertheless, a crowd of slightly more than fifty-three thousand had a time for itself betting $5,545,780—the first five-million-dollar afternoon at the Big A since Labor Day. This was hardly an anodyne for the New York Racing Association; although attendance at Aqueduct's long, long meetings this year was 6,326,469 and the handle in the mutuels was $631,202,390 (tidy totals, if I may say so), both were less than they were in 1965. Maybe horseplayers are running out of money. However disappointing some of us may have found things as a whole, though, we'll all be back on opening day, March 13th—a lucky number for the double.

TRUE to the tradition of getaway day, the Display Handicap was won by a horse to whom the talent hadn't given a second thought—Damelo II, a racer from the Argentine who was making his first start in this country. He was last for half of the two-mile gallop, but when he got going he mowed down the leaders to win by three-quarters of a length from Bol 'n Jac, with Munden Point, the odds-on favorite, about twice that far behind. That wasn't the end of it; as soon as he could weigh in, Noel Turcotte, who rode Big Red Rocket, lodged an objection against Ycaza, who was on Damelo II, charging interference on the turn into the stretch. As everyone knows, Ycaza has quite a reputation as a rough-and-tumble rider; indeed, he has been set down so many times that I've lost count. So the gentry on the lawn laid odds that Damelo II's number would come down. However, the movies in slow motion of the race showed the stewards that the claim of foul was not justified, and they dismissed it. To get back to the race itself,

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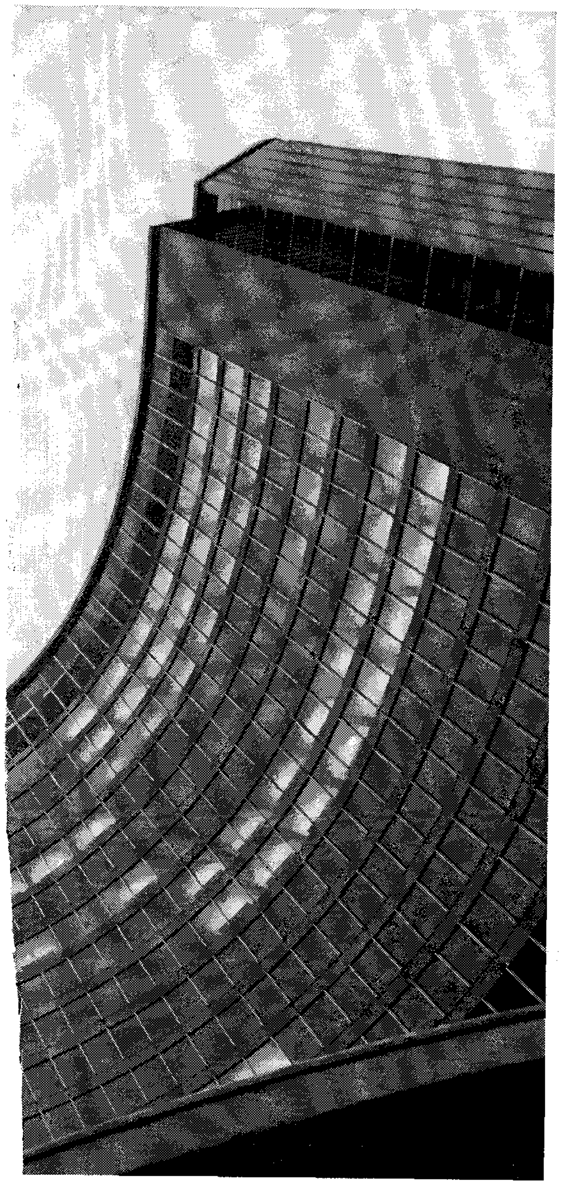

More concrete is used than all other construction materials combined. Possibly because of its relative cheapness, architects in the past regarded it as a work-horse material. Now, suddenly, it's become a wonder material and architects vie with one another in using it to create imaginative new kinds of space and form.

You can't beat concrete for structures like foundations, dams, bridges and highways.

It's relatively cheap, easy-to-use, strong.

Concrete is a combination of cement, water and aggregates (crushed rock, gravel, sand). Cement and water react chemically to bind the aggregates, which give concrete its structural strength. Often, additives are used to control closely the quality of the concrete. Martin Marietta produces cement, aggregates and concrete additives.

Although concrete was used in the building of ancient Rome, it continued over the centuries to lead a quiet, sedate life as an architectural material (doing the heavy, unglamorous jobs) until after World War II.

With the rebuilding of Europe, and a construction boom going on in America, concrete was "discovered" by a group of restless architects yearning to do new things. Le Corbusier, Nervi, Ponti, Saarinen, among others.

But concrete didn't become a Cinderella material overnight. Architects complained it was heavy and difficult to use for high-rise construction.

The manufacturers of cement, working with trade associations, took the hint.

Within a few years, great strides were made in finding new ways to reinforce concrete, precast it, prestress it, pipe it, pour it, tamp it. Additives were formulated to control "set."

The imaginative use of concrete could well be the esthetic salvation of cities. It frees the architect from the tyranny of the straight line and the right angle, while giving him an infinite variety of tone and texture.

It allows him to create buildings of monumental strength and grandeur, as in the twin towers of the Toronto City Hall, pictured here, certainly one of the important buildings in North America.

Or it allows him to create "light" structures that seem to float on air, as in Saarinen's terminal for TWA at Kennedy airport in New York.

It even allows him to create huge numbers of low-cost houses, using modular assembly of precast slabs, as in Puerto Rico.

In short, concrete allows the architect's imagination to soar, yet costs remain comfortably earthbound.

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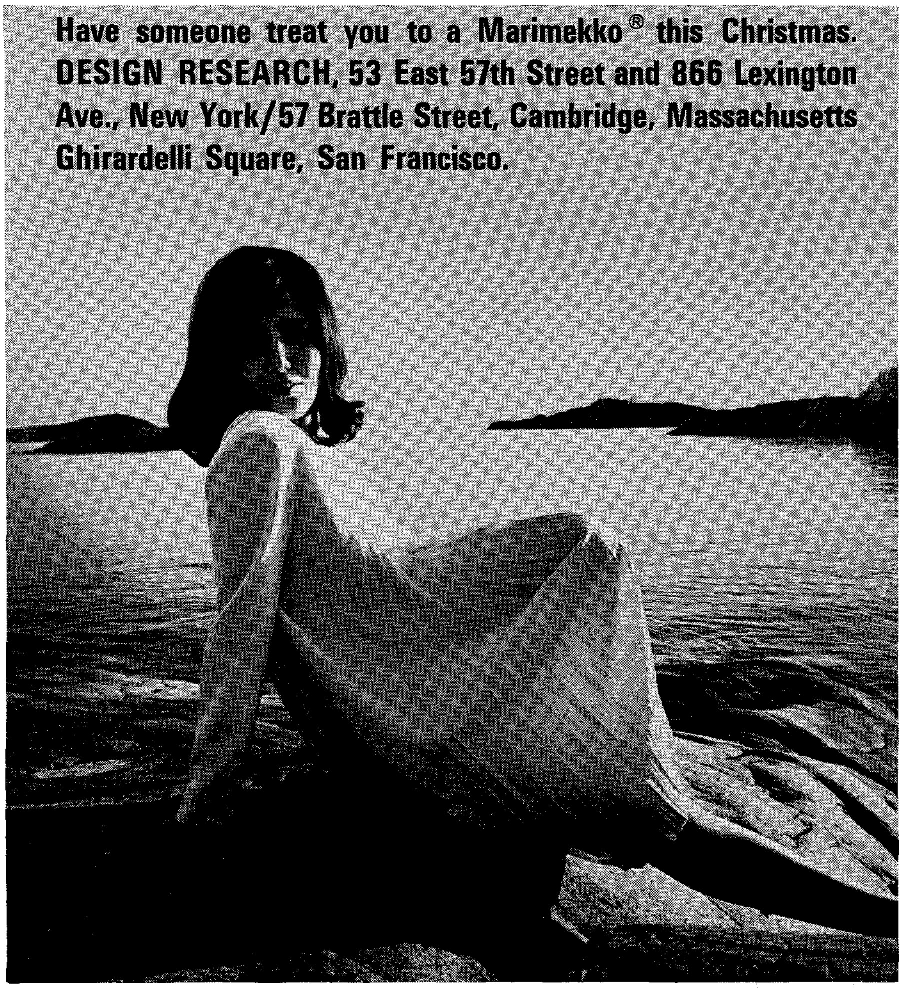

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the fog cleared enough as the eight starters went to the post so that one could follow their progress. Glenrose led for most of the way at a pretty fast clip, considering the distance he had to go, and Munden Point, who carried top weight, was always close to the pace. Many watchers thought this was what beat him. Perhaps it did. On the other hand, restraining a free-running horse, which Munden Point certainly is, would probably have taken more out of him. As for Damelo II, he is owned by Manuel Giberga, a sugar-mill executive who lives in Clarksville, Maryland. The beast ran his last race in the Argentine on November 6th, at San Isidro, the Big A of Buenos Aires, and his only workout since his arrival here was an easy half mile at Belmont two days before the Display. Apparently, that was all he needed. Incidentally, he paid $19.60 in the mutuels. Tommy Nelson, who trained the ponies of the famous polo teams that came up from the Argentine before the war, once told me that horses who are shipped great distances, or to a strange country, run well for a few weeks after they arrive but then lose their form and need months to become acclimated. Let's see what Damelo II does in Florida this winter.

By the way, I've forgotten to mention that Ernest Cardone, the young apprentice jockey from the Bronx who is the leading rider hereabouts for 1966, scored a double on the final day, bringing the number of his winning mounts up to two hundred and twenty-one.

FOR aficionados of the place, put "Saratoga: Saga of an Impious Era," by George Waller (Prentice-Hall, $12.95), on your Christmas list. It's a lavishly illustrated, handsomely turned-out story of the Spa from its beginnings. The later chapters give a pic-

ture of racing in the days when it was fun. Old race-trackers will especially like the photographs in Part IV.... And may I say, as I did when the book came out, a couple of months ago, "The Treasury of Horses," by Walter D. Osborne and Patricia H. Johnson (Golden Press, $14.95), is tops, too.

Colonel Tantivy Martingale joins me in wishing you three hundred and sixty-five lucky days.

—Audax Minor

•

A MINOR DISPUTE IN THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the Taipei (Taiwan) China Post*]

Senile Advice

Village elders at Sanchungpu were said that they could not longer exercise any influence over "youngsters" involved in minor disputes.

"We don't have any more influence," one of them deplored. He said he and other village elders tried to mediate in a dispute between two neighbors, but "neither would accept our advice." Both parties to the dispute said they will file a suit with the court of law against each other.

The dispute climaxed June 30 when a resident of the first floor of a two-storeyed apartment house dragged the wife of another resident of the house from the bathroom with the help of his own wife. The two families share the bathroom which is located on the first floor.

The "bathing beauty," stark naked, was dragged into the village street, where she battled with all her might against the man and wife. Her husband, meanwhile, was engaged in a fist-fight with three employees of the first floor resident.

Village elders held a special meeting to mediate in the dispute, and their unanimous decision was that the first floor resident should sponsor a Taiwanese operatic show to openly apologize for their blunder.

Another elder said the first floor resident was told of the decision and asked to accept the advice. "He turned us down," he deplored.

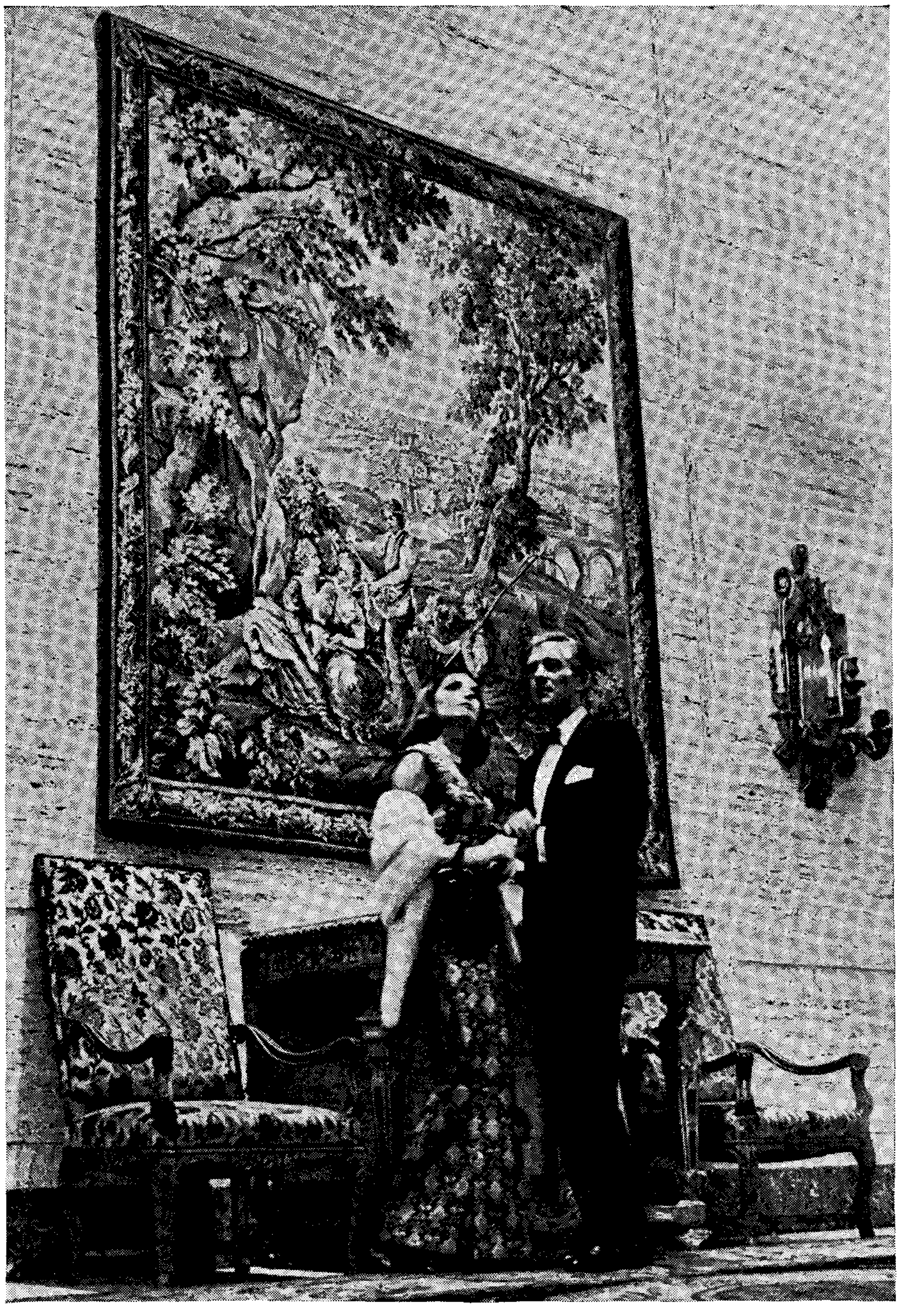
Both residents are planning to sue each other, the village elder said.

•

Problem 2. Mom put 54 gum drops in a candy dish and told her three daughters that each could have a third. Amy ate her third, then Bess came along and (unaware that Amy had been there) ate a third of the remainder. Ceil came by and (likewise unaware) ate a third of the remainder. This left 16 gum drops. How many were there originally?

Problem 2. There were 54 gum drops. (Amy left 2/3 of them; Bess left 2/3 of the 2/3, or 4/9; Ceil left 2/3 of the 4/9 or 8/27. Since 16 is 8/27 of the total number, that number must be 54.)—*Today, the Philadelphia Inquirer's Sunday magazine.*

Do you know any others?



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FRANCES DENNEY

THE CURRENT CINEMA

To the Tower

"A Man for All Seasons" is a very good movie indeed. This comes as something of a shock to me, because the play upon which it is based is also very good, and I have long argued that the better the play the worse the movie that is likely to be made from it. Well, well, another splendid theory done to death by the tyranny of adverse evidence! What makes the success of the movie still more surprising is that the author of the play, Robert Bolt, also wrote the screenplay; I would have thought that a man who had taken pains to achieve a well-shaped work of art in one medium would find it nearly impossible to twist and knead that work into the new shape required by a different medium, but for Mr. Bolt the task appears to have been both easy and agreeable. He has even managed to perform what amounts to one sleight of hand inside another. The construction of his play embodied the solution of certain problems of staging that simply don't arise in a movie; though the problems no longer exist, the solutions remain, and in preparing the screenplay Mr. Bolt has had to practice the ingenuity of distracting our attention from his previous ingenuity. In this endeavor, he and Fred Zinnemann, the producer and director of the picture, have had the assistance of that incomparable friend of the camera, the English countryside. By way of—as the tiresome phrase goes—"opening up" the play, Mr. Bolt and Mr. Zinnemann have taken much of it outdoors, and what an outdoors it is! Despite incessant urban and industrial disfigurement, by some miracle of accommodation England has managed to preserve a precious moiety of palaces, churches, and country houses, set in green lawns and woods that look almost as they did in the sixteenth century (even sweet Thames, that perennially befouled great river, has its ancient-seeming upper reaches, on which swans float and willows trail their boas); John Box, the production designer of the movie, and Ted Moore, its director of photography, have taken superb advantage of this inheritance, with the result that "A Man for All Seasons" is among the most beautiful movies ever made.

Season's Greetings

The man for all seasons was, of course, Sir Thomas More (1478-1535), who served for a brief, uncomfortable time as Henry VIII's Lord Chancellor. Brilliant barrister, witty writer, learned Latinist, just judge, and unshakably devout believer in the divine authority of the Church of Rome, Sir Thomas was certain sooner or later to find himself in opposition to his King, and he never doubted that when that moment came it could cost him his head. How he stood against Henry and how, little by little, his virtue and the machinations of his enemies led him to the Tower and at last to the block is a sad, noble story, which Mr. Bolt tells with a welcome and exceptional fidelity to the historical figure of Sir Thomas. Difficult as it must be to write about a man of extreme rectitude without making him priggish, it must be still more difficult to play such a man, but one would never guess it from Paul Scofield's performance as Sir Thomas—a performance of a strength and delicacy even greater than that which he gave in the play. His Sir Thomas is all intelligence, kindness, and rueful humor; he makes us believe that for such a man in such a time the executioner's axe was not a horror but a deliverance: kneeling to take the blow, More rushed, so he thought, to God. One is particularly grateful to the camera for the closeups it gives of Mr. Scofield's tragic face and for the skill with which the sound engineers have recorded the range of his extraordinary voice. The rest of the cast provides an interesting assortment of foils to Mr. Scofield's genius. Robert Shaw is excellent as the boisterous, ruthless Henry; Leo McKern is an admirably wily Cromwell; and John Hurt plays with appropriate unease the role of Sir Thomas's betrayer. As More's wife, Wendy Hiller has little to do but grumble, and, as his daughter, Susannah York fails to convey the high intelligence that her prototype is supposed to have possessed. Orson Welles has a mercifully brief part as Cardinal Wolsey, and Vanessa Redgrave has a tiny part, not listed in the credits, as wanton Anne Boleyn. The music is by Georges Delerue. —Brendan Gill

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All in all, this book fills a much-needed void.—*Leonard Lerner in the Boston Globe.*

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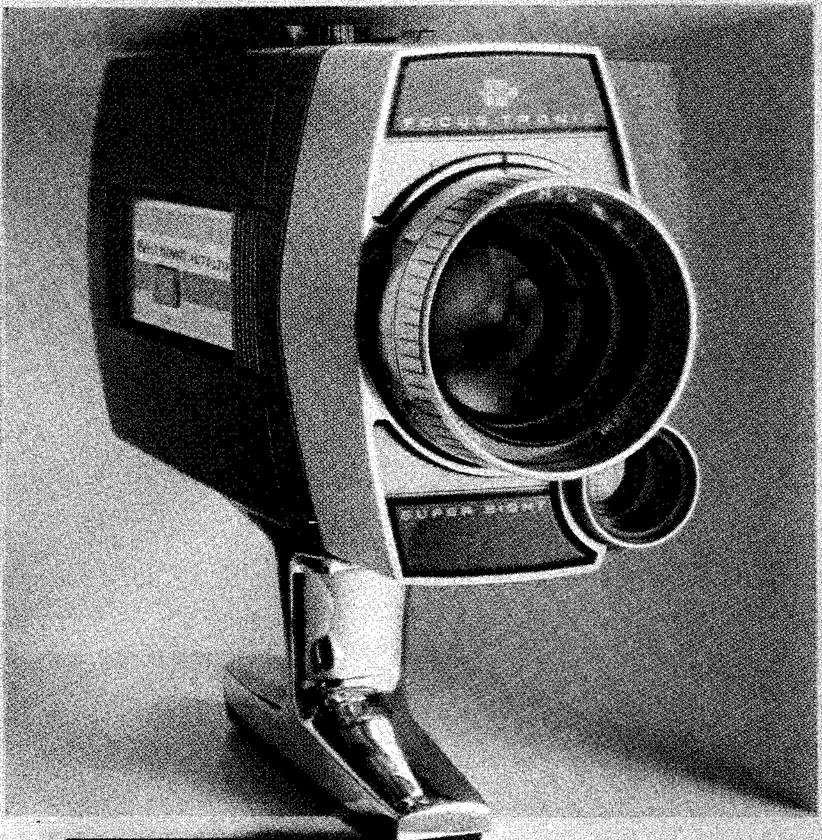

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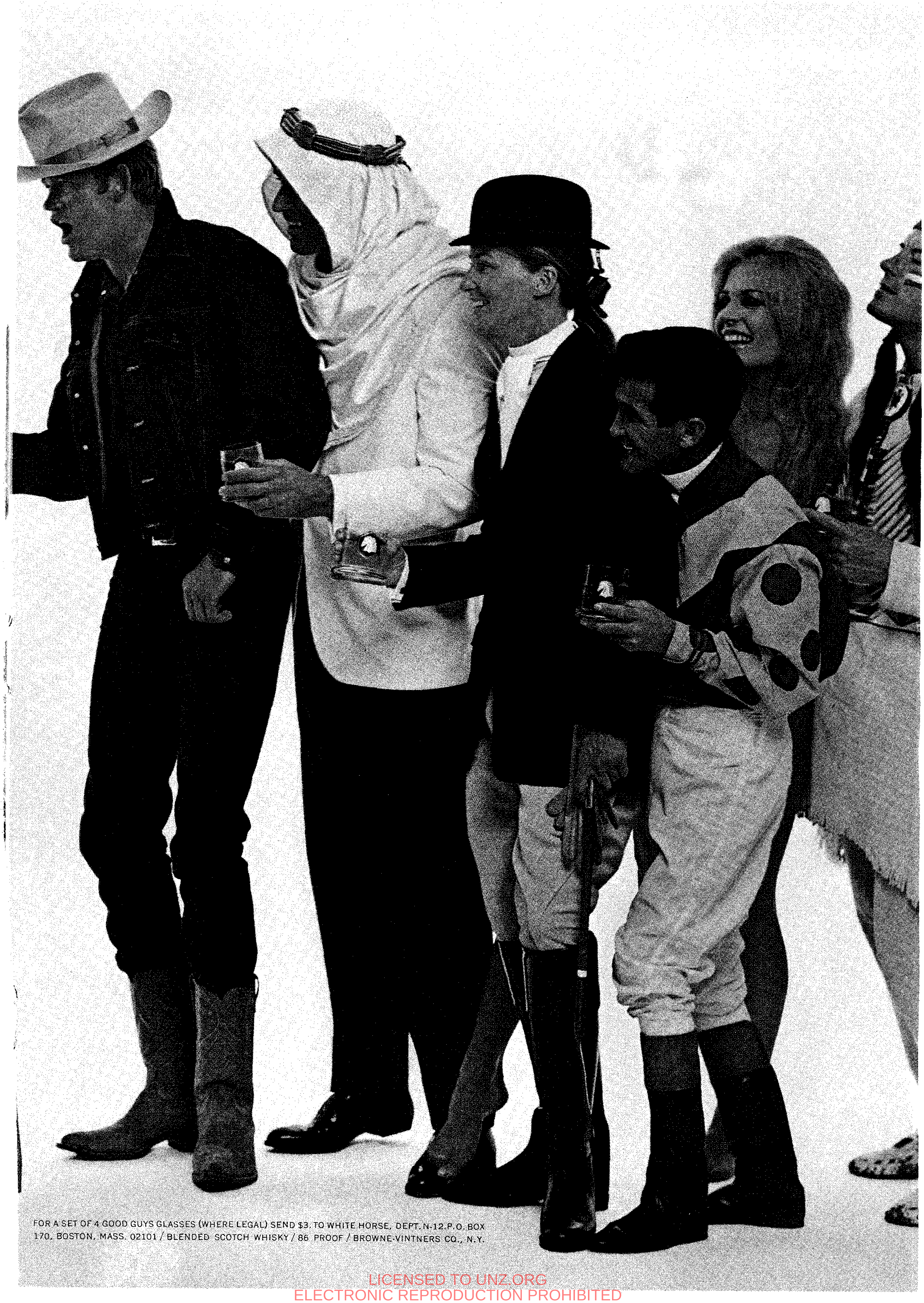

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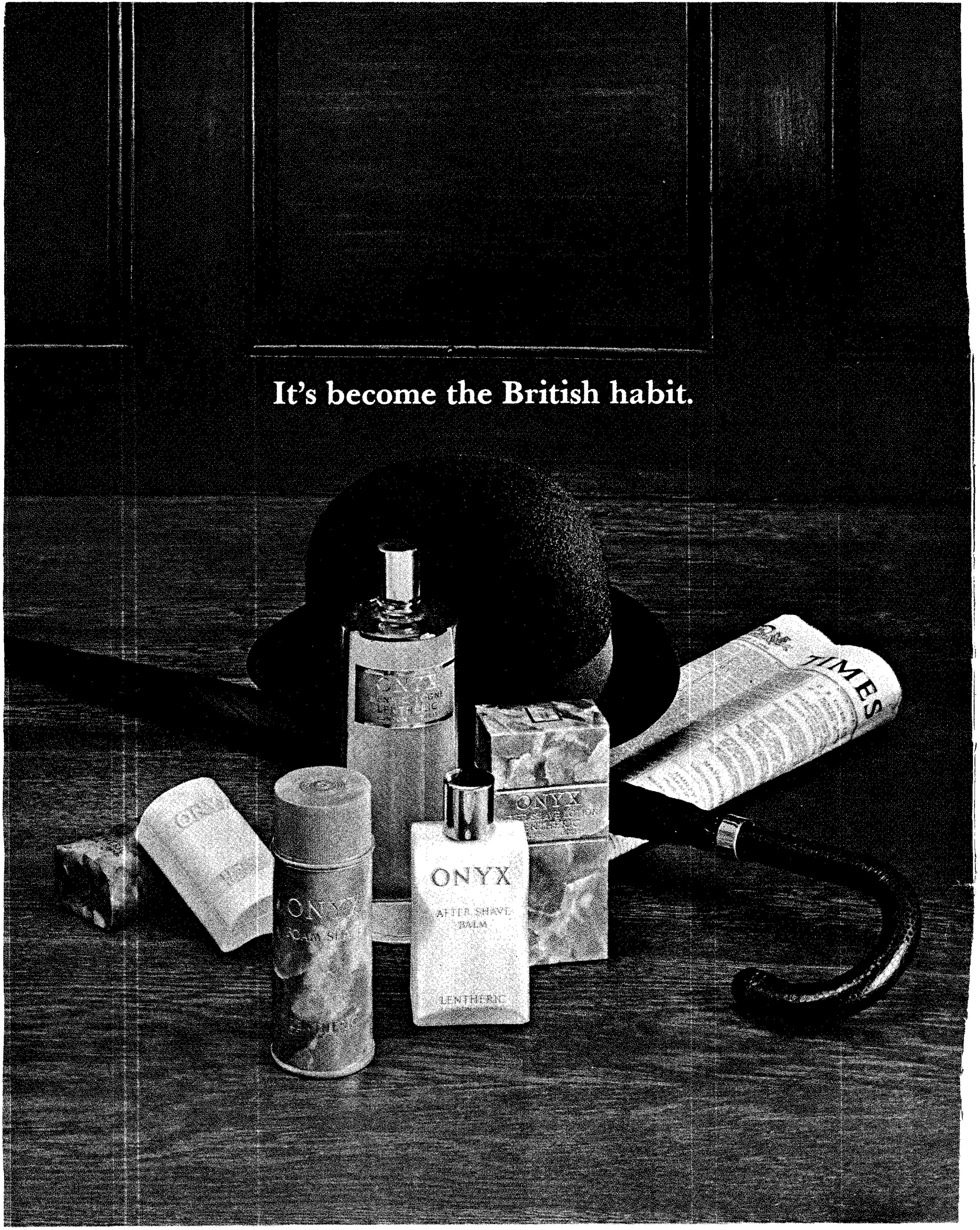
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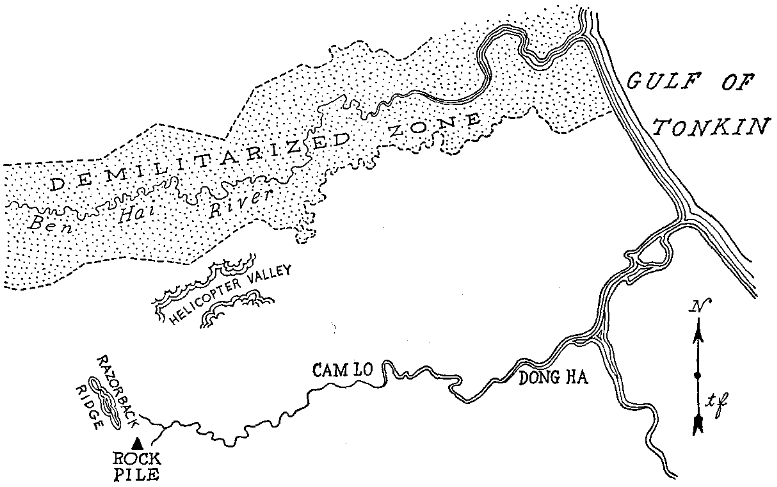


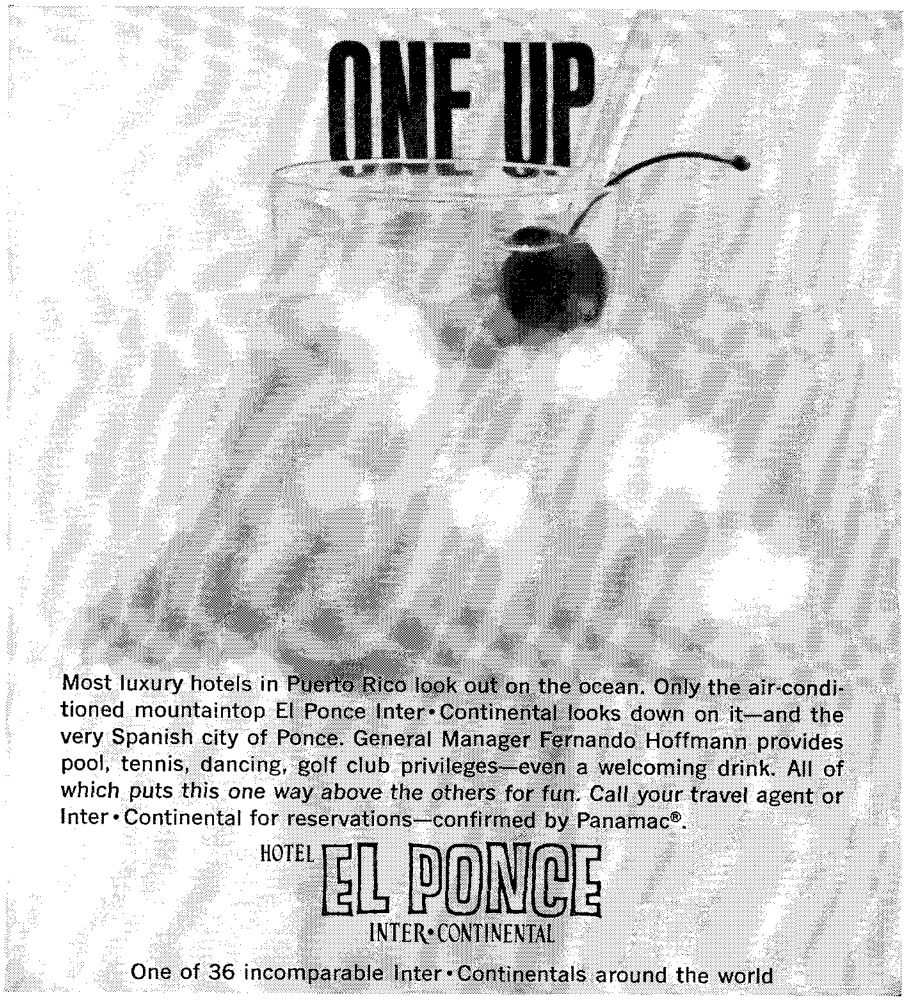
AT seven o'clock on the morning of May 17, 1966, following a three-hour truck ride and a nighttime march from Vinh Linh, on the North Vietnamese coast, a group of two hundred North Vietnamese soldiers waded across a shallow section of the Ben Hai River, which divides North Vietnam and South Vietnam just below the Seventeenth Parallel, and proceeded in a single column along a jungle trail through the lower half of the six-mile-deep Demilitarized Zone, in the province of Quang Tri. Under the 1954 Geneva agreements that ended the Indo-China War, the Demilitarized Zone, or the D.M.Z., as it is generally known, was created as a buffer area to reduce the chances of "any incidents which might result in the resumption of hostilities." No troops are supposed to move in or across the D.M.Z., but it is unlikely that any of the two hundred North Vietnamese—fifty of them officers and the rest mostly young and recent draftees—gave any thought that morning to the fact that they were violating the Geneva agreements. Their thoughts, as some of them subsequently wrote in their diaries, were of their wives or girl friends left behind in the North and of the dangerous mission that lay ahead. This was to reconnoitre four districts in central and eastern Quang Tri, an area about which the soldiers knew almost nothing except that they might be killed there by American or South Vietnamese ground troops or by air or artillery strikes. As the group stopped in the woods for a rest period on its second day in Quang Tri, after crossing the Cam Lo River near Highway 9, its members were addressed by an officer who told them they were the vanguard of "a mighty fighting force" that would soon follow them into the province and "liberate" it from "the imperialists." The pep talk failed to inspire one twenty-four-year-old private first class, who lingered at the rear of the column as it moved on, and then fled into the forest. He slept that night in a concealed ravine, and at eight o'clock the next morning he surrendered to an outpost of A.R.V.N., the Army of the Republic of South Vietnam. Upon being questioned about the size and position of his unit, he disclosed that its specific purpose was to explore routes and suitable base areas for a forthcoming invasion of South Vietnam by what he identified as North Vietnamese Division 324B.

The information of this deserter was the first important evidence that North Vietnamese troops were about to invade South Vietnam in force directly across the D.M.Z., although General William C. Westmoreland, commander-in-chief of the American forces in Vietnam, and his Intelligence staff had been aware of the possibility of such an invasion for about two months. In March, reports had come in from peasants and other local agents that various North Vietnamese units, some identified and some not, had moved separately and gradually through the D.M.Z. and into lower Quang Tri and Thua Thien, the province just to the south, where they were said to have then coalesced into two regiments. In mid-April, three local agents in the populated section of the D.M.Z. near the coast had reported that some elements of Division 324B—probably reconnaissance groups—were passing through the Zone into South Vietnam. Without yet knowing just what the North Vietnamese were up to, General Westmoreland and his staff could see that some sort of buildup was taking place. The situation was also regarded as serious by Lieutenant General Lewis W. Walt, commander of the Third Marine Amphibious Task Force—a force of fifty-nine thousand troops in the five northern provinces. The Marines had been engaged in various battles in the three provinces below Quang Tri and Thua Thien, but in the third week of April, acting on orders from General Westmoreland that he familiarize himself with the two northernmost provinces, General Walt dispatched a battalion commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Van Bell to Khe Sanh, a town in the western part of Quang Tri, only four miles from the Laotian border, where there was an American Army Special Forces camp of a dozen American officers and a mixed force of three hundred Vietnamese and Bru tribesmen. Colonel Bell, a tough officer of the old school, known throughout the Marine Corps as Dingdong Bell, spent a week patrolling the Khe Sanh area, searching for a thousand North Vietnamese soldiers that another local agent had reported on, but the battalion found nothing, so the information was discounted. Bell then marched his men thirty miles along Highway 9 to Dong Ha, in the eastern part of Quang Tri, and though fifty of his troops succumbed to the heat, which rose to 125 degrees, and had to be lifted out by helicopter, he ran into no trouble with the enemy and, much to his disgust, "didn't even fire a shot in anger."

On May 1st, the day that Bell and his battalion arrived at Dong Ha, General Westmoreland went up there to talk over the situation with him and with a small group of Americans who were stationed there. This was a detachment of a hundred and thirty Air Force radar specialists, who were manning radar facilities—the northernmost in South Vietnam—to assist in the bombing of targets in North Vietnam. Dong Ha is a town of eight thousand people, a number of whom were known to be pro-Vietcong. The Air Force men stayed alongside an old French airstrip a mile outside Dong Ha. "We just rolled out our bedrolls in an old A.R.V.N. regimental building, watched our scopes, and crossed our fingers," one of them has recalled. Though there was a small A.R.V.N. detachment in the area, the Air Force men were pretty much off by themselves. One evening at dusk, a company of Vietcong walked down the runway as far as a minefield that the Air Force men had laid outside their headquarters. "They just looked at us for half an hour or so and then left," Major Lawrence Cummings, the commanding officer, said later. "It was weird and scary. The A.R.V.N. boys were nowhere to be seen. My guess is that the Vietcong simply wanted to study our installations for the mockups they keep, and figured they could knock us off whenever they wanted to." The detachment did receive three mortar barrages in its first few months at Dong Ha, but the only damage was the destruction of a frozen-meat storage box. The detachment was never attacked directly by the Vietcong, though six Air Force men on a reconnoitring mission in a jeep were killed one day when they ran into a Vietcong ambush.

After interviewing some of the Air Force forward observers and receiving the report of Colonel Bell, whose battalion was then moved back south, General Westmoreland flew to General Walt's headquarters in Danang on the afternoon of May 1st. Despite Colonel Bell's report, both generals were pretty certain that trouble was brewing in the D.M.Z. In fact, as far back as the Honolulu Conference, in February, General Westmoreland, on being asked what he would do if he were General Vo Nguyen Giap, the commander-in-chief of the North Vietnamese Army, had said he would strike into Quang Tri and Thua Thien Provinces to seek a quick victory.

By early June, the evidence that the North Vietnamese were studying Quang Tri in preparation for an invasion was judged sufficient for contingency plans to be drawn up in the Saigon war rooms. Until this time, the D.M.Z. had been used sporadically as an infiltration route for small groups of Communist soldiers; the North Vietnamese had sought to maintain the fiction that they were abiding by the terms of the Geneva agreements, but they had denied entry into the Zone to inspection teams of the International Control Commission—the body, composed of Indians, Poles, and Canadians, that was established in 1954 to police the Geneva settlement. Over the years, however, probably fewer troops from North Vietnam had crossed the D.M.Z. into South Vietnam directly than had infiltrated south by two other known routes. One of these was through the coastal waters, giving the North Vietnamese access to numberless places along the South Vietnamese coast in the Mekong Delta. This was the main route of infiltration in the early nineteen-sixties, when most of the infiltra-



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[Scientific American Calls For Entries: Can It Be There's A Paper Plane Which Makes The SST 30 Years Obsolete?]

1ST INTERNATIONAL PAPER AIRPLANE COMPETITION

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN primarily concerns itself with what Man is up to these days, and our readership is known for travelling more than that of any other magazine. So it is little wonder we have spent considerable time studying the two designs for the supersonic SST airplane recently announced by Boeing and Lockheed. (See Fig. 1 and Fig. 2.)

Soon we'll all be flying around in thin air at Mach 2.7, i.e., from New York to London in 150 minutes. Quite a prospect!

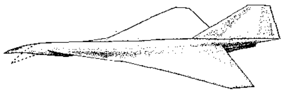
FIG. 1: Lockheed SST.

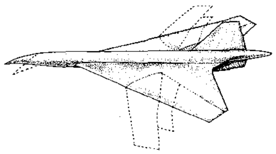
FIG. 2: Boeing SST.

Still, at the close of our inquiry there remained this nagging thought: Hadn't we seen these designs somewhere before?

Of course. Paper airplanes. Fig. 3 and Fig. 4 illustrate only the more classical paper plane designs, in use since the 1920's or so, having a minimum performance capability of 15 feet and four seconds.* (See over)

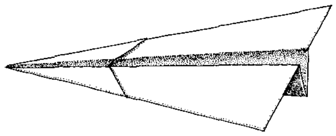
FIG. 3: Paper plane circa 1920, the classic paper plane. Smoothness of flight, grace.

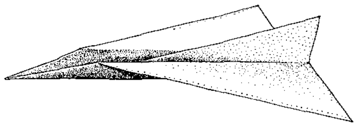
FIG. 4: First developed among paper airplane designers in the 1930's. Known for spectacular darting motions. Note hooked nose.

We do not mean to question the men at Boeing and Lockheed, or their use of traditional forms. But it seems to us unjust that several million paper plane designers around the world are not also given their due, a credit which if it had been extended some years ago would have saved the pros quite some straining at the drawing boards.

Well anyway, with design having caught up with itself, we can now postulate that there is, right now, flying down some hallway or out of some moviehouse balcony in Brooklyn, the aircraft which will make the SST 30 years obsolete. No?

Consider this: Never since Leonardo da Vinci, the Patron Saint of paper airplanes, has such a wealth of flight research and experimentation remained untouched by cross-disciplinary study and publication. Paper airplane design has become one of those secret pleasures performed behind closed doors. Everybody does it, but nobody knows what anyone else has learned.

Many's the time we've spied a virtuoso paper plane turn the corner of the office hallway, or suddenly rise up over the desk, or on one occasion we'll never forget, veer first down the stairs to the left, and suddenly to the right, staying aloft 12 seconds in all. (See Fig. 5.)

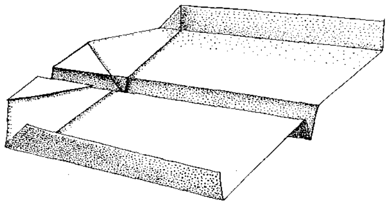
FIG. 5: Drawn from memory, this plane was last seen in 12th floor stairwell at 415 Madison Avenue. Do you know its designer? Where is he?

But who is its designer? Is he a Board Chairman or a stock boy? And what has he done lately?

All right then. In the interests of filling this information gap, and in light of the possibility that the future of aeronautics may now be flying in a paper plane, we are hereby calling for entries to the 1st International Paper Airplane Competition.

RULES

1. Scientific American has created The Leonardo (see Fig. 6) to be winner's trophy in each of these four categories: a) duration aloft, b) distance flown, c) aerobatics, and d) Origami.

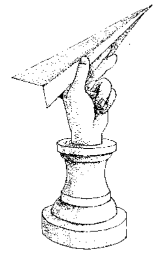

FIG. 6: The Leonardo.

2. A silver Leonardo will go to winners not involved professionally in air travel, and a titanium Leonardo (the metal being used in the SST) to professional entrants, that is, people employed in the air travel business, people who build non-paper airplanes, and people who subscribe to Scientific American, because they fly so much.

3. We have left the page nearly blank so you would rip it out and fold at will. If this paper is not suitable to your particular design, feel at liberty to use your own paper of any size or description. (Rag content and water marks will not, however, have any bearing on the final decision.) Or, send for your free Official Entry Form Pad — reprints of this ad, padded, which you can stand on your desk, or hang near it, and with which you and your associates can make literally dozens of Official Entries.

4. You may enter as often as you like, being sure to include your *name, address, employer,* if any, and the *classes* in which you would like your entry to qualify.

5. Send your entry to us, somehow, at this address: Scientific American, Airplane Design Dept., 415 Madison Ave., New York 10017, postmarked by January 16, 1967. On January 21 all entries will be test-flown down our hallways by a panel of distinguished judges whose identity we'll announce at a later date (so as not to influence anyone's design).

6. Except that we will publish scale drawings of the winning designs, all other rights to same remain reserved to the designer. We, however, will do our bit towards assuring immediate production. Thank you.

*(In paper plane circles, of course, a *better* time is a *longer* time. If a plane can stay aloft, floating on the air as it were, for 15 seconds, *that* is a virtue, as indeed it was for the Bros. Wright. One would assume that today's commercial designers, who seek planes to get from here to there and *down* as quickly as possible, would not have been much interested in the study of paper planes, or the Bros. Wright. In light of the illustrations, our assumption appears to be wrong.)

© Scientific American, 1966.

tors were Southern Communists who had been sent North in 1954, after the French surrender in the Indo-China War, and had begun trickling back in 1958 and 1959 as the guerrilla war in the South picked up again. In the last two years, the water route has been quite effectively cut off by United States Navy and Coast Guard patrols and by motorized junks of the South Vietnamese Navy. Since early 1965, therefore, the principal infiltration route from the North has been the Ho Chi Minh Trail—an elaborate network stretching southward from bases in North Vietnam, past a way station in the northern part of the D.M.Z. (this is in one of the passes of the mountain range that runs along the Ben Hai and Houay Namxe Rivers), then down through the southwestern corner of the D.M.Z. into the northwestern corner of South Vietnam and on into Laos, where part of the route has been widened to carry trucks, then dwindling into hidden jungle foot trails, which reach back eastward into South Vietnam at a number of points, mostly in the central highlands. Though the Ho Chi Minh Trail system has been subject to constant heavy bombing attacks, it has been the line of infiltration for an estimated six to eight thousand Communist troops every month for the last two years; in addition, countless tons of supplies—including ammunition, food, and medicines—have been brought into South Vietnam along the trail, mostly on the backs of coolies.

American Intelligence experts who were evaluating the movements of North Vietnamese elements in the D.M.Z. last spring took heavily into account the fact that the steady bombings of North Vietnam and the Ho Chi Minh Trail were hurting the Communists; some estimates of the bombing damage indicated that the effectiveness of the long supply-and-infiltration line into South Vietnam had been reduced by as much as fifty per cent, and it was known that the North Vietnamese, with the help of Chinese coolies, were making frenzied efforts to repair the truck portions of the route and its bridges, and to camouflage sections of it with bamboo trellises. Furthermore, the bombing of the trail was having a decided effect on morale; units now arrived in South Vietnam after arduous trips of as long as three months and were said by captured prisoners to be sorely depleted both by the bombings and by illness—mostly malaria and dysentery. Besides all this, it was thought, the North Vietnamese had two more reasons for trying to find an easier way

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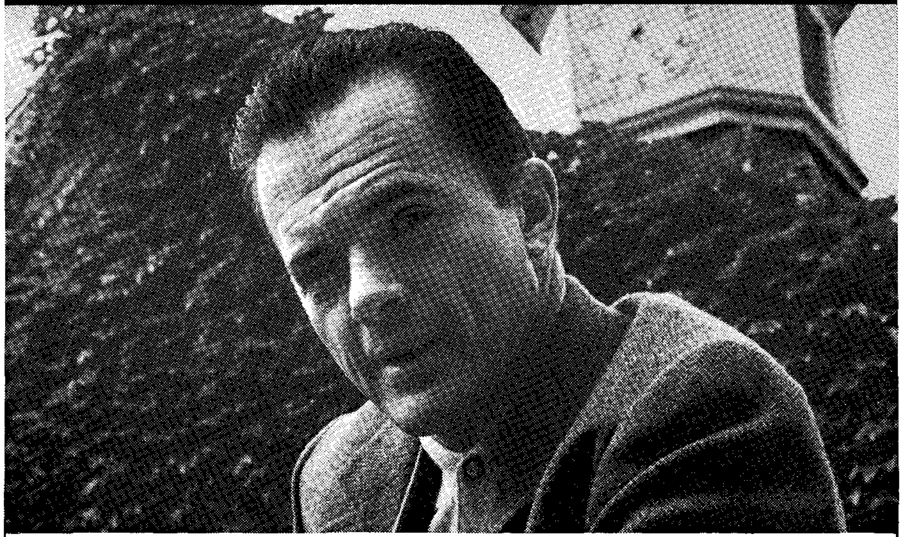

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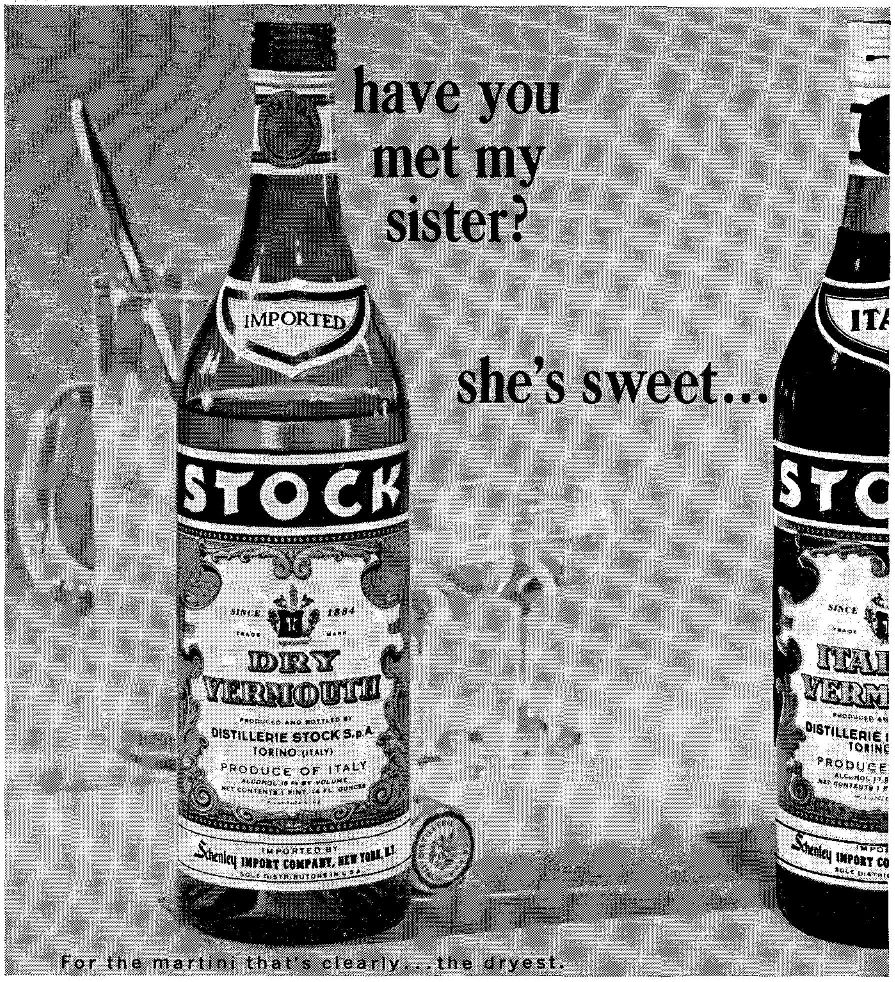
to get reinforcements and supplies South. First, they had not achieved a single major victory since they began sending their own troops in large numbers into South Vietnam last year. Indeed, they had been routed several times—most notably in the Ia Drang Valley, near the Cambodian border, in November, 1965, when the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) beat them back and killed more than fifteen hundred North Vietnamese soldiers. Second, some of the sanctuaries and supply bases of the Vietcong forces, into whose ranks Northerners were increasingly being introduced as replacements, were under heavy and steady aerial bombardment—in some cases by B-52s from Guam—and these bombing attacks were being followed up by ground sweeps by American troops. In what the Communists call Zones C and D—heavy jungle areas north and northwest of Saigon—there were still some enemy strongholds, but they had ceased to be inviolate, as they once had been, and the Communists were unable to use them, as they had hoped, as springboards from which to attack Saigon and overrun the capital area. While the Communists had by no means been defeated in the highlands, or around Saigon or in the Mekong Delta (where they still had large bodies of troops), they were undeniably being kept off balance by what General Westmoreland called "spoiler" tactics. Obviously, the American Intelligence experts figured, they were looking for an alternative battleground.

And there was another reason—perhaps the most compelling one of all—for Quang Tri and Thua Thien to be considered a logical invasion area. The North Vietnamese had surely been encouraged by the political disturbances in the northern provinces in March and May, when it seemed for a time that a separatist movement, considerably infiltrated by Communist agents, would succeed in taking over. After the Saigon government of Premier Nguyen Cao Ky managed to put down the rebellious Struggle Force and curb the militant Buddhists who supported it, divisiveness and bitterness lingered on, and the usefulness of A.R.V.N. troops in the northern region, some of whom had openly sided with the rebels, was called into question. It was also held to be significant that the provinces of Quang Tri and Thua Thien were removed in March from the jurisdiction of Communist Region Five, whose headquarters are at Mang Xim, in the mountainous Do Xa area northeast of the highlands in South Vietnam, and



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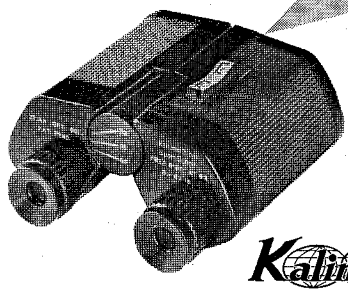

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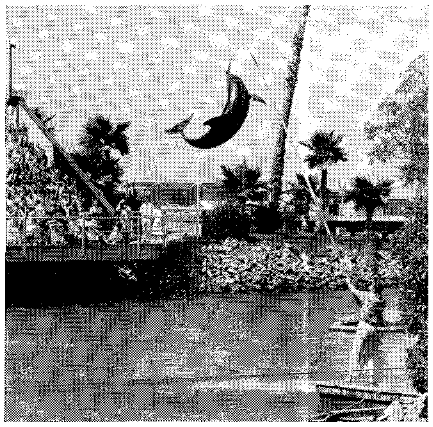

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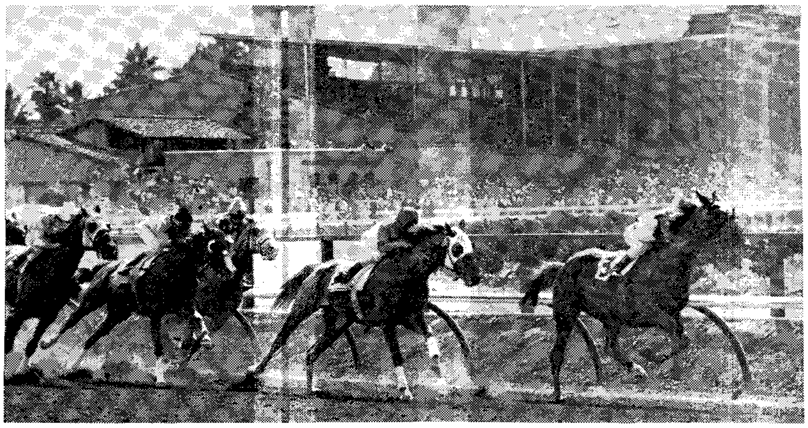

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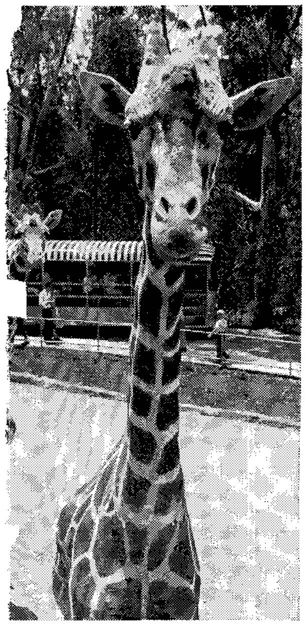

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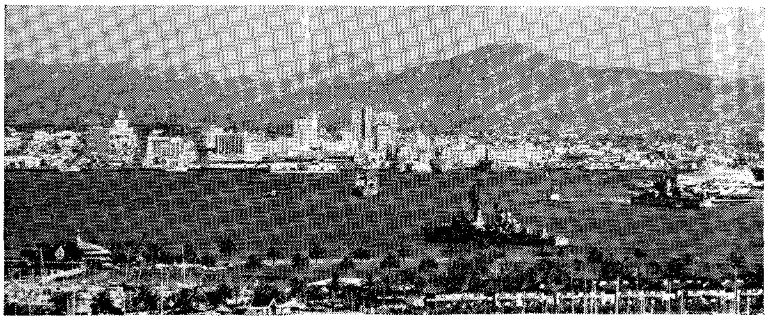

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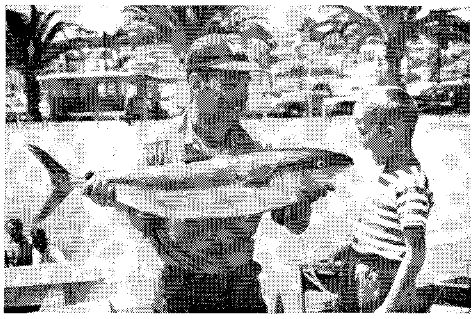

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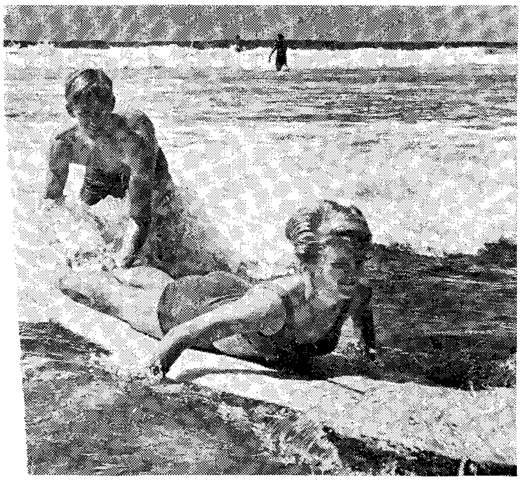

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placed under that of Region Four, which is the area just north of the D.M.Z. in North Vietnam. This, as the analysts saw it, underscored the intention of Hanoi leaders to invade Quang Tri and Thua Thien, and perhaps to incorporate them into North Vietnam as a condition of any peace negotiations.

Indeed, some American military officers were surprised that the attempt to cross over the D.M.Z., which offered the advantage of short supply lines, had not occurred sooner. One reason the North Vietnamese had moved so slowly there, and thus attenuated the advantage they might have derived from the political unrest of early spring, was that they insisted on methodically "preparing the battlefield." In Communist terms, this entails careful reconnaissance to establish advance logistical bases and then the gradual movement of supplies into them. In the case of Quang Tri, which—except for one area, near the coast—is particularly low on food, the preparation meant establishing hidden supply depots in the thick forests of the province. Weapons and ammunition would be carried in by the invading force itself, but the North Vietnamese Army leaders apparently planned that food, especially rice, should be obtained in South Vietnam. This job had been assigned to the Vietcong 6th Regiment, operating primarily in the Ba Long Valley of Quang Tri and in Thua Thien Province. But the 6th had run into trouble. In February, the Vietcong had been badly mauled along the coast by the A.R.V.N. 2nd Regiment, and, besides, the Marines and the A.R.V.N. forces had been conducting such efficient rice-protection campaigns—Golden Fleece campaigns, they were called—that the Communists were forced to risk fighting in the lowlands on the Americans' terms in order to obtain food, and even then were generally unsuccessful.

WHETHER or not the North Vietnamese knew the full extent of their Vietcong allies' failure to collect and store rice, they were determined to go ahead with the invasion of South Vietnam across the D.M.Z., and on May 28th, following a month of reconnaissance, Division 324B began to move. The division, with a strength variously estimated at from nine to twelve thousand men, was under the command of Senior Colonel Nam Long. It was composed of three regiments, the 90th, the 812th, and the 803rd, which were given the code names of rivers, and during the month

They got it for Christmas.
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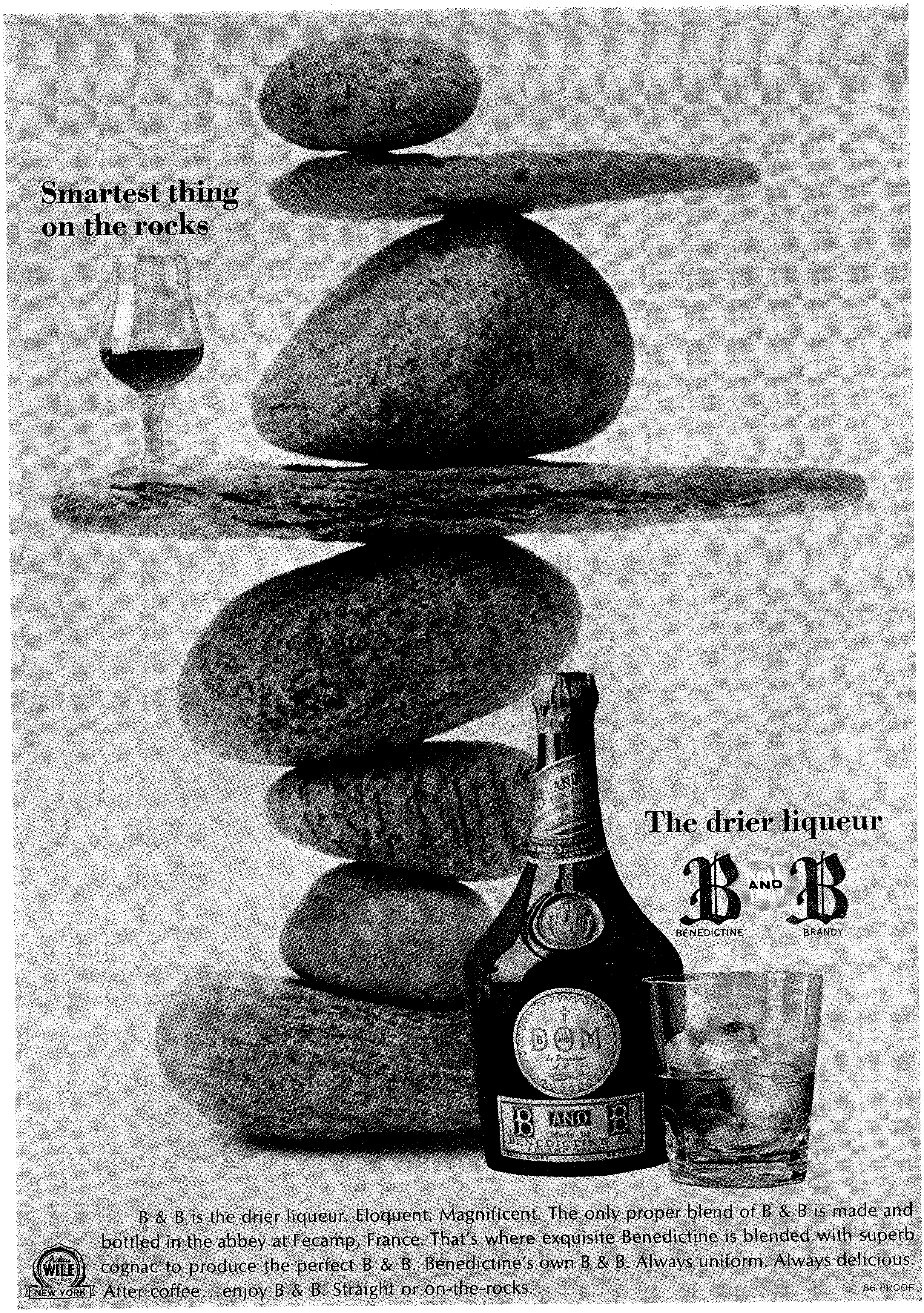
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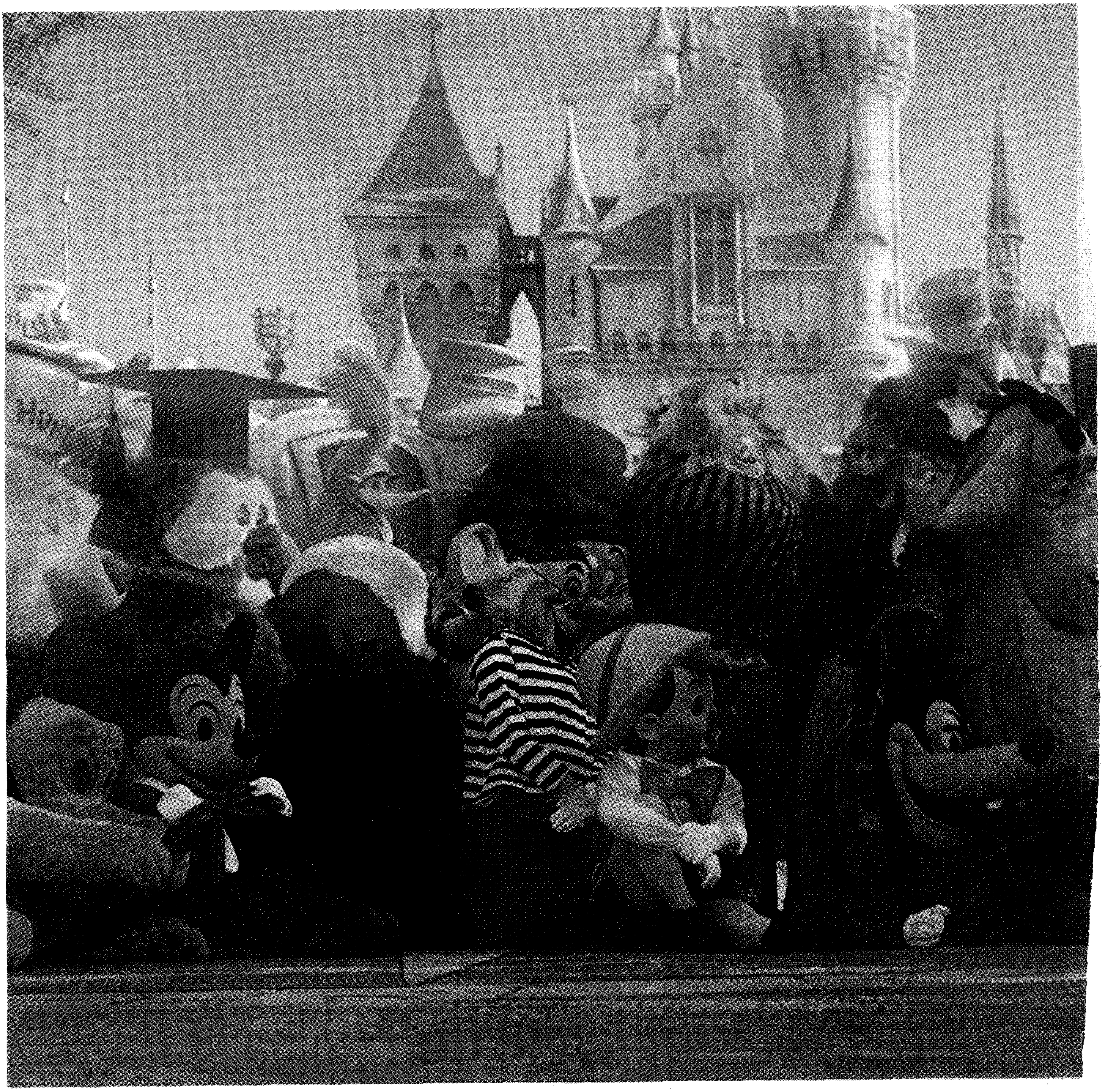

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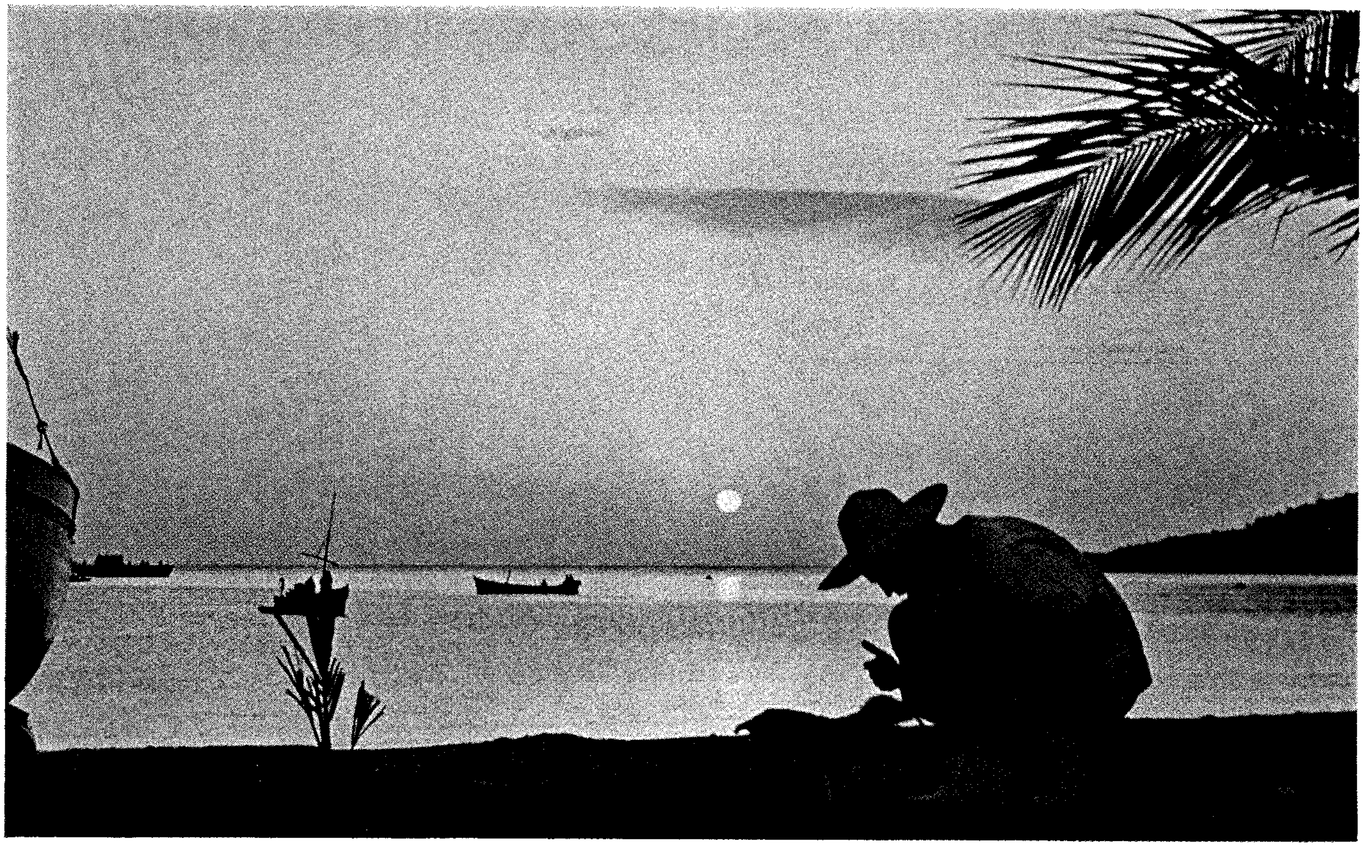

You stroll to the Bay of Juangriego. Only a little dog is there. Already asleep at sunset, the entire fishing village knows tomorrow will be beautiful. Every tomorrow is— on Margarita Island. Dreamy vacation land.

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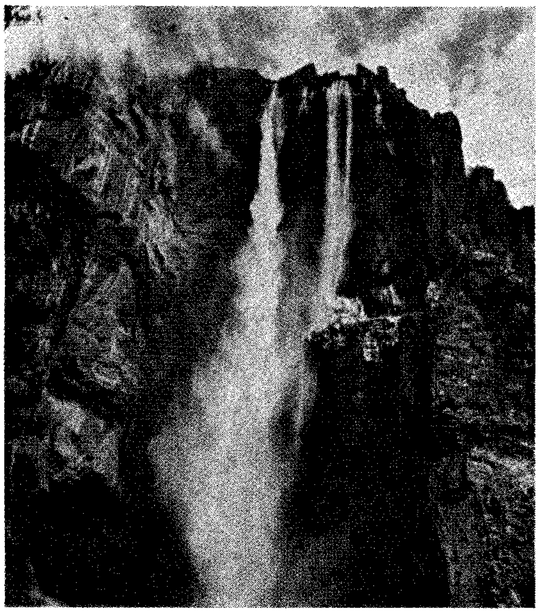

of June the regiments were infiltrated into South Vietnam by battalions. Each soldier was well armed with a Chinese-made Russian-type AK rifle, fifty to a hundred rounds of ammunition, and some grenades; heavier weapons included mortars, various types of Russian and Chinese submachine guns, and anti-tank guns and rockets. Each man's supplies further consisted of two khaki or green uniforms (which some of the soldiers, with permission, had dyed purple), a canteen, a canvas bag, a raincoat, a pair of rubber sandals, a pair of boots, a hammock, a blanket, a mosquito net, some halazone water-purification tablets, some quinine tablets, some vitamin pills, a small can of chicken or shrimp, a kilogram and a half of salt, and seven kilograms of rice. According to information obtained later from prisoners and from captured documents, food, especially rice, was in very short supply, and several of the battalions had to be pressed into service as transport units, going back and forth a number of times to bring more rice down from North Vietnam before crossing the Ben Hai River for good.

The diary of one captured soldier contained the following entries:

> 19 June 66—Today we were in the woods near the Demilitarized Zone. This afternoon we were ordered to move husked rice to the other side of the Ben Hai River; however, we waited until nightfall, but the rice had not arrived. We had to return to our position.
>
> 20 June 66—Early in the morning we were ordered to take our empty rucksacks and rush to the woods to pick up rice. This occurred before we had eaten. Each of us had two balls of pressed rice. We received rice at 0800 hours and moved southward immediately. Arrived at the northern bank of the Ben Hai River at 1200 hours. This section of the river is about twenty metres wide and the current flows swiftly through a gorge. Heavy foliage covered both sides of the river. We waded knee-deep across the river and at 1210 hours we set foot on South Vietnam soil. We then quietly walked through mountainous and heavily forested areas while [American] aircraft buzzed crazily overhead. However, it was quite a rough route, going up and down; there weren't any level sections of more than a hundred metres. At 1400 hours we arrived at the rice depot and turned in the rice. We then began our return trip to our unit. . . .

This particular soldier and his unit lugged rice and ammunition for three more days before crossing the southern boundary of the D.M.Z. into the Cam Lo area of Quang Tri.

By this time, General Westmoreland and his Intelligence aides, back in Saigon, were putting together a good

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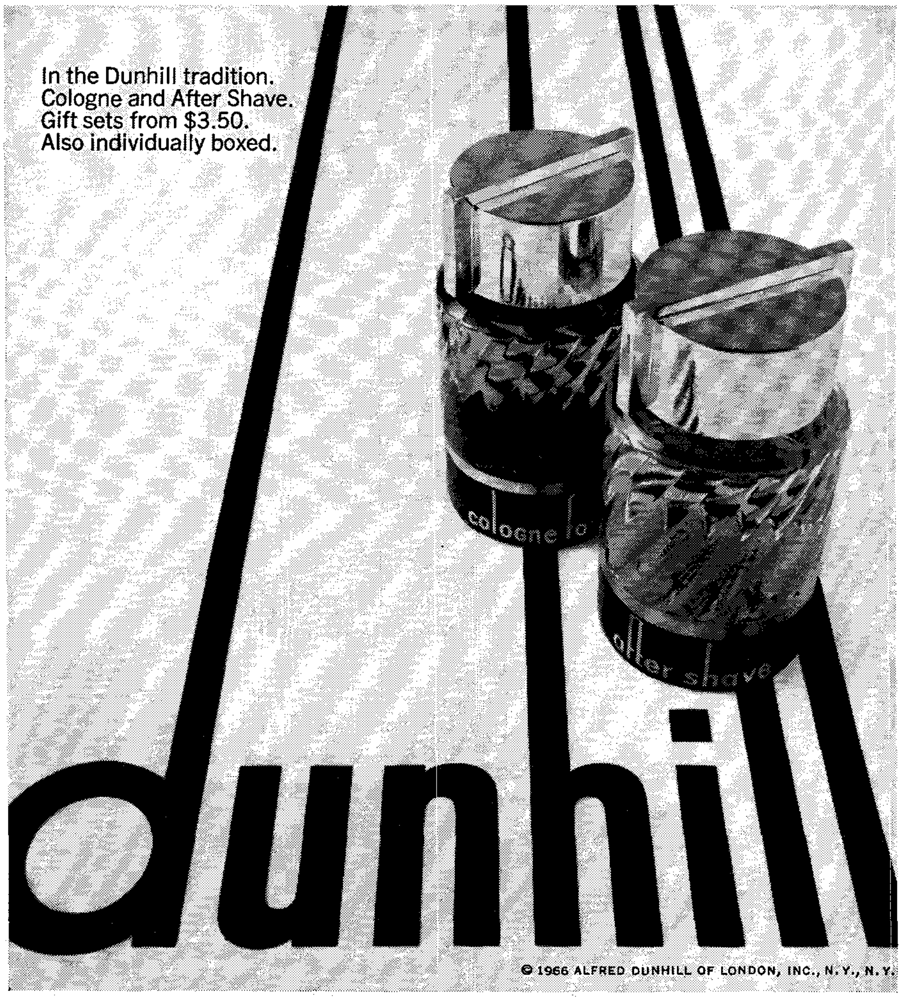
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deal of information about the invasion. Early in June, local agents had provided them with four specific reports on Division 324B's movements through the D.M.Z., and they also had reports of aerial observations of trucks and troops moving into the eastern part of the Zone. In addition, infra-red aerial photographs, which record emissions of light from the ground even through a thick jungle canopy, had begun to detect nighttime fires in the forests, indicating troop encampments. In Quang Tri, isolated attacks by the Vietcong 6th Regiment on A.R.V.N. outposts had increased, and were regarded as being in support of an invasion from the North. In the last week of June, General Westmoreland ordered General Walt's Marines to conduct extensive reconnaissance missions to determine the scope of the infiltration. "I didn't want to react too quickly, and I wanted to be sure we had enough intelligence to guide us," General Westmoreland recalled recently. "At the time, though I had nearly two hundred and fifty thousand troops in the country, I was still operating on a shoestring, maneuvering battalions all over the place. I had to have more intelligence on what was going on up North, and there was no better way to get it than by sending in reconnaissance elements in force."

Shortly before dusk on July 1st, this reconnaissance effort began when a group of about a dozen heavily armed Marines, their faces smeared black with grease, boarded two CH-46 Sea Knight helicopters at Dong Ha and flew some ten miles northwestward to a point north of Cam Lo, in the foothills near a junction of two incoming trails two miles below the D.M.Z. The helicopters faked two landings and then set the Marines down in a patch of six-foot elephant grass. "We intended to stay forty-eight hours, find out what we could, and, if possible, capture a prisoner," Captain Terry Terrebonne, the commander of the group, who at the time was still a lieutenant, said not long ago. "As it turned out, we were on the ground only an hour and twenty-three minutes. Nineteen minutes after we landed, we spotted about fifty N.V.A."—that is, soldiers of the North Vietnamese Army—"coming over a ridge. They were wearing green uniforms with camouflage leaves pinned on their backs, and they were carrying automatic weapons. They saw us moving and began an enveloping action, so we started back toward our landing zone, since we were outnumbered. When some of them started running

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at us, we regrouped in a tight defensive perimeter and I called for gunships"—these are helicopters armed with rockets and machine guns—"and for artillery, both of which had been pre-planned. We put in some Willie Peter"—white phosphorus—"to help direct the gunships. The first plane on the scene was a gunship piloted by Captain Buck Buchanan, who had been on his way back to Dong Ha when he intercepted our message. He told us that his red light was on, showing that he was running out of fuel, but he said he would stay overhead until more helicopters and fixed-wing aircraft arrived. By this time, the N.V.A. were only fifty yards away. They were holding their fire, which showed good discipline. Ten minutes later, two A-4 Skyhawks and another gunship arrived. They sprayed the area with heavy fire, and received automatic-weapons fire in return. Two CH-46s were right behind them, and they came down and lifted us off."

The next day, Terrebonne and his men were flown to a point about a mile south of where they had been, and this time they didn't land at all, having been spotted from the ground. Instead, the projected landing zone was hit heavily by gunships and by Skyhawks carrying napalm, and at least one N.V.A. was killed. On July 4th, the reconnaissance party landed near what was called the Rockpile, an extremely steep conical promontory, seven hundred feet high and covered with heavy foliage, nine miles west of Cam Lo. On this occasion, they managed to stay on the ground twenty-four hours, and, for the first time, they saw well-fortified enemy positions, including mortar pits, trench lines, and fighting holes. The morning after they landed, they spotted twelve N.V.A. and—after calling in artillery, which drove the Communists into an open field as they tried to escape into the jungle beyond—killed all twelve. "At this point," Terrebonne said, "we figured that we were going to be spotted on any insertion we made, but we still wanted that prisoner." As things turned out, Terrebonne's men never did get a prisoner, but over a two-week period they spotted more than three hundred and fifty N.V.A. troops and substantiated the fact that the North Vietnamese were in Quang Tri in considerable strength. On one occasion, during three hours on the ground, Terrebonne and his men counted ninety enemy soldiers. Another reconnaissance team, through a navigational error, was set down north of the Ben Hai River, in

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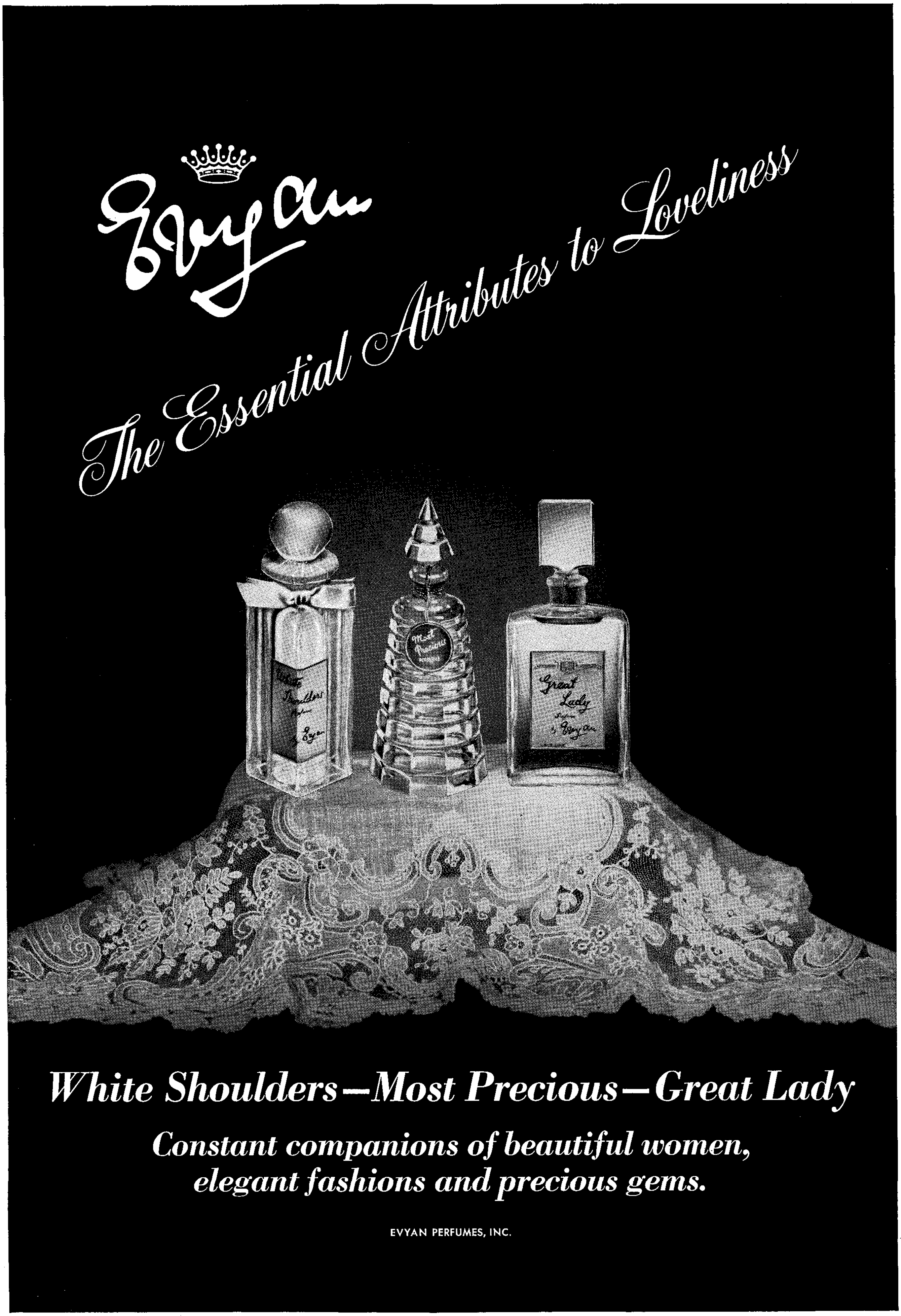
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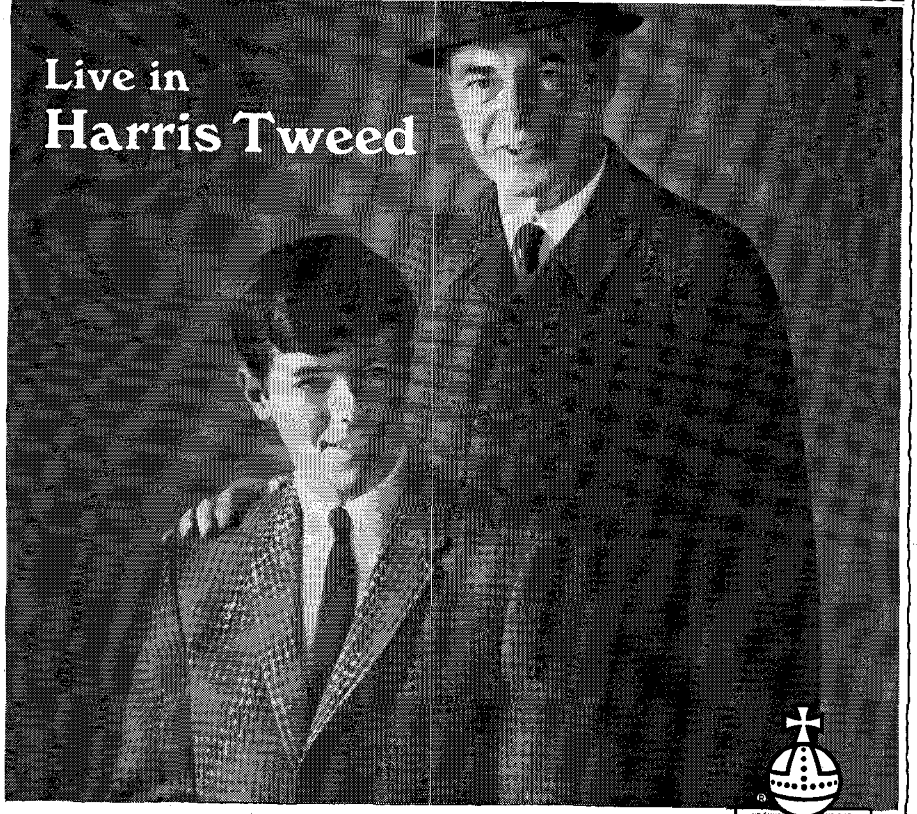

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North Vietnam, but ten minutes later, when it realized where it was, radioed to its errant helicopter and was quickly extracted. On July 10th, the Terrebonne team killed an N.V.A. battalion commander, a company commander, and an adjutant messenger, and seized documents that provided the first written proof of the presence of Division 324B and also stated its mission to be the capture of key areas of Quang Tri, ultimately including the provincial capital.

Five days earlier, on July 5th, A.R.V.N. troops near the Rockpile had captured a private who stated that he belonged to the 812th Regiment of Division 324B and that all three regiments of the division had entered South Vietnam. On July 9th, an N.V.A. private who belonged to a forward observation squad of the 90th Regiment was captured by A.R.V.N. troops in the same area and gave corroborating information, and that same day a lieutenant who was an assistant company commander of the 812th Regiment surrendered to A.R.V.N. troops near the Rockpile. He gave the most useful information yet, including positions and designations of the components of Division 324B, their specific objectives in Quang Tri, and their over-all mission, which was to destroy all A.R.V.N. troops in the province. Other N.V.A. and Vietcong forces, in both Quang Tri and Thua Thien, had the mission of destroying A.R.V.N. reinforcements that might try to move North, he said, and he added that another N.V.A. division was poised to move east from Laos along Highway 9 to help 324B, which was to act as a transport-and-supply unit after additional divisions from North Vietnam had passed through Quang Tri and moved farther down into South Vietnam. The lieutenant, who obviously had no stomach for the war, volunteered the further information that most of the North Vietnamese people were tired of the war and wanted it to end, although they still had enough to eat and, except for bombings, were not suffering undue hardships. All the young men taken for military service, he said, had no choice about coming South. They received anywhere from two to nine months' training, including at least five days of intensive political indoctrination, in which they were admonished not to talk if captured and were given even sterner warnings against South Vietnamese Chieu Hoi (Open Arms) appeals to surrender; if they did surrender, they were told, they would be

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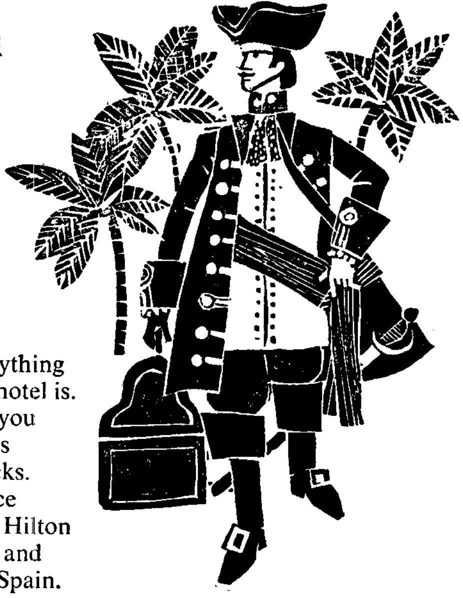

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On the third of July, when the reconnaissance missions had been under way three days, General Westmoreland flew up to Dong Ha and over the D.M.Z. area with Admiral Ulysses Grant Sharp, the commander-in-chief of the joint services in the Pacific, who has his headquarters at Honolulu. They conferred with other high-ranking Marine and Navy officials, including Rear Admiral T. R. Weschler, who directs naval support for the Marine Task Force in Vietnam. "I knew by now that it was just a matter of time before we had to respond in force to the North Vietnamese threat," General Westmoreland has said since. "On the eleventh of July, following a report we had from an American adviser who was with the 2nd Airborne Battalion of A.R.V.N., which had made a direct contact with some elements of 324B in the eastern sector just below the D.M.Z., I got in touch in Saigon with General Cao Van Vien, the chief of staff of the Vietnamese Army, and General Vien and I decided to go to Danang and Hué the next day to talk to our area commanders. I was now convinced that the better part of 324B had moved across the D.M.Z. During my talk with Admiral Weschler a week before, we had made our final logistical arrangements, which included resurfacing the airstrip at Dong Ha with aluminum matting and arranging for General Walt to get ashore all the supplies he would need for a quick and effective response to the North Vietnamese action. Much of this, of course, had already been planned at our war-games sessions in Saigon. We knew what we had, and we knew what we were able to do with it. On the twelfth of July, in Hué, I told General Walt to move up whatever troops he required to Dong Ha and the area beyond and around it, and I promised to try to get him a Special Landing Force of Marines from the Seventh Fleet and whatever other help he might need. General Vien promised General Hoang Xuan Lam, the commander of the I Corps, and Colonel Ngo Quang Truong, the commander of the A.R.V.N. 1st Division, up to five battalions of additional help, if necessary. We arranged for B-52 air strikes to begin the next day."

In addition to the helicopter-borne reconnaissance troops that were making constant contacts with North Vietnamese troops, an infantry battalion that was to conduct some patrols on foot and an eight-gun howitzer battery had been sent to Dong Ha on

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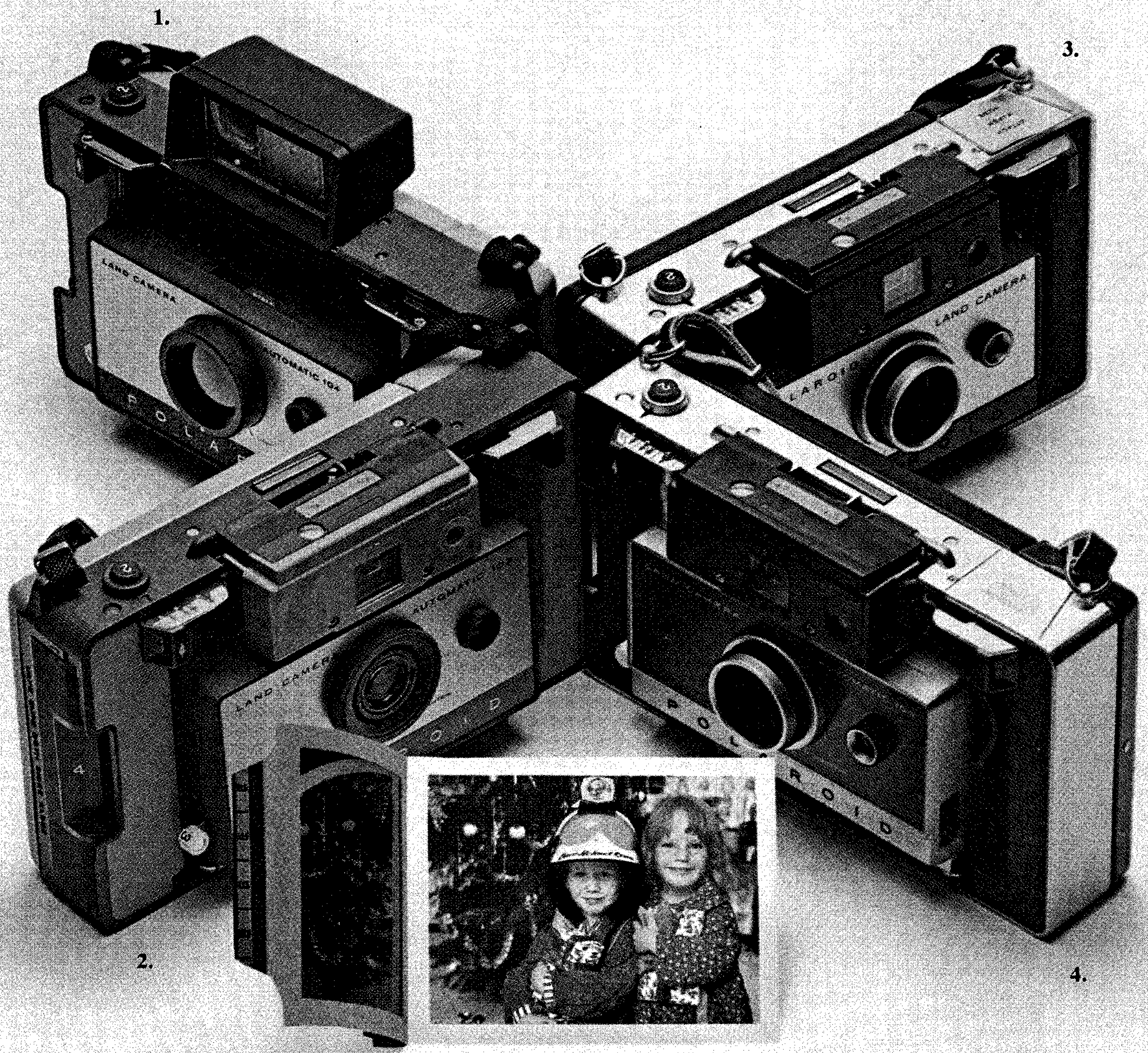

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July 7th. Now that General Walt had his orders, additional battalions were ready to move on July 15th. Operation Hastings, as the response to the North Vietnamese thrust across the D.M.Z. had been named, was about to begin.

THE province of Quang Tri, which has a population of two hundred and eighty thousand, begins in the west at the Laotian border in mountains; these drop off eastward into foothills and then into a piedmont plateau, which is separated from the sea by a stretch of low paddy land and finally by a sandy coastal area. The mountains, which make up roughly half the province, are covered by almost impenetrable jungle—a three-ply growth that consists of thick brush topped by a canopy of deciduous trees that grow as high as thirty feet and by a second canopy of trees that grow as high as a hundred feet. Barring some thirteen thousand *montagnards* of the Bru tribe, the western jungle area is uninhabited except for a few isolated spots such as Khe Sanh, and most of this region has been under loose Communist control for ten years; consequently, the Saigon government has never been able to develop Quang Tri's natural resources, which include timber, some minerals, and water power. In the central plateau area, the soil is red and rich and is suitable for the raising of fruits and vegetables, but there are not many people there, either, and most of this region, too, has been under Vietcong control for many years. The paddy section contains three-quarters of Quang Tri's population and has been in government hands on and off since 1954, but never constantly. Though this is only moderately good rice land, it can be enriched by fertilizers, and in some places, thanks to American economic aid, two rice crops instead of the usual one are now grown. The coastal area, consisting of white sandy plains, is unproductive except for some fishing villages. Quang Tri is part of a long coastal stretch (it also extends partway inland) whose monsoon period is the reverse of the pattern in the rest of South Vietnam—that is, it rains from October to February instead of from May to October. The intensity of this northeast monsoon can vary greatly, and some years are relatively dry.

The tactical plan of N.V.A. Division 324B was to come into Quang Tri along five basic trails. The two most important of these enter the province from the D.M.Z. at points northeast and northwest of the Rockpile, which

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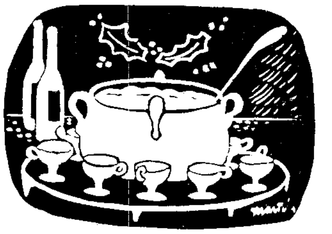
lies in the center of the province about seven miles below the D.M.Z. boundary. The two trails converge at a point some four miles below the boundary. East of the Rockpile are the Thon Son Lam area, then the Cam Lo area, then the Dong Ha area, and then the paddy fields and the sandy coast. South of the Rockpile is the district of Ca Lu, and then farther southeast is the Ba Long Valley, a Vietcong stronghold. The initial mission of 324B was to come in and take control of all these places in preparation for a move on the provincial capital, the city of Quang Tri, which lies eight miles southeast of Dong Ha. The mission of the 90th Regiment of the division was to act as a blocking force north of Highway 9 in the area between Thon Son Lam and Cam Lo. The 803rd Regiment was to be to the west, and the 812th Regiment was to go south of Highway 9 and take over the Ba Long Valley. A vital part of the North Vietnamese plan was the capture of the Rockpile, for it commands the whole surrounding area, including a mountain ridge just to the northwest, known as the Razorback, and a longer ridge, farther to the northwest, along the top of which runs one of the major trails from the D.M.Z.

The combined American and South Vietnamese forces responding to this North Vietnamese attack in Operation Hastings consisted of seven battalions of American Marines and five South Vietnamese infantry and airborne battalions, supported by seven batteries of American artillery and the resources of the 1st Marine Air Wing, including A-4 Skyhawks, F-4 Phantom bombers, helicopters, and C-130 Hercules transports. The area of operations was divided into three zones, with the South Vietnamese operating in the east and south-central parts of Quang Tri Province and the Americans in a large triangular area in the middle. The South Vietnamese force on the ground totalled about three thousand men, and the Americans, whose battalions were somewhat undermanned because of rotation and battle injuries, totalled about eight thousand, including artillery and other support elements. The basic strength of a United States Marine division, which is larger than an Army division, is between twenty and twenty-one thousand men, organized in three infantry regiments and one artillery regiment. Each infantry regiment ordinarily has three battalions of just under eleven hundred men each. Each battalion has four line, or fighting, companies and one headquarters-and-service company, and each of the line companies has three fighting platoons, a weapons platoon, and a headquarters section. The smallest fighting unit is the squad, composed of the squad leader, three fire teams of four men each, and a grenadier, who carries an M-79 grenade launcher; there are three such squads to each fighting platoon. Attached to each division are separate engineer, shore-party, medical, motor-transport, tank, anti-tank, amphibious-tractor, and reconnaissance battalions. The firepower of a Marine infantry battalion is probably greater than that of any unit of similar size in the history of warfare. Its basic weapon is the powerful M-14 automatic rifle, which fires a 7.62-millimetre cartridge. Additional weapons include flamethrowers, M-60 machine guns, M-76 and M-79 grenade launchers, 60- and 81-millimetre mortars, 90- and 106-millimetre recoilless rifles, and pistols. The artillery batteries have 4.2-inch mortars, 105- and 155-millimetre guns, and eight-inch howitzers.



The Marine force engaged in the battle, called Task Force Delta, was under the direction of Brigadier General Lowell E. English, a fifty-one-year-old combat veteran of the Second World War battles of Guadalcanal, Bougainville, Guam, and Iwo Jima, and of the Korean War; he has also served in important policy-planning roles abroad and in Washington. As assistant commander of the Marine 3rd Division, General English established forward division headquarters at Cam Lo and Dong Ha. The commander of the division, Major General Wood B. Kyle, remained at the principal division headquarters, at Phu Bai, forty-five miles to the south. General English's battle plan, approved by Generals Kyle and Walt and Westmoreland, was brilliantly conceived to take the enemy by surprise on his key trails and behind his own lines and to smash and destroy him before he had a chance to regain his balance and his momentum.

The action began at eight o'clock on the morning of July 15th, when the 3rd Battalion of the 4th Regiment of the 3rd Division was dropped by CH-46 Sea Knight helicopters (they look like huge mechanized grasshoppers) into the Son Ngan Valley, five miles northeast of the Rockpile and only

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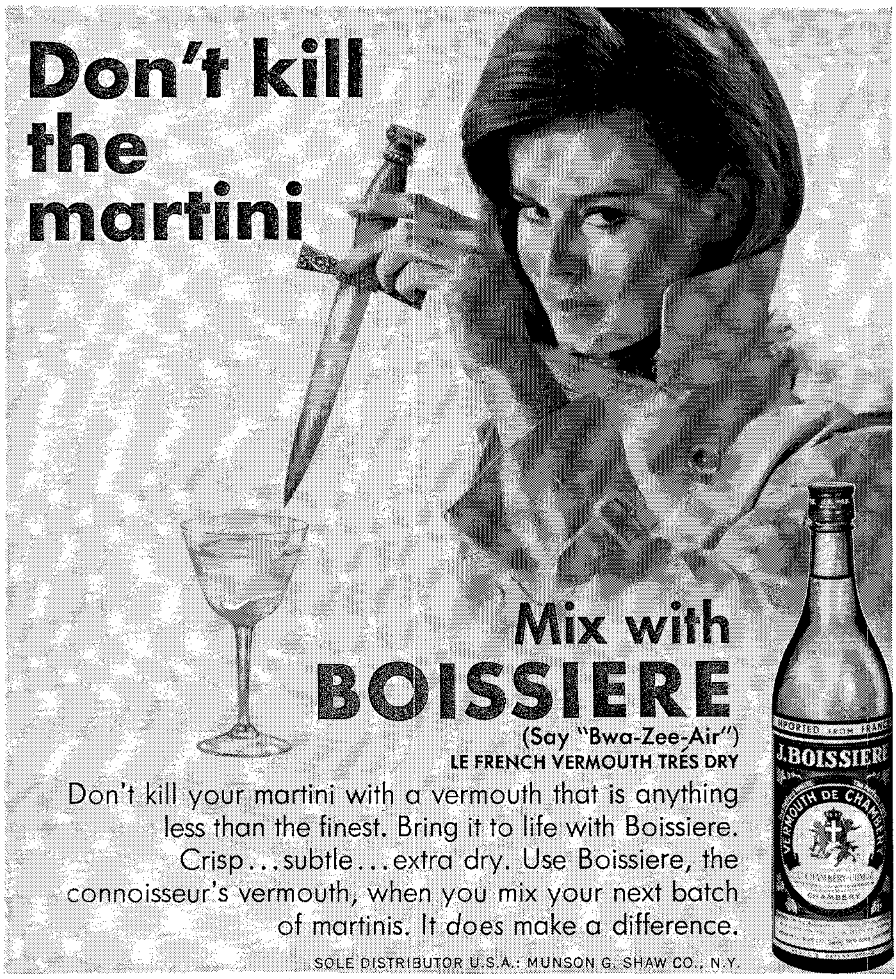

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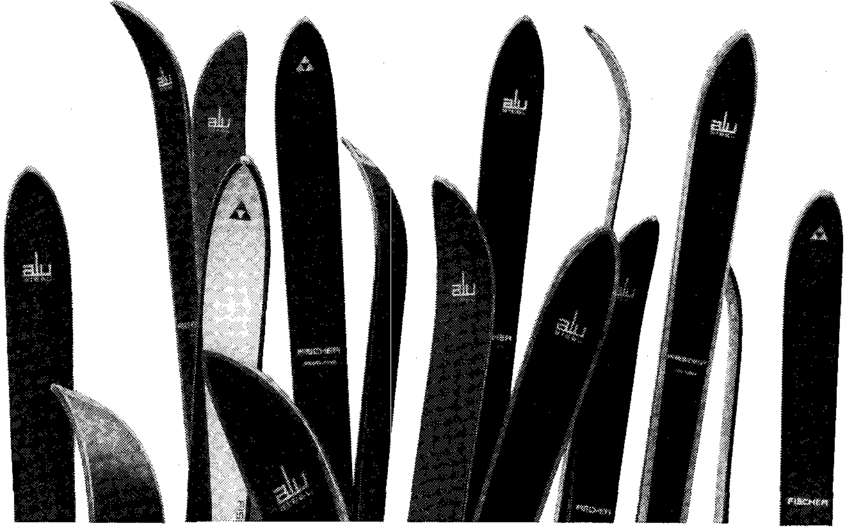

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about a mile below the D.M.Z. The first wave of helicopters, each carrying twelve men of the 2nd Platoon of Kilo Company, landed without opposition, and the troops quickly began to deploy through the jungle. The second wave received some sniper fire about a hundred yards from its landing zone. During the third wave, three of the helicopters crashed; two of them locked rotors as they landed and caught fire, and the third hit some trees while trying to avoid the other two. Fortunately, no men were killed, but the helicopters were unsalvageable and were later destroyed. From then on, the Son Ngan Valley was called Helicopter Valley by the Marines. The mission of Three/Four, as the battalion is referred to in military shorthand, was to establish a blocking position across the suspected trail lines of 324B. An hour and a half after the initial landing of Three/Four, the 2nd Battalion of the 4th Regiment (Two/Four) was landed at the other end of Helicopter Valley, about three miles northeast of the spot where Three/Four had set down. Its mission was to move toward Three/Four, link up with it, and then begin search-and-destroy operations against 324B, whose divisional command post was thought to be in the area. According to an account given later by Lieutenant Colonel Arnold E. Bench, the battalion commander of Two/Four, "Our first objective was Hill 208, overlooking Three/Four's position, but we made very slow progress, because of the heat and the seven-foot-high elephant grass we encountered, which the aerial reconnaissance had underestimated, and it took us until midafternoon to cover less than two miles. About four o'clock, just after we had stopped for the day and begun to set up our nighttime perimeter and to requisition supplies, I got a radio call from Lieutenant Colonel Vale"—this was S. A. Vale, the commander of Three/Four—"who said he had come under heavy fire and was in trouble. I told him of our terrain problems and suggested we start out toward him at dawn, to which both he and General English agreed." English had already dispatched another battalion, the 2nd Battalion of the 1st Regiment of the Marine 1st Division, to Three/Four's aid, but at just about the time Bench was talking to Vale a helicopter carrying Two/One troops was struck by .50-calibre machine-gun fire as it approached its landing zone in Helicopter Valley, and crashed in flames, killing the twelve Marines aboard. (The pilot and the co-pilot survived.) The rest of the Two/One airlift was thereupon

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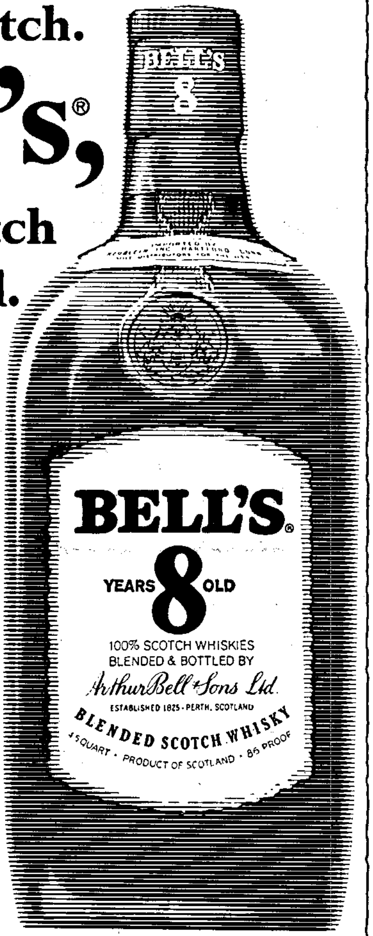

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postponed until the following morning.

Three/Four had indeed run into trouble, and its ordeal was to last three days. To reach the blocking position it had been assigned, the battalion had to cross the Son Ngan, a river that twisted through Helicopter Valley. As soon as its platoons had been assembled after landing, it started moving south toward its objective along a trail that ran beside a stream. "All along the way, we saw hundreds of firing holes, only two or three feet apart, on the surrounding slopes," Captain Robert J. Modrzejewski, the commander of Kilo Company, has recalled. "They looked as if they had been scooped out by machines. We were receiving steady sniper fire from the brush, and we killed two of the snipers. Underneath the jungle canopy we found a complete two-hundred-bed hospital in a bamboo building about thirty yards long and twenty yards wide. One man was guarding it, and we shot him. Inside we found twelve hundred pounds of medical supplies. Nearby was a cache of two hundred and fifty thousand rounds of small-arms ammunition, being guarded by three men. We shot them, too. Lieutenant [David] Richwine's 2nd Platoon, which found the arms, got into a two-hour fire fight a half mile farther on and killed at least ten N.V.A. In midafternoon, we made our first attempt to cross the Son Ngan, at a point where it was twenty feet wide, but we got caught in a crossfire and couldn't do it. We had three men killed and five wounded. While Richwine's platoon was searching for another crossing spot, the men heard voices in the brush and quickly set up an ambush. That got us ten more N.V.A., at the cost of only two men wounded. During the afternoon, we spotted an N.V.A. photographer just across the river—he had cameras dribbling all over him—and we nailed him. After three unsuccessful attempts to cross the river under fire, we decided to stay where we were for the night, on a knoll about two hundred yards from the river. We set up our perimeter defense, had C rations for chow, and about seven-thirty the show really started. It began when a huge North Vietnamese—he must have been six feet three—came walking up the trail just like it was Sunday. He was probably hurt or sick and trying to get to the hospital. We shot him, and almost immediately the N.V.A. opened up with machine guns and small arms. This lasted three hours, and we figured there was about an enemy company in the area. It was so dark we couldn't see our hands in front of

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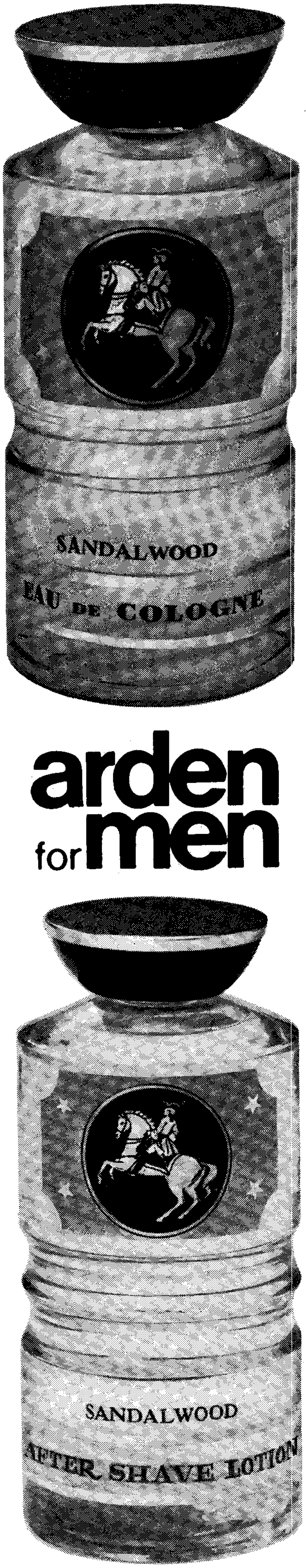
our faces, so we threw out trip flares and called for a flare plane overhead. We could hear and smell and occasionally see the N.V.A. after that. When the firing stopped, we heard them dragging the bodies of their dead away, but in the morning, at the first light, we found twenty-five bodies, some of them only five yards away, stacked on top of each other. On the basis of the dragging we had heard, and the blood stains, we figured we got another thirty of them, which we listed as probably killed."

On the second day, Three/Four made two more unsuccessful attempts to cross the Son Ngan. The Marines kept hearing voices in the brush and, after dropping back, called for air and artillery strikes. Some of the bombs and shells hit targets only a hundred yards away from the Marines, and the concussions were shattering. Neither India Company of Three/Four, which was the nearest to Kilo, nor elements of Colonel Bench's Two/Four had yet been able to come to Kilo's support, and for its second night on the ground Kilo Company stayed where it was. That night, it engaged in a four-hour fire fight, often at pistol and bayonet range. The next morning, the Marines counted seventy-nine N.V.A. bodies. One Marine, Lance Corporal Thomas Kelly, had his rifle shot out of his hand but kept on throwing grenades and directing the fire of the two Marines alongside him, and in the morning they found five dead N.V.A. a few feet away. At one point during the night, the Marines heard the N.V.A. rolling something up a small hill. They threw grenades at the object, and in the morning they discovered they had killed two N.V.A. manning a .30-calibre Chinese machine gun on wheels. The N.V.A. troops tried to confuse the Marines during the night by shouting English phrases, like "Pull on back!," and once, when a Marine yelled "Are you all right, Doc?" to another Marine, a North Vietnamese a few feet away in the brush mimicked him, shouting the same question—"You all right, Doc?"

By July 17th, two days after Operation Hastings had made direct contact with the N.V.A., Colonel Bench's Two/Four had managed to effect a tenuous link with Three/Four in Helicopter Valley, and the two battalions established a rough dual perimeter for the third night, which proved relatively quiet. In view of the heavy resistance that Kilo Company of Three/Four had encountered, however (both of Three/Four's other companies in the fight, India and Lima, were under



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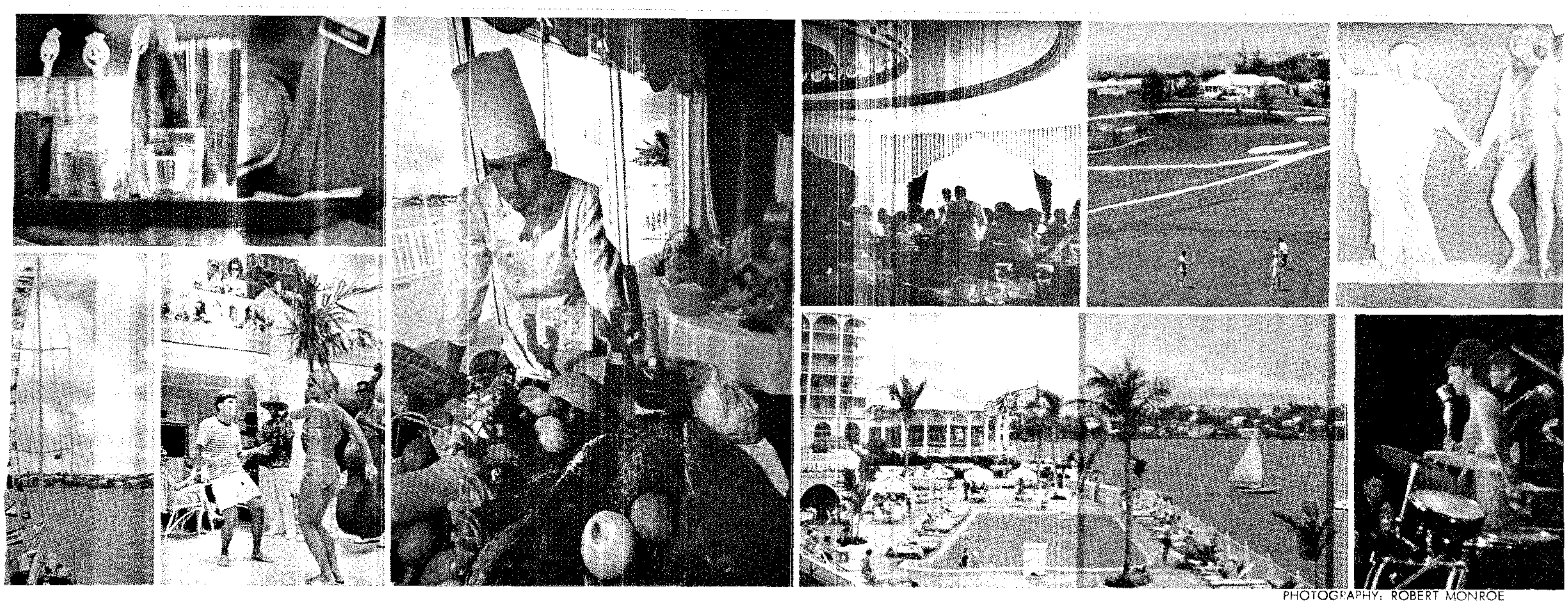

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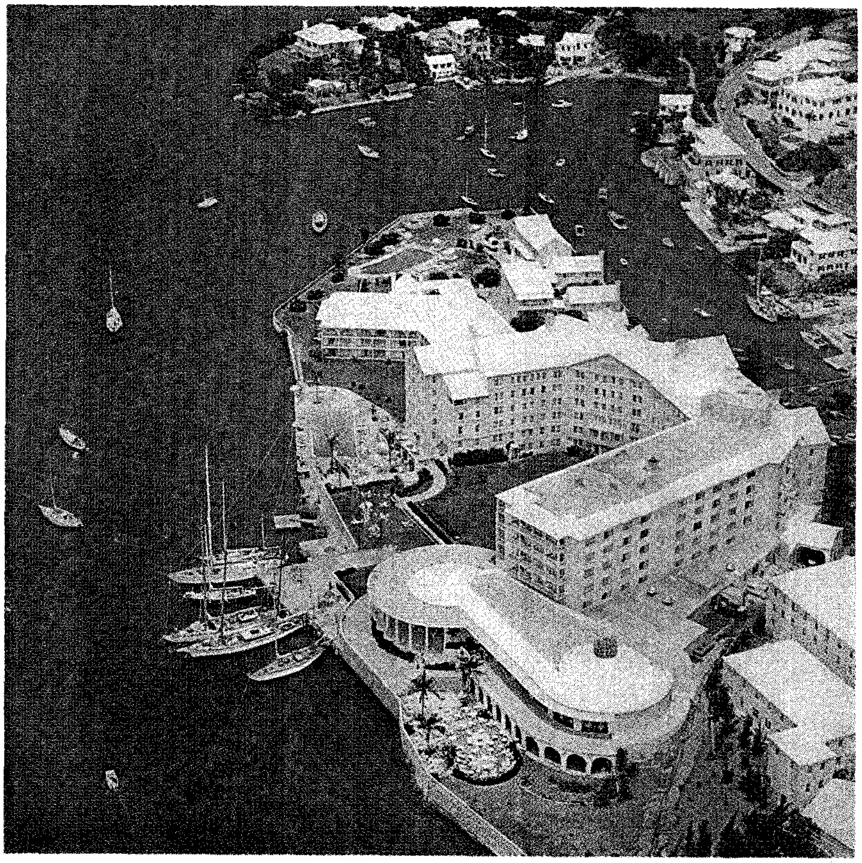

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steady fire and were having trouble maneuvering), General English decided on July 18th to disengage the two battalions and move them out through the eastern end of the valley, where Two/Four had landed, and then have them move back up toward the valley by way of some high ground to the south, where he suspected that the North Vietnamese had their main positions and a command post. The other battalion that had been sent to help Three/Four—Two/One, which had lost twelve men when a helicopter was shot down the first night—was patrolling to the south, and General English now brought in some fresh troops, the 3rd Battalion of the 5th Regiment of the 1st Division, which constituted a Special Landing Force. Three/Five was transported by helicopter from aboard the U.S.S. Princeton, offshore, and set down at a point south of where Three/Four and Two/Four were fighting; it was given the mission of sweeping two valleys in the center of the Marine area of operations, and thus providing protection to the south. The 1st Battalion of the 3rd Regiment of the 1st Division was also brought in, and One/Three patrolled north of Helicopter Valley.

Shortly after noon on July 18th, when the Marines had blown up the ammunition they discovered the first day, and had burned down the large hospital and the medical supplies in it, Three/Four began moving, behind Two/Four, out of its original landing zone in Helicopter Valley, first heading west and then swinging around east. Bringing up the rear was Kilo Company's 1st Platoon, led by a twenty-six-year-old sergeant named John J. McGinty. "We stayed behind to protect the engineers blowing the ammo dump we found," McGinty has recalled. "After the explosions, we heard some voices, but it wasn't until the tail end of the platoon started up the river that we started getting mortar fire, followed by automatic-weapons fire from all sides. This time, they were blowing bugles, and we could see them waving flags. We managed to get all our three fire squads across the river near the landing zone by about 1415, but then the squad on my left flank—I had the other two with me—started taking heavy casualties. Charlie"—another name for the N.V.A.—"moved in in waves with small arms right behind the mortars, and we estimated we were being attacked by a thousand men. We just couldn't kill them fast enough. My squads were cut off from each other, and together we were cut off

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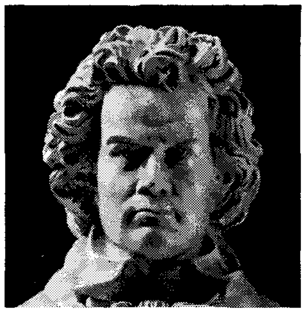

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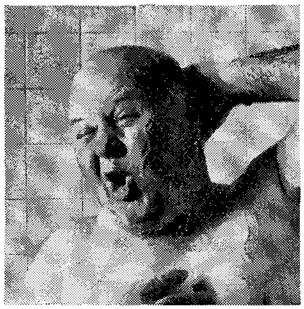

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from the rest of the company. I had some of my men in the high grass, where our machine-gunners had to get up on their knees to shoot, which exposed them. Charlie never overran us, but he got one or two of his squads between us. By around 1500, we had begun getting air and artillery support. This fight lasted three and a half hours, and by the end of it eight of my men were dead and the platoon had twenty-two casualties out of the thirty-two men we had started out with at noon."

In midafternoon, Captain Modrzejewski—he is generally known in the outfit as Captain Ski—asked for reinforcements, because he had only about one platoon still functioning. Help arrived shortly after four o'clock, when a platoon of Three/Four's Lima Company managed to fight its way back and give McGinty's platoon some supporting fire. India Company also headed back, but never made it. The Marines were able to evacuate their wounded during a lull, but they left their dead behind, temporarily, when the firing started up again. Captain Modrzejewski afterward recounted, "We were getting mortars right in the landing zone, and the bombs and napalm were dropping only fifty yards away from us. At one point, the N.V.A. were trying to get the ammo out of those three wrecked helicopters that were still sitting there. Napalm got about twenty of them, and then another forty, in the middle of the landing zone. I remember one kid shouting, 'Here come some more Marines!' But they weren't Marines at all—they were N.V.A. And when they saw us, they ducked into the river on our flank. All we could see was their heads and their rifles above water—it was like shooting pumpkins. The firing continued sporadically until dawn, and when it was over we figured we had killed more than five hundred. One body count made it four hundred and thirty-one, but the stench was so bad we never could check it. Our company was down from a hundred and thirty to eighty, and I had kids who were hit in five or six places."

This long fight was the biggest of Operation Hastings, and also the bloodiest. On the morning of July 19th, India Company came across Lieutenant Robert Wilson, the Kilo Company forward air observer, who had been seen to fall during the battle of the previous day and had been presumed dead. He was found stumbling through a stream. He had plugged a big hole in his chest with a sock and wrapped a binocular strap around it. He was also suffering from numerous mortar and shrapnel

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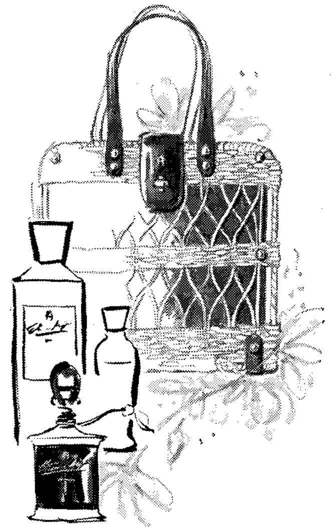

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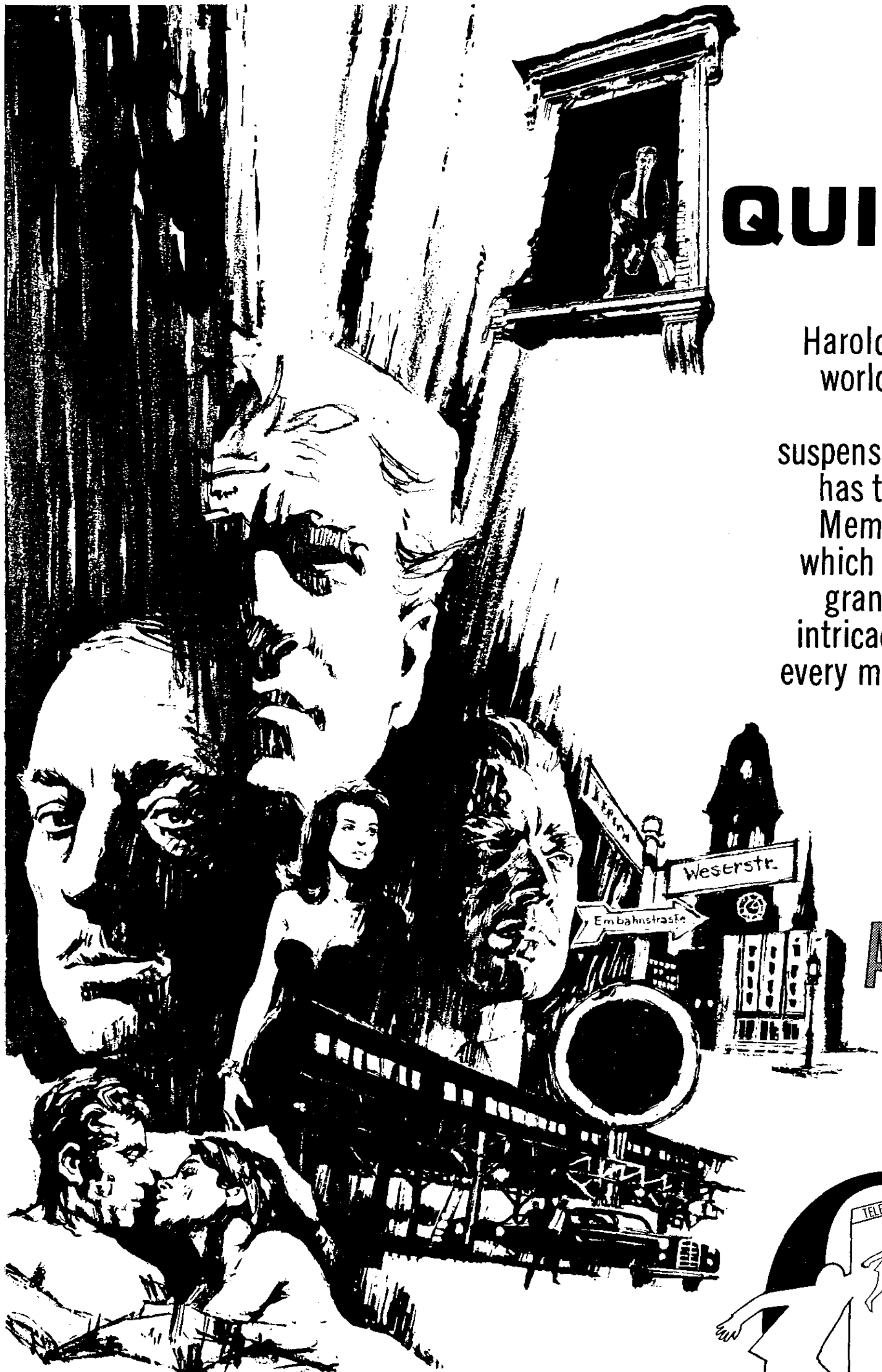

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wounds, and had been twice left as a corpse by the North Vietnamese. At one point, struggling to his feet after the Communists had passed him by, he had been shot in the arm by one of the Marine helicopter rocket gunships, whose crew thought he was a North Vietnamese. He was partly paralyzed, but despite that and a collapsed lung and multiple other injuries, he survived and recovered. For that day and night in the jungles of Quang Tri he was awarded three Purple Hearts.

After the ordeal that Three/Four had been through, some of its elements were evacuated for rest and for replacement of losses, but the battalion remained in the field. With Colonel Bench's Two/Four, it moved back up toward Helicopter Valley from the south, in accordance with General English's plan. Another battalion, the 1st Battalion of the 1st Regiment of the 1st Division—this was Dingdong Bell's outfit, which had earlier made the Khe Sanh reconnaissance and the fruitless march along Highway 9—was brought in to patrol the southern flank and then move up and join Three/Four on Hill 208. Most of the action during the following days was concentrated in two areas—in Helicopter Valley and around the Rockpile. On July 20th and 21st, Colonel Bench's Two/Four, in the valley, engaged in repeated fire fights, during which it managed to obtain the bodies of eight Marines that Three/Four had left behind at the conclusion of the fight on the afternoon and night of July 18th. During this period, Colonel Bench experienced what he afterward described as one of the most amazing episodes in his career as a soldier. "I was on a slope of the valley that gave me an unusual view of the whole battlefield," he said. "A fire fight was going on below me in a relatively open area. Two of my companies were engaged, and I could see both of them, as well as a third one, which was behind me. I was able to control the whole operation by arm signals, and as I stood there moving my arms I could see North Vietnamese and Marines firing and falling." Two/Four fought and then patrolled in Helicopter Valley for a total of ten days, during which one of its companies was badly mortared one night; it accounted for fifty-six N.V.A. confirmed killed and sixty-eight probables. Colonel Bell's One/One battalion, to the south, stayed nine days, killing thirty-five North Vietnamese and claiming a hundred and fifty probables. This battalion also captured five of the fourteen prisoners taken, all told, in Hastings. Colo-

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nel Vale's Three/Four battalion killed two hundred and seventy-nine enemy soldiers in all, claimed four hundred and thirty-two probables, and suffered the severest Marine casualties—more than twenty killed and nearly two hundred wounded. Most of its casualties occurred in the first three days of Operation Hastings. Two/One, which was in a blocking position below Helicopter Valley, made several contacts with enemy forces trying to flee westward. The other battalion that fought in the area south of Helicopter Valley—Three/Five, the one that had been brought in as a Special Landing Force from the sea—made two heavy contacts. The first was with a company-size unit of North Vietnamese at one of a number of sizable hills that rise out of this jungle area; after this action, the battalion captured eight hundred enemy packs, ten thousand rounds of ammunition, and clothing and equipment for five hundred men, and it also destroyed three battalion-size command posts. Two days later—the ninth day of Operation Hastings—Three/Five tangled with an enemy force of battalion strength. Much of this action took place during a heavy rainstorm, and the jungle was so dense that the wounded could not be removed by helicopter until temporary landing zones had been blasted out by explosives or cleared with chain saws lowered on cables. A prisoner captured during this fight gave information indicating that Division 324B, particularly the 90th Regiment and elements of the 812th alongside it, had been fragmented as a result of the Marines' enveloping tactics, and that these elements had begun to move back to the D.M.Z. along the trails over which they had come into Quang Tri. On the basis of this information, General English shifted some of his units to pursue the stragglers, and General Westmoreland called for B-52 bombers to strike the battle area and also the D.M.Z.

While General English was enveloping the 90th Regiment of Division 324B from the rear in Helicopter Valley, he also had troops engaged in a corollary offensive—the occupation of the Rockpile. In mid-July, just as Lieutenant Terrebonne of the Marines' reconnaissance battalion was finishing the mission that confirmed the presence of 324B in Quang Tri, he was asked if he could put his men on top of the Rockpile. The summit of the promontory is a narrow ledge no more than a few feet wide, and Captain Buchanan, the helicopter pilot who had been working with Terrebonne, said he couldn't land Marines there unless a landing zone was blasted out. Fifty-pound bombs and napalm were thereupon dropped on top of the Rockpile, but they scarcely made a dent, and most of them missed. After Terrebonne concluded he couldn't make it, Lieutenant James Hart, who led the First Force Reconnaissance Company of the battalion, said he would try. Hart's men were specially trained as Rangers, parachutists, and scuba divers. On July 16th, Hart and twelve of his men, plus a demolition team, were dropped on the Rockpile by two helicopters, which hovered above it while they jumped down. Most of the men made a jump of six or eight feet, but just as Hart was jumping wind currents lifted the helicopter, and he fell thirty feet; he was stunned and temporarily paralyzed. Within half an hour of landing on top of the Rockpile, Hart's team sighted thirty-eight N.V.A. moving through the valley below and called for artillery, which killed them all. The team remained on top of the Rockpile for two weeks, during which it was regularly supplied with food. It was able to spot more North Vietnamese moving along the trails that converged near the Rockpile, often making its observations with Starlight scopes, which can detect movement through darkness. As a result of their watches, artillery and air attacks were called in, and the North Vietnamese were unable to maneuver down along the trails from the D.M.Z., as they had planned. On July 21st, before Hart's team was lifted off the Rockpile, a full battalion—Two/One, which had been operating south of Helicopter Valley—was dropped west of the Rockpile as a blocking force to stop elements of Division 324B that might be trying to escape north and west. Over a period of three nights and three days, Two/One made a number of contacts, which seemed to show that the North Vietnamese were withdrawing.

MARINE operations officers formally terminated Operation Hastings at noon on August 3rd, after a break of several days in the action. General English has calculated that at one time or another the seven Marine battalions he deployed in Hastings engaged all or parts of six or seven battalions of N.V.A. Division 324B. The A.R.V.N. elements made fewer contacts, but they

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but never!

Incidentally, never test a perfume by sniffing the top of the tester bottle. That perfume is almost certainly rancid.

And don't try out a perfume by dabbing it on your arm. You'll get a heavy concentration in one spot—not at all like the true fragrance.

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If you like the spray effect, go ahead and buy the perfume. If you're uncertain about it, give it 15 or 20 minutes to develop. Go buy some new stockings. But save some money because you may find that the perfume you're testing is just what you want when it has reached full bloom.

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Not just because you want to be sure your husband approves of your choice but because you should always buy perfume in small quantities. Perfume, like wine, changes once the bottle is open. So buy a smallish bottle and use it up quickly. If you happen to have several bottles, store the reserve in a dark place and away from heat.

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A great deal has been said about how to wear perfume. Most of what has been said is nonsense. Perfume should not be dabbed behind the ears or rubbed on the pulse spots. It should be sprayed with an atomizer. The gentle mist of a spray is more effective than a dab on the wrist, more economical and more appreciated by your admirers.

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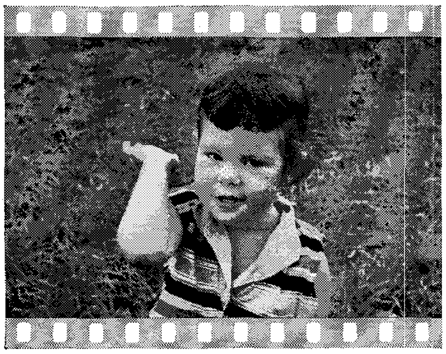

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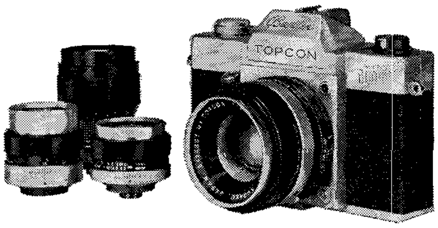

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helped as blocking forces. A.R.V.N. had its own name for the operation—Lam Son 289. (Lam Son means Blue-green Mountain in Vietnamese and is also the name of a famous fighting king in Vietnamese history.) The South Vietnamese contributed two task forces—three infantry battalions to the east of the Marines' tactical zone and three airborne battalions to the south of it. The task force on the east made one important contact on July 18th, during which it killed thirteen N.V.A. and lost twelve of its own men. This contact was with another North Vietnamese division, 341, which was known to be based in the northeast corner of the D.M.Z. and to have been assigned to make patrols of its own in Quang Tri and to serve as a source of replacements for the dead and wounded of 324B. During the rest of Lam Son 289, the eastern task force saw relatively little action, though an American adviser was killed during one fire fight. The troops did capture several hundred abandoned N.V.A. packs and some rice. The A.R.V.N. airborne task force, in a two-pronged drive from the eastern and western ends of its southern tactical zone, killed fifty-six N.V.A. and lost twenty men, plus another American adviser. This task force blunted an N.V.A. attack on Cam Lo on July 20th, and then, as a blocking force, drove two N.V.A. battalions toward the Rockpile, where the Marines of Two/One, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel John Spalding, hit them heavily and chased them over the mountain trails toward the D.M.Z. (A week later, after his battalion had been relieved and he was back in Danang, Colonel Spalding was killed by an A.R.V.N. truck that smashed into his jeep.)

Although the battle of the North was by no means over, it was now apparent that by striking swiftly as soon as they had obtained sufficient intelligence the Marines had thrown the North Vietnamese off balance and off schedule. In the war in Vietnam, for the first time, armed helicopters have been used with great effectiveness for carrying whole units, up to the size of a battalion, in and out of battle, and in Operation Hastings this technique, which is called vertical envelopment, was employed with great skill in unknown terrain, where the helicopters frequently had to land in the middle of patches hacked out of the jungle. This air mobility, together with the Marines' own tactical air and artillery support, some 175-millimetre Army guns, and the five- and eight-inch guns of destroyers and

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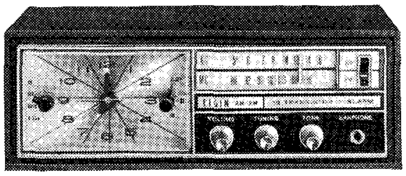

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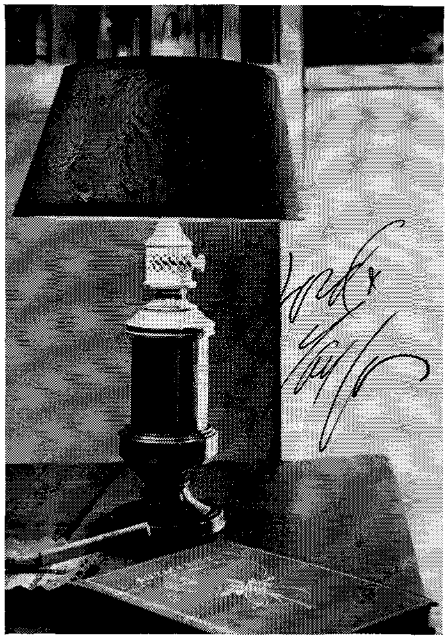

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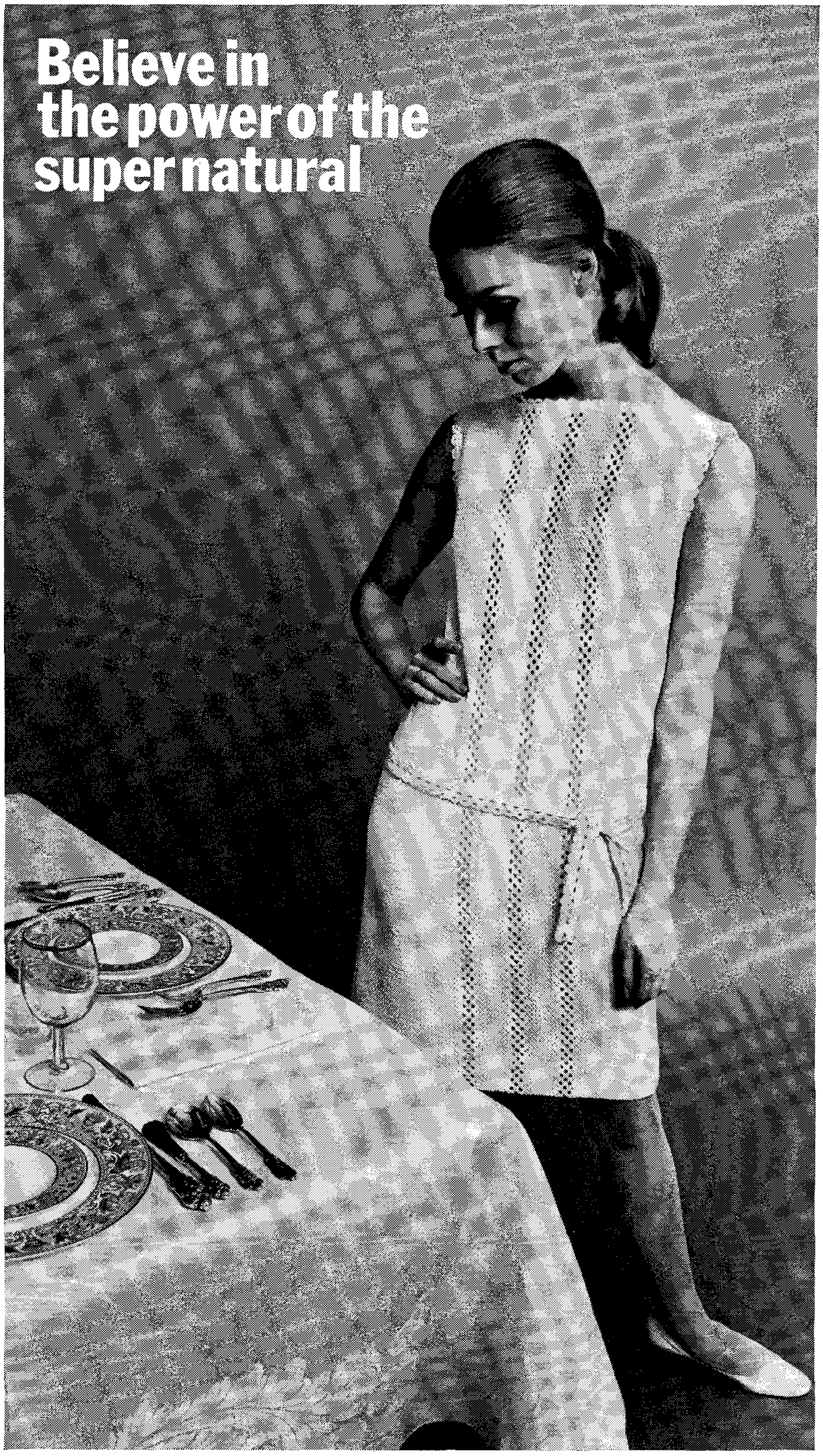
cruisers in the Seventh Fleet offshore, provided a combination of firepower and surprise that staggered the North Vietnamese, who nevertheless fought in their own dogged way with notable valor, discipline, and skill. In fact, man for man, on the ground, the troops more often than not were engaged in even combat. It was American air and artillery support that made the difference and that largely accounted for the total of eight hundred and eighty-two North Vietnamese definitely known to have been killed; the Marines suffered less than a fourth as many casualties. In addition, more than eight hundred North Vietnamese were listed as probably killed, most of them by air and artillery strikes. Operations and Intelligence officers have estimated that at least thirty per cent of the remainder of Division 324B, whose strength was finally put at between eleven and twelve thousand, were wounded, and that twenty per cent were immobilized by malaria and other illnesses. Considering that the invading forces enjoyed nothing like the Americans' medical facilities in the field or their ability to evacuate wounded by helicopter to nearby hospitals, these experts believe that in Operation Hastings the North Vietnamese lost at least half of their invading forces, and perhaps as many as seven thousand men.

General English has said, "The use of the tactic of vertical envelopment—of dropping in units where we thought we had located the enemy—was a calculated risk, but it caught him by surprise, because he never expected it, especially in this rough terrain, which, in my opinion, was worse than Guadalcanal or Bougainville. The firepower and mobility of our battalions, plus the air and artillery support, were what made the difference. Forty-four thousand rounds of artillery alone were fired in Hastings. I was a battalion commander at Iwo Jima, and I didn't get anywhere near the support I was able to give these Marines here."

Each evening, helicopters supplied the battalions in the field with fresh ammunition and water. Between July 15th and August 3rd, the day Hastings ended, some seventy helicopters made more than twelve thousand sorties, lifting more than seventeen thousand troops about and delivering thirteen hundred tons of cargo. During this period, twelve hundred tons of ordnance—bombs, napalm, rockets, and other forms of ammunition—were either fired or dropped by helicopter into the battle zones, and fighter-bombers based at Danang and Chu Lai, south



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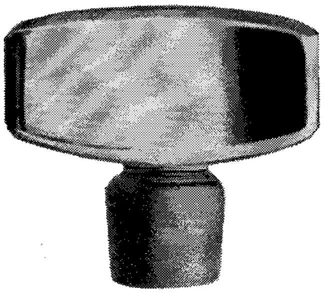

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of Danang, made more than twelve hundred sorties. During some of these attacks—particularly at night or in poor weather—targets were hit by radar control, the bombs being dropped when buttons were pushed in Dong Ha. In some respects, the most amazing job was that performed by the lumbering, awkward-looking C-130 transport planes, which during the Hastings period flew ten and a half million pounds of cargo into Dong Ha from Danang. The amount was especially remarkable in view of the fact that in the beginning Dong Ha's airfield was only a small dirt strip with room for two planes at a time to land, unload, and take off again. On one occasion, a C-130 carrying a hundred and twenty-four men, instead of the usual maximum of ninety-two, landed, debarked the troops, and took off again all within a minute. Everything had to be brought in by air—ammunition, food, barbed wire, and other equipment and supplies of all sorts, including fuel for the helicopters and for the 0-1Es, the small observation planes that act as spotters for artillery and air support. Over the battle period, C-130s brought in four hundred thousand gallons of fuel, carrying most of it in their wings and, upon arriving at Dong Ha, pumping it out into rubber bladders called T.A.F.D.S.s—for Tactical Air Fuel-Dispensing System—each of which has a capacity of ten thousand gallons.

In July, the Communists had still been preparing their battlefield, and when the Marines hit them they were not ready. They were taken unawares, and though they fought back well, they lost in addition to their considerable number of killed and wounded a great deal of ammunition and equipment, such as unused packs and medical supplies, that they had been in the process of storing south of the D.M.Z. There were four particularly interesting items of captured equipment: a great many cloth banners, which the North Vietnamese had planned to hang in towns and villages, emblazoned with propaganda slogans indicating that they expected to be staying a long time; a mockup of an American howitzer, obviously brought along for training purposes, in the hope that such American equipment might be captured and turned against the Americans; a decanter kit and a black rubber suit, plus a package of anti-chemical-warfare drugs, which seemed to show that the N.V.A. believed their own propaganda claims that American chemical warfare went far beyond the use of tear gas; and, finally, some Soviet mine detectors

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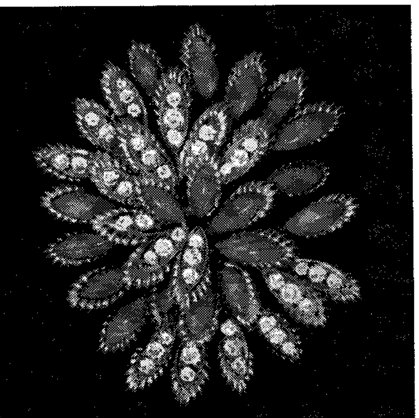

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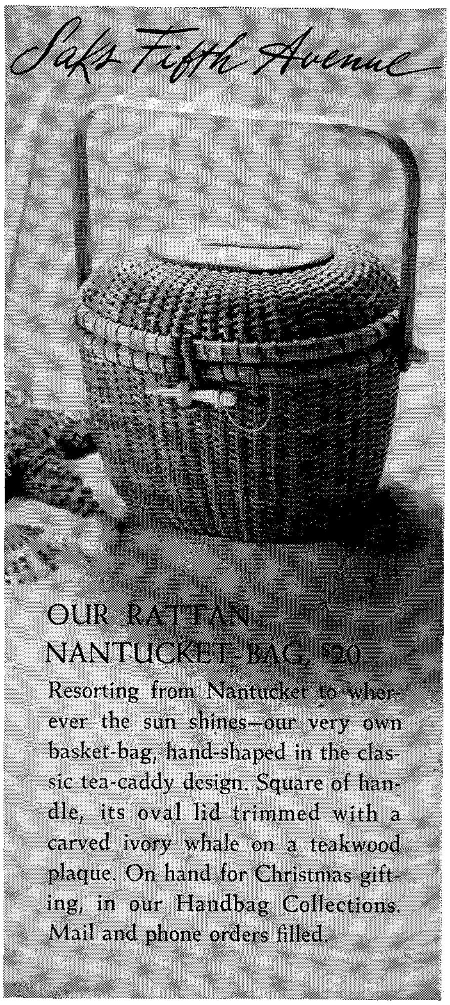
designed for clearing roads, suggesting that the N.V.A. were prepared to bring vehicles down through the D.M.Z. for use in South Vietnam. The invading troops also lost six thousand documents—an unusually large number—and these were of immeasurable help to American Intelligence officers in their efforts to piece together the history of 324B's activities from the time when its patrols began to move south, back in the spring, until it withdrew, presumably to recover itself and regroup within the D.M.Z. or farther north.

IMMEDIATELY after the official termination of Operation Hastings, on August 3rd, the Marines began Operation Prairie, which was destined to go on a lot longer than Hastings. In fact, it is still going on. At the outset, only one battalion—Bench's Two/Four—and some artillery and reconnaissance units were left at Dong Ha, though two other battalions were on eight-hour alert. The mission of the reconnaissance units was to explore the trail areas for any signs of reinfiltration and thus provide early warning of any new large-scale invasion effort. Soon, in the D.M.Z. and on the far side of it, there were indications that 324B or some other unit was making far more extensive efforts than before to prepare for an invasion and, at the same time, to protect itself from B-52 and other heavy bombing attacks. The North Vietnamese were constructing, among other things, deep and well-covered bunkers and heavy trenches with bays for automatic weapons, footbridges and cables across rivers and streams, supply storage areas, and thousands of foxholes. This activity was spotted by forward air-control planes of the Air Force and the Marines operating out of Dong Ha and by spotter planes of the 20th Tactical Air Force Support Squadron, which had as its principal assignment the detection of suitable targets in North Vietnam. Captain John R. Hanna, one of the squadron's fliers, has recalled, "There wasn't a day we weren't fired on, either over North Vietnam or the D.M.Z., but, miraculously, though we crash-landed a couple of planes, no one in the squadron was killed. You can't help but feel sort of like an ostrich up there in that light, slow plane, and when you start getting fire you pull in your head and think you're safe, but all the time, of course, there's nothing between you and the ground except a narrow piece of tin." Spotting from the air is a science in itself. The pilots learn what to



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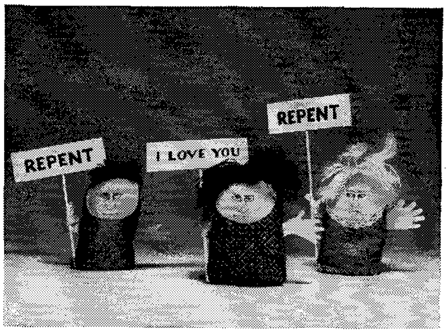

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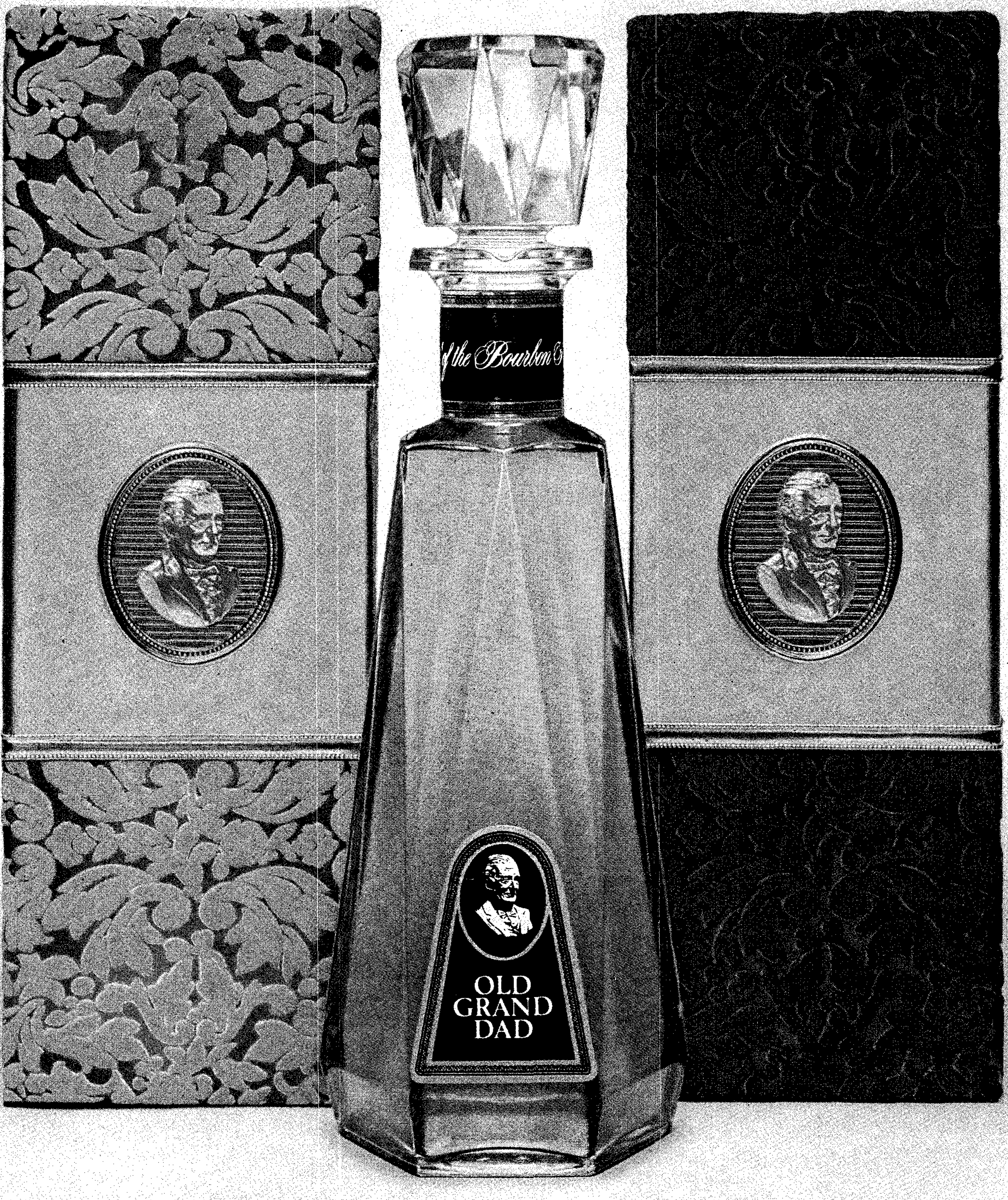

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look for, including changes on the ground between missions. "I'd been watching a trail just north of the Ben Hai for several days," Hanna said. "It ran along a river, and there was a little loop that zigged off the river and then rejoined it. One day, I noticed that some new branches had been laid across the loop. I called in attacks and got twenty-five secondary explosions, indicating a pretty big ammunition dump. We got another dump after we spotted some fresh truck tracks leading into a clump of trees."

It was conjectured at Marine headquarters in Danang and at General Westmoreland's headquarters in Saigon that the North Vietnamese might be digging in extensively out of fear that they themselves might be invaded through the D.M.Z. There had been some speculation in Saigon about an Allied invasion just above the D.M.Z., followed by a drive south and west to catch the North Vietnamese in a classic pincer movement. The North Vietnamese were undoubtedly aware of this possibility, and they had seen a preview of what it might be like when the Marine Special Landing Force came in from the sea during Operation Hastings. The motives of the North Vietnamese were still unknown, but it was apparent that they were again building up for something. By the first week of August, American Intelligence officers had fairly firm information that, in addition to those parts of 324B within the D.M.Z. or still to the south of it, two other divisions were in or around the D.M.Z. area—the 341st, to the east, and the 304th, just beyond the D.M.Z., in a staging area in North Vietnam. And two regiments were suspected of being on the western side of the D.M.Z., astride the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

Between August 3rd and August 8th, there was practically no contact in Operation Prairie. On the 6th, a four-man "recon" unit with the code name of Groucho Marx was dropped by helicopter on a hill north of the Rockpile and about four miles below the D.M.Z. For two days and two nights, the four Marines heard voices in the valley below and saw some campfire smoke, but that was all. Then, on the morning of the 8th, fifteen North Vietnamese soldiers were seen moving toward the recon unit's hill. The Marines, assuming that they had been spotted, asked to be flown out. Instead, six CH-46s brought in a forty-man platoon of Colonel Bench's Two/Four battalion and set it down on an adjacent hill. The platoon

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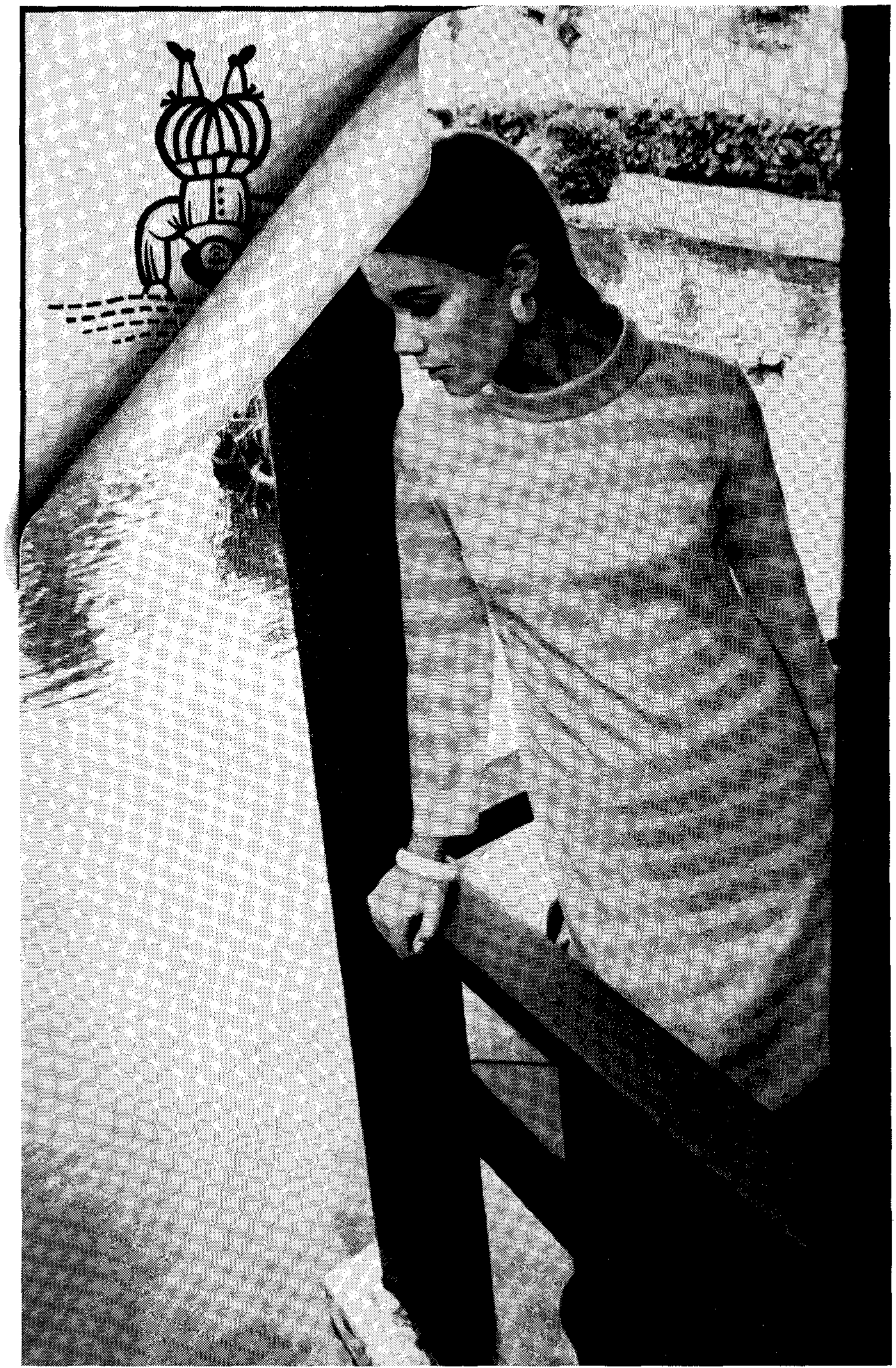

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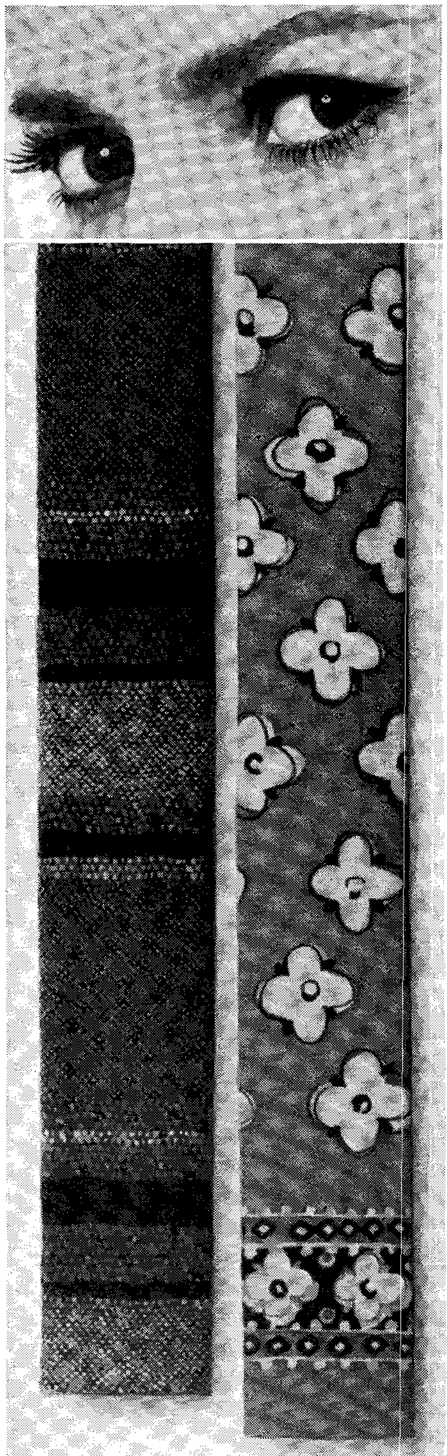

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patrolled toward the recon unit and found some fresh trails, fighting holes, and booby traps, but it looked as if the North Vietnamese forces had fled. Colonel Alexander Cereghino, the commander of the Marine 4th Regiment, then ordered in helicopters to remove all elements. The first two CH-46s, each with six men aboard, drew automatic-weapons fire as they lifted away, and then the fire became so intense that the other helicopters had to be waved off. There were thirty-two Marines remaining on the ground, and they pulled into a tight perimeter on a densely wooded piece of high ground and braced themselves for an attack. All during the early afternoon, the Marines and the North Vietnamese exchanged heavy fire, and at five-thirty about three hundred N.V.A. made the expected charge. The Marines managed to throw them back, but they suffered substantial casualties, including the platoon lieutenant—the only officer present—who was killed. Artillery fire could not reach in close enough to relieve the pressure on the Marine lines. Three attempts to bring in ammunition by helicopter failed; two helicopters were driven off by fire, and one dropped its package in a creek bed some distance away from the Marine position. Finally, a smaller, faster Huey helicopter landed Captain Howard V. Lee, the commander of Echo Company, with three of his Marines and some ammunition. Captain Lee took charge, and during the next three hours the Marines repulsed several more North Vietnamese attacks. By midnight, however, the situation was desperate. Ammunition was again running out. Captain Lee had three wounds and was losing a great deal of blood. Near midnight, a helicopter piloted by Major Wayne Hazelbacker was hit by heavy rifle fire as it approached with fresh ammunition, but it managed to set down. Captain Lee took into his fighting force the four crew members, two of whom had been slightly wounded, and removed the helicopter's machine guns in order to use them on the ground. The Marines returned fire all night, with the help of parachute flares dropped from planes. At dawn on August 9th, Captain Lee, severely weakened by loss of blood, relinquished command to Major Hazelbacker, who called for napalm strikes on the enemy positions. Shortly after that, reinforcements arrived from Dong Ha, landing behind a smoke screen. The North Vietnamese then withdrew, and a check of the area showed fifty-three enemy dead, includ-

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ing a company commander; it was estimated that a hundred more N.V.A. had been killed by the air and artillery strikes and their bodies dragged off. The over-all Marine casualties, which were officially described as moderate, included five killed.

The Groucho Marx battle, as it came to be called, proved that Division 324B was again present in considerable strength south of the D.M.Z., and for the rest of August contact with the North Vietnamese was fairly regular. Colonel Bench's Two/Four battalion continued to be in the middle of much of the action. On August 17th, at a bridge on Highway 9 just west of Cam Lo, half of one of Bench's companies came under heavy fire from N.V.A. troops in concrete bunkers, protected by sheet iron, in surrounding meadows and on rocky hillocks. For the first time in the campaign, tanks were brought in, and they fired point-blank into the bunkers. The battle lasted nearly three hours, and ninety-seven dead N.V.A. were counted afterward. Bench's casualties were described as light. He then took his battalion up into the vicinity of Razorback Ridge, north of the Rockpile, and engaged in more heavy fighting over a three-day period, during which, with air and artillery support, the battalion killed a hundred and seventy N.V.A.; a score of its own men were killed, and nearly a hundred wounded. In this fight, the battalion had the help of one of the most devastating arsenals that the Americans possess in Vietnam—a converted old C-47 armed with a variety of weapons and known as Puff, the Magic Dragon, which is capable of delivering six thousand rounds of fire per minute. That is equal to the firepower of about five Marine rifle companies. During the fight around Razorback Ridge, an N.V.A. sergeant who defected to Two/Four confirmed what was becoming apparent—that 324B had begun a new invasion of Quang Tri, again with the aim of capturing the Rockpile and the areas to the east, particularly Cam Lo and Dong Ha. The sergeant said that the specific mission of his battalion, which had come down from Hanoi a month before to replace some of 324B's losses, was to shoot down Marine helicopters and to act as a diversionary force, leading American or A.R.V.N. troops away from the main N.V.A. drive. He added that 324B, despite its fresh buildup and its well-dug-in positions, was still short of food. A few days later, 324B launched a heavy attack at four o'clock in the morning on the Marine and Army

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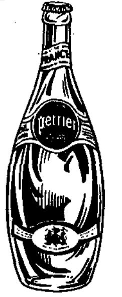

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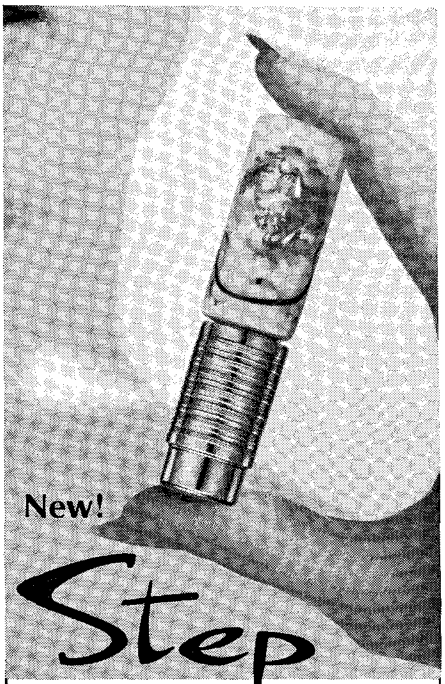
artillery positions around Cam Lo. N.V.A. soldiers with demolition charges strapped to their bodies hurled themselves at barbed-wire fences surrounding the positions, and at daylight Marines pulled seventy-nine bodies off the wire.

Having failed to take the Rockpile and knock out the American artillery, the North Vietnamese were once more off balance, and there followed a lull in the fighting until September 7th, when a new enemy movement in battalion force was detected in another area—the Con Thien district, due north of Cam Lo and just below the D.M.Z. Bench's battalion, having had some rest after being relieved by a fresh contingent, the 2nd Battalion of the 7th Regiment of the 1st Division, was now lifted by helicopter to the Con Thien area, and made a vertical assault on the N.V.A. positions there, which included elaborate trenches that ran more than a thousand yards right into the D.M.Z. Bench almost immediately came across a completely fortified village laced with trenches and fireholes and full of signs that read "Death to All Americans." Since this was relatively flat hedgerow country, Colonel Cereghino again sent in tanks, which fired straight into the trenches. The village and some fortified hamlets nearby were destroyed and burned. Two/Four, having finished its job, was taken off the line. Colonel Cereghino waited two days to see if the N.V.A. would attack again, and when there were fresh stirrings he brought in a Special Landing Force composed of the 1st Battalion of the 26th Regiment of the Marine 5th Division. One/Twenty-six was lifted from ship to shore, dropped into the Con Thien area, and picked up where Two/Four had left off in continued fierce fighting against the entrenched N.V.A. Between the seventeenth and the nineteenth of September, three of One/Twenty-six's companies conducted a coördinated attack, under a rolling barrage of supporting artillery, to envelop an N.V.A. force concealed in bunkers and tunnels. When One/Twenty-six had had ten days ashore, it was lifted back to sea, and credited with two hundred and fifty-four N.V.A. killed.

General English and Colonel Cereghino next decided to mount an attack on the long ridge that lies behind Razorback Ridge, north of the Rockpile. Along this farther ridge, it was suspected, 324B had set up strong fortifications to protect its major trail leading down from the D.M.Z. In mid-September, the 1st Battalion of the 4th



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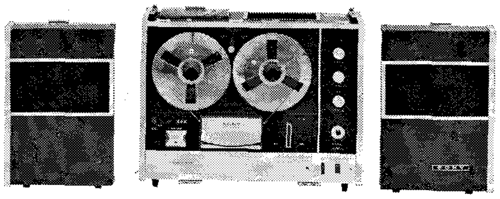

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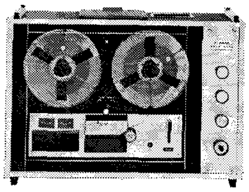

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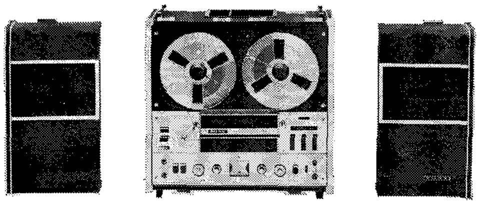

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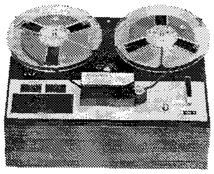

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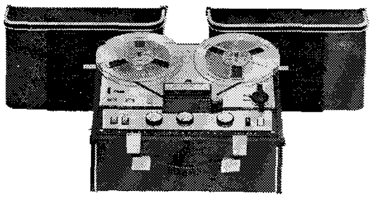

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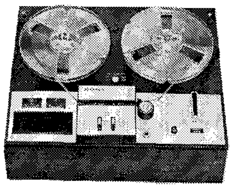

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Regiment of the 3rd Division was dropped into the area and attempted to attack the ridge through its southern ravines. A company of One/Four led by Captain Daniel K. McMahon, Jr., encountered an N.V.A. force the size of a battalion, and engaged in a violent three-day fight between September 16th and 18th, during which, with the help of artillery and air strikes, the company was credited with a hundred and seventy-two enemy killed and two hundred and ten probably killed. This was the largest single encounter to date in Operation Prairie. One/Four could not negotiate the ravines against continued intense opposition, however, and neither could another battalion, Two/Seven, which had been dropped into the area as a relief force.

The task of assaulting the ridge from its eastern end and advancing straight up to its summit was then given to Three/Four, which had borne a heavy share of the cost of clearing the enemy out of Helicopter Valley during Operation Hastings. On September 22nd, Three/Four, now under the command of Lieutenant Colonel William Masterpool, began an ascent that culminated in what are now famous fights—the fights to gain control of two heights known to the Marines as Hills 400 and 484. Masterpool, a former tank officer turned infantryman, is a zealous and highly popular leader, who moves constantly among his troops, exhorting them by name and dealing with them on a personal basis. The morale of the battalion, somewhat weakened after its rough experience in Helicopter Valley, was excellent during what came to be known as the Battle for Mutter Ridge—"Mutter" being Three/Four's radio call signal. As Masterpool's first two companies set out to mount the ridge, each man carried only his rifle and ammunition, two canteens, a poncho, and, in his uniform pockets, two socks filled with cans of C rations—no pack. Supplied each evening by helicopters, which dropped into temporary landing zones that the battalion engineers cut out for them, the troops were free to maneuver unencumbered in a jungle that some veteran Marines said was the densest they had ever seen. At the base of the ridge was a six-foot growth of heavy brush, which rose straight up to a canopy of mixed bamboo and deciduous trees so thick that hardly any light came through, and the trees of a heavier layer, rising above the middle canopy, were sometimes as much as eight feet in diameter. The Marines had to hack their way through with machetes or wait for chunks of

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jungle to be burned or blasted out by napalm or bombs.

Masterpool's plan of attack was to make as much progress as he could each day on the ground, then stop before dusk and call for radar-controlled bombing attacks and artillery fire, which were directed to the rear as well as the front and sides of the battalion. Masterpool has compared his method of pushing slowly ahead step by step to the action of a ball-point pen. The idea, as he has explained it, was to probe slowly with the tip of the pen and then, when contact was made, retract the point into the pen's larger sleeve; that is, as soon as contact was made, supporting fire, including napalm, was directed onto the enemy positions. This method of attack was slower than a steady assault but was calculated to save Marine lives, and, by and large, that was what it did throughout the battle, with alternating companies serving as the point of the pen. The fighting at times was so fierce and so seemingly chaotic that there appeared to be no plan, but Masterpool maintained his tactics. What the Marines were confronting, as they had suspected, was the N.V.A.'s main line of resistance. Camouflaged bunkers covered with heavy logs and sometimes with steel plates were strong enough to sustain even the heaviest artillery strikes or naval gunfire. The best weapons against them were tanks, firing from nearby hills, but then the N.V.A. had to be dug out with grenades, machine guns, and rifles. "The weather was all right for the first five days," Colonel Masterpool said later. "But then there was a lot of rain or a steady fog and haze, so logistics became a problem. We could move only a short distance at a time, build our emergency-landing zones, and put out some colored smoke, so the helicopters could grope their way in with ammo and water and evacuate the wounded. We had to shift our supply priorities each day, depending on what we needed most for the next day—demolitions, for example, to blast out the following night's landing zone, since there's no sense capturing a hill if you can't support it. We had no doubt that we were up against a sturdy, tenacious, and well-disciplined enemy, who was determined to hang on despite the air and artillery thrown at him."

Captain Roger Ryman, the commander of Lima Company, who took one part of Hill 400, picked up the story: "As we got closer to 400, moving along some of the lower hills in front of it, we saw more and more ene-

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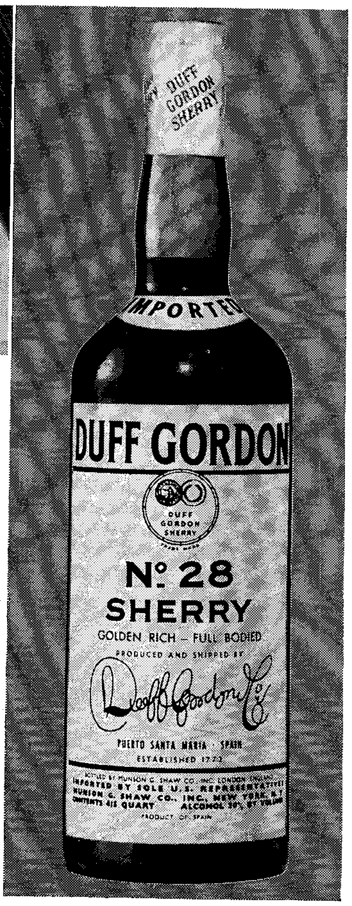

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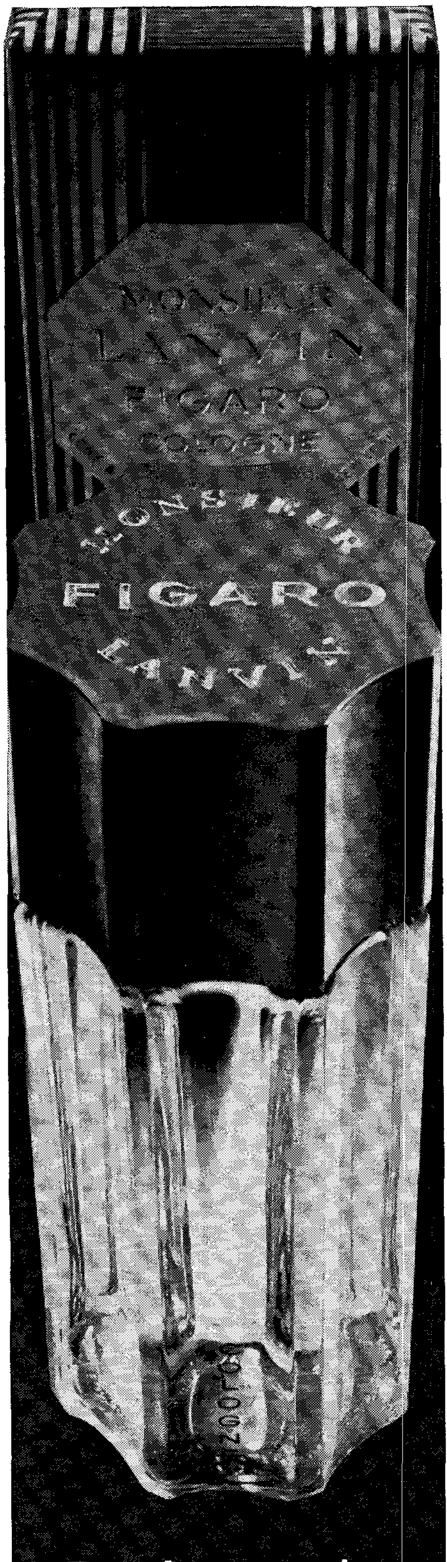

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my positions, including enough huts in the ravines to harbor a regiment, and piles and piles of ammunition. N.V.A. bodies lying about and hastily dug graves were signs that we were moving in right behind them. Their fire discipline, though, remained excellent. Invariably, they'd pick just the right piece of terrain, where it was so narrow that we couldn't maneuver on the flanks, and they'd dig in and wait for us in the bottleneck. Sometimes they'd let the point man go by and then let us have it. On other parts of the ridge-line trail, where it dipped down through the thickest sections of the jungle, we would suddenly see a patch of vegetation moving toward us, and that was the only way we could detect an enemy soldier. Once, I heard a sudden snigger when one of our men slipped. The sound gave away a concealed enemy position a few feet away, and started a fire fight. The N.V.A. was damn clever. We'd walk the artillery in—that is, direct it fifty yards at a time toward us, sensing by sound where it was dropping. Then we'd pull back, opening the artillery sheath, and call for saturated firing in the area. But the N.V.A. would guess what we were doing, and when we pulled back they'd quickly follow us into the safety zone between us and where the shells were dropping. And when the shelling stopped, they'd start shooting again."

At the height of the fight for Hill 400, the N.V.A. counterattacked in strength, twice inflicting a good many casualties on the advancing Marines. Kilo Company alone lost four point men. Sergeant Arthur Downey, one of the platoon leaders, said afterward, "Every time a point moved up, the stuff was so thick you couldn't tell who was firing, Charlie or us. They had everything—mortars, mines, and heavy weapons—and they had ladders in the trees for spotters to climb up and direct the fire." Downey went back and forth, dragging off his wounded and directing the fighting at the same time, and somehow suffered nothing worse than light shrapnel wounds. Eventually, on the fifth day of the battle, the battalion got a foothold on Hill 400, which is L-shaped, and they managed to take the rest of it the following day.

The fight for Hill 484 then began, and it turned out to be two fights, because what the Marines named the Fake, a third hill, between 400 and 484, and which wasn't on their maps, had to be taken first. The same ball-point-pen tactics were adopted, with companies alternating as the point of the pen, while supporting fire was fur-

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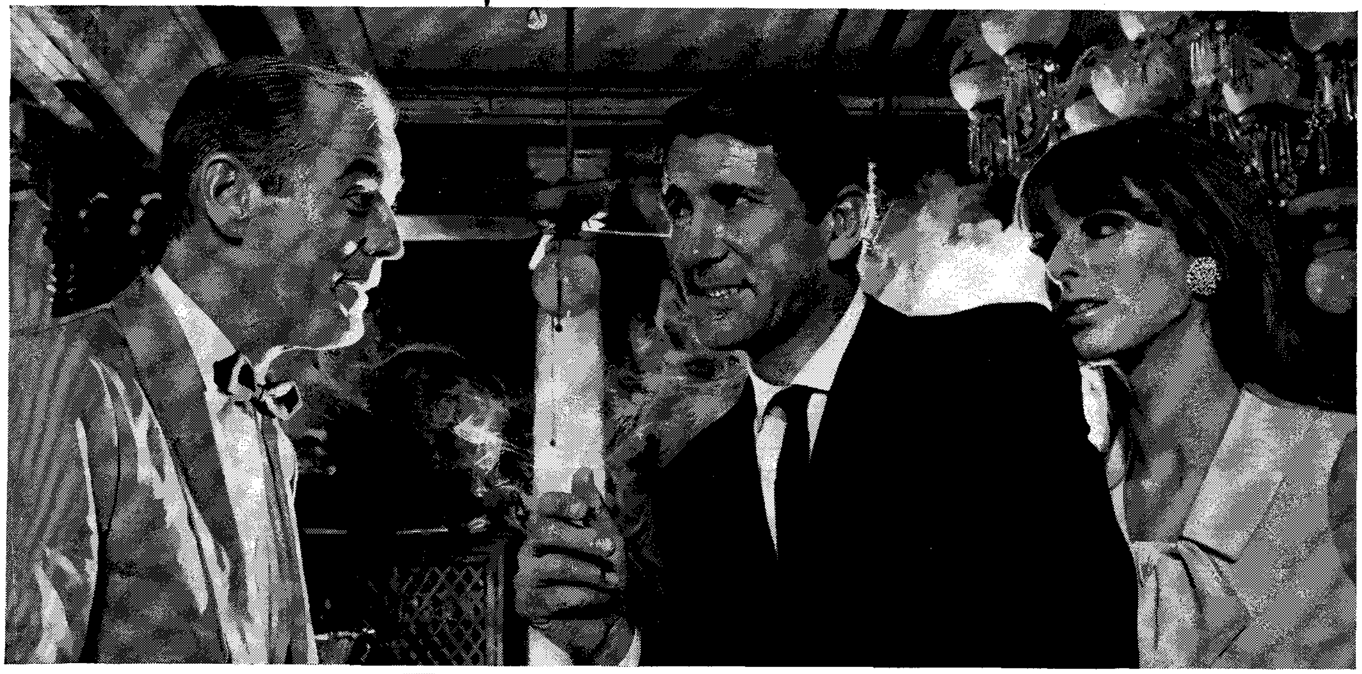

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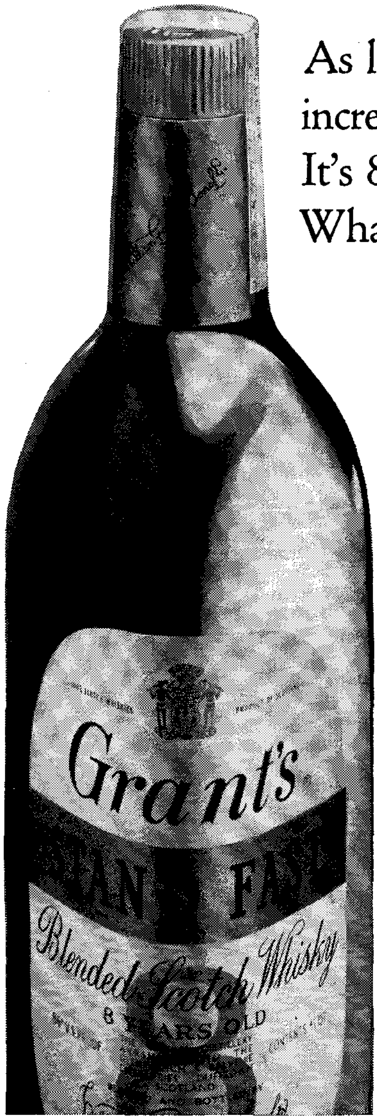
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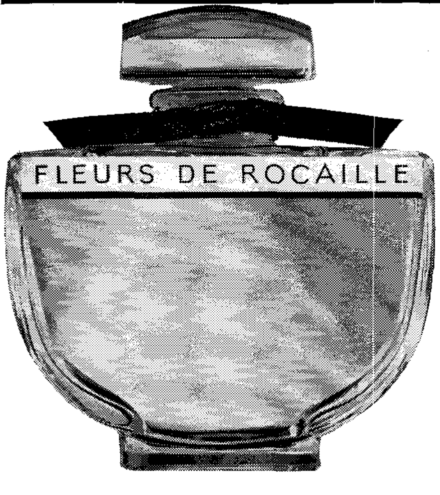
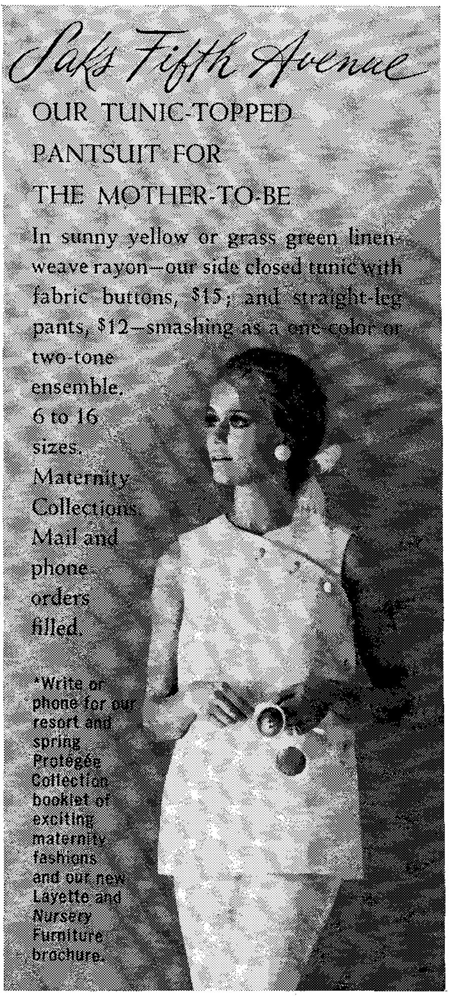


nished from Hill 400 and, when it was taken, from the Fake. On October 5th, with the help of fire from eight-inch howitzers on the Army's artillery plateau west of Cam Lo, Captain Robert Handrahan's Mike Company took Hill 484, and the N.V.A. began to flee back to the D.M.Z. along the ridge-line trail and through the deep jungle beyond it. On that last day of the battle, Captain J. J. Carroll, who had taken over Kilo Company from Captain Modrzejewski after the earlier Helicopter Valley battle, was on Hill 400 directing fire toward Hill 484 when a misdirected Marine tank barrage from several hundred yards away struck his position, killing him and two other men, and wounding ten. Carroll, a former Notre Dame football player, had described the action in capturing Hill 400 after the N.V.A. counterattacks as "the high point of my career." He was killed exactly a month after he arrived in Vietnam. The artillery plateau west of Cam Lo has since been named Camp Carroll in his memory.

IN the four months that Operation Prairie has been going on, more than twelve hundred N.V.A. dead have been counted; sixteen hundred more have been listed as probably killed—again, as during Hastings, mostly by artillery and air strikes. The Marines, who at one time or another have had eleven different battalions in action in Prairie, have lost approximately an eighth as many as the known enemy dead—a more favorable ratio than that of Hastings. A.R.V.N., which has rotated ten battalions in and out of the area in support of Prairie, has killed two hundred N.V.A. and claimed three or four hundred probables. Except for one occasion when an airborne battalion failed to dig in and got badly mortared, all the A.R.V.N. elements, in the opinion of their American advisers, have fought well, especially considering the disruption in their ranks caused by political disturbances last spring.

Since October 6th, when the main elements of Division 324B withdrew after the Battle for Mutter Ridge, there have been no major contacts with the N.V.A. General English, however, has said, "I'm sure of one thing. Although we've definitely killed more than two thousand in Hastings and Prairie combined, and probably a lot more, they haven't quit." By and large, the N.V.A. have fought better during Prairie than during Hastings, mainly because they weren't taken quite as much by surprise and had a better idea of what to expect from the combination of mobility and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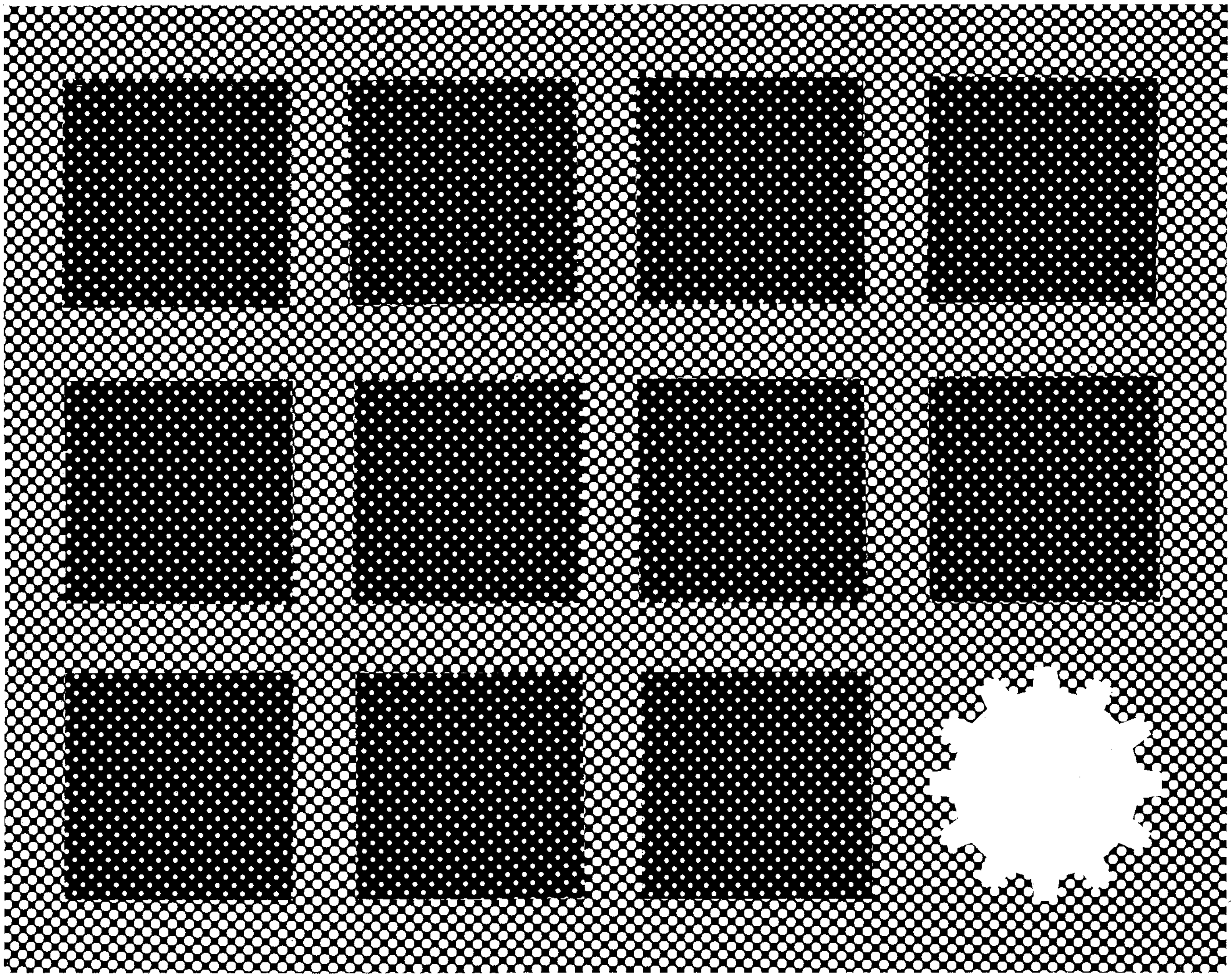

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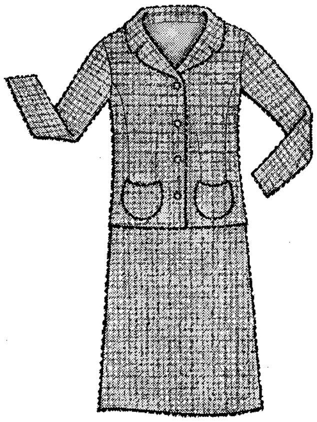

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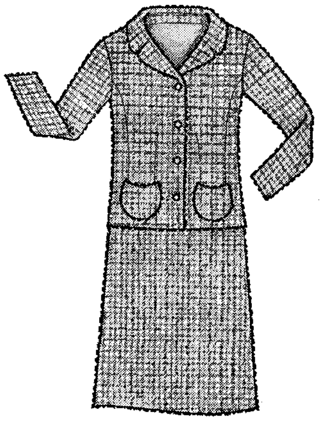

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firepower that the Marines could inflict on them. The Communists have certainly been more careful during Prairie; only eight prisoners have been captured so far, and far fewer documents have been taken than during Hastings. In the past month, enemy forces of up to company size have been met in a few places—mostly around Con Thien, in the northeast sector, where the Marines have killed some five hundred N.V.A. since early September. In the last few weeks, reconnaissance patrols have run into some sizable enemy elements around Dong Ha and the Rockpile, but they may have been Vietcong rather than N.V.A. (One patrol not long ago shot two four-foot apes, having mistaken them for Communists in a huge, dark cave complex.) Throughout both Hastings and Prairie, the N.V.A. seems to have had trouble coördinating its activities with those of Vietcong troops in Quang Tri. This was primarily the result of the Marines' having upset 324B's timetable, but there are those who believe that the lack of liaison and coördination may also be attributed to resentment on the part of the hard-core Vietcong against the manner in which the N.V.A. came into Quang Tri and gave orders to Vietcong leaders who had been running their own show for a long time.

Evidence that the North Vietnamese have not given up the idea of making a frontal attack into Quang Tri—either another full-fledged invasion effort or a quick thrust in search of one dramatic victory—has been seen in a recent fresh buildup within the D.M.Z. Air-surveillance and Intelligence reports have noted an increase in the number of artillery positions, though the positions have not as yet been supplied with any actual artillery. Recently, one top Intelligence officer, after pointing out that the Communists used artillery with rewarding results against the French at Dienbienphu twelve years ago, said, "The enemy will use artillery only if he thinks it's worth using, especially since he knows our ability to retaliate with air attacks, artillery, and naval gunfire. We're keeping a constant watch on his buildup and calculating what installations of ours are in jeopardy on the basis of what guns he puts where." Having been thrown back twice, the North Vietnamese must surely be weighing with great care their chances of doing any better in a third invasion effort. Over the past several weeks, both sides have been engaged in reconnaissance; just as the Marines

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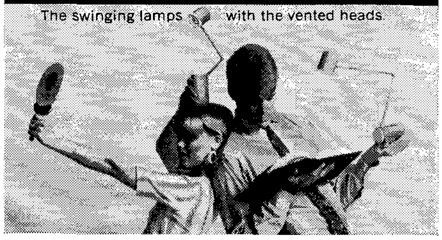

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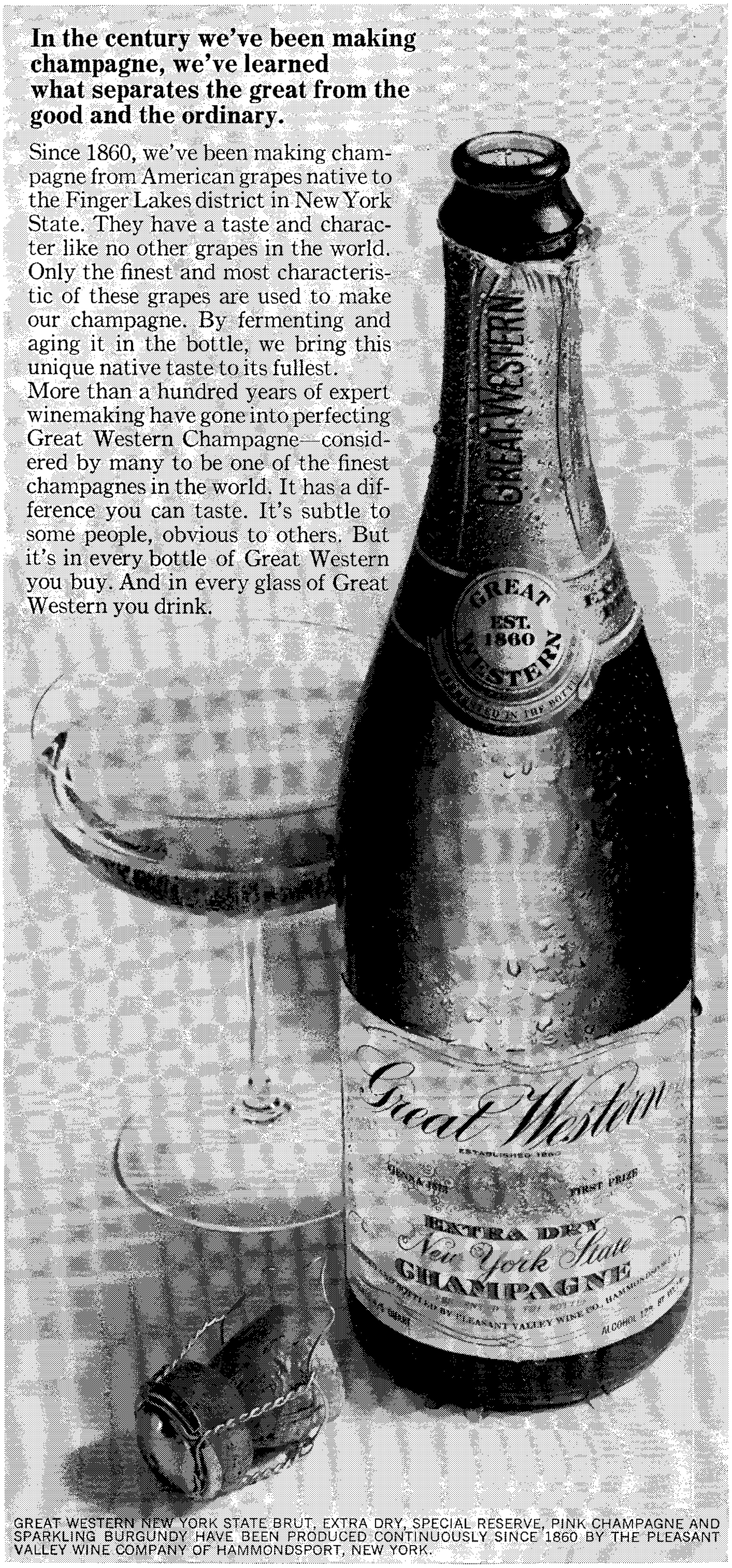
have been out looking for them, N.V.A. units have been checking on the Marines' positions—perhaps waiting for the Americans to withdraw, as they did after Hastings, before attempting another assault. Though 324B took a severe beating in Hastings and Prairie, the N.V.A. is perfectly capable of building the division up to strength again with draftees or by inserting elements of other divisions. Four or five other divisions are known to be in staging areas north of the D.M.Z., and any one or any combination of these could be used for another attack. The attack could come directly through the middle of the D.M.Z., along the same trail lines as before; through the eastern side, vulnerable though it is to naval fire; or, as seems more likely, through the mountainous western side and into Quang Tri by way of Khe Sanh. Strategically, the key to the control of the whole province is still the Rockpile and the ridges around it, and the North Vietnamese undoubtedly understand this just as thoroughly as do the Americans, who now hold the area.

TO men who have the responsibility of evaluating Operations Hastings and Prairie—in many respects the most significant actions of the war to date—and of relating the two actions to the current over-all military situation in Vietnam, it seems apparent that the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong, despite the setbacks they have suffered, have no intention of giving up. All the available reports in Saigon indicate that Hanoi is still determined to wear out the Americans' patience. American casualties, though so far they are not large in comparison with those of other major wars, are mounting—more than six thousand Americans have now been killed—and they are bound to go up somewhat more rapidly in the future, because of the increased number of American troops being deployed in the interior and because of the very nature of the war, which is one of fluidity and sudden, bursting violence. There are still not enough American troops in Vietnam to hold and defend all the areas that have been taken and at the same time keep chasing after both the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong forces. At present, there are 350,000 American troops in Vietnam, plus 52,000 so-called "friendly foreign forces," who are primarily Koreans but also include small contingents of Australians and New Zealanders and some noncombatant Filipinos. A.R.V.N. forces total 285,000, and there are



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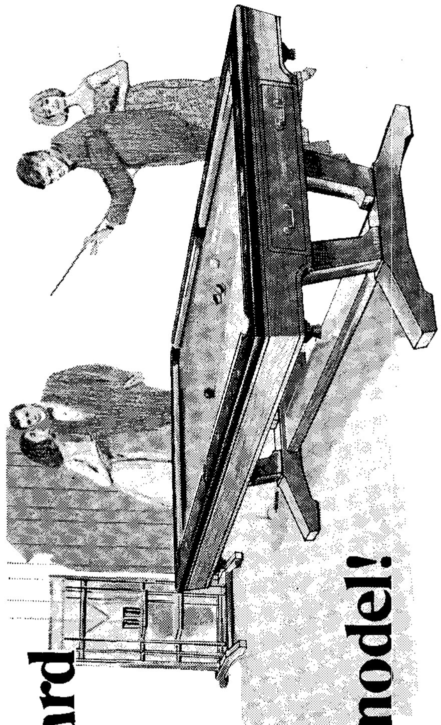

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In conformity with a plan devised at the Manila Conference late in October, the South Vietnamese forces are now to concentrate on combatting local guerrillas and on pacification—that is, providing security in the villages for the introduction of economic-development programs—while the Americans and their foreign allies attempt to seek out and destroy main-force Vietcong elements and the N.V.A. The pacification program has encountered certain difficulties. For one thing, it appears that many Vietnamese generals are determined to preserve their status by opposing, or pretending to oppose, the main-force Vietcong. For another, the morale and the behavior of many, if not most, of the government troops have scarcely ever been conducive to the carrying out of a program that has been described as "winning the hearts and minds of the people." The South Vietnamese Army suffers acutely from lack of leadership, especially at the junior-officer level. Political and family influence, to say nothing of ordinary corruption, is still rife throughout the Vietnamese military system. The job that the Americans initially set for themselves in Vietnam, at the invitation of the Vietnamese, was to reorganize and advise the Vietnamese armed forces. From 1962 to 1965, this was attempted, and proved impossible, because advice was not enough—the Vietnamese, for the most part, paid no attention to it or merely gave it lip service. Since mid-1965, the Americans have been directly and increasingly engaged in the war themselves. An ad-

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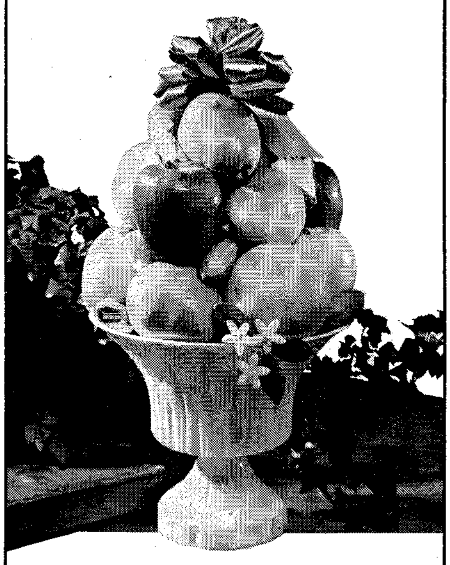

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CAFE RENAISSANCE
MANHATTAN

visory effort is still going on, but it is still ineffective in most cases.

Over the past four months, the Communists, it seems clear, hoped to capitalize on the difficulties of their opponents by launching a nationwide offensive. By upsetting the Communists' timetable—hitting them before they were ready and then keeping them on the run—the Americans and the Koreans, with some help from A.R.V.N., have been winning notable victories not only in the D.M.Z. area but also in Kontum, Tay Ninh, and Binh Dinh, and, to a lesser degree, elsewhere on the coast. Among other things, the enemy has been everywhere deprived of rice. As a consequence of these campaigns, the Communists are being forced to regroup and to refashion both their strategy and their tactics, searching for any weak spots where they might possibly achieve some success. Though seemingly dedicated in the past year to so-called Phase Three operations—that is, in Communist terms, to an all-out offensive—the enemy has by no means given up guerrilla activity, and the expectation is that American forces will continue to encounter all kinds of warfare, from terrorist raids on outposts to attacks by regular units ranging from platoons to divisions. Under these conditions, General Westmoreland will require many more troops than he has now if he is to contain and punish the enemy as well as chase him around and keep him off balance. There is no one in South Vietnam, least of all General Westmoreland himself, who doubts this, or who believes, as some people in Washington apparently still believe, that the job can be finished within a fixed time limit—whether six months or a year or two years. In Vietnam, no time limits are being set on anything.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

Now about Mr. O'Sullivan. This gifted young man has been seen by me in several items—"Seven Characters in Search of an Author," the late and lamented "Superman" and so on. He has a face designed for character play.—*From a review of "The Alchemist," by Whitney Bolton, in the Morning Telegraph.*

Yeah, but did you catch him in "Six Keys to Baldpate" and "Two Men on a Horse"?

•

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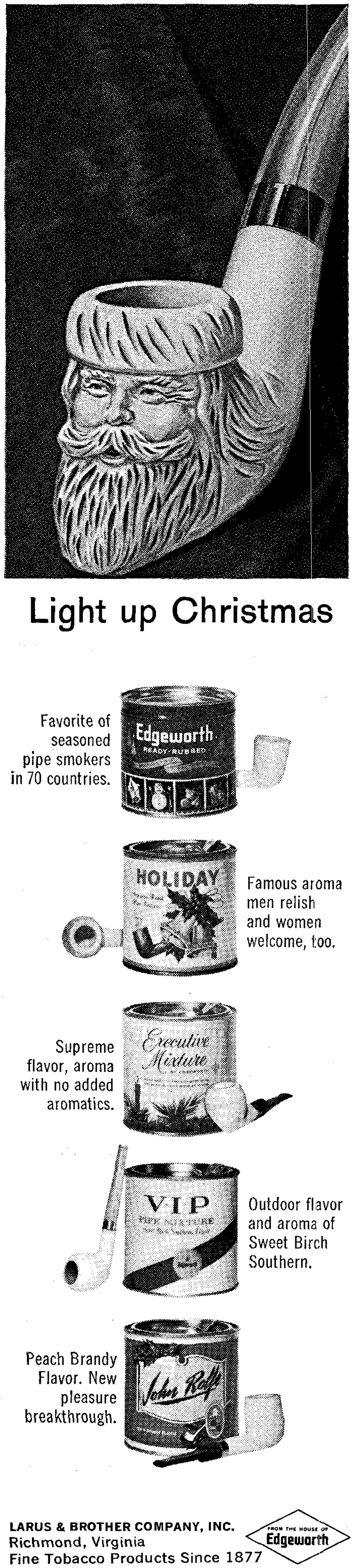

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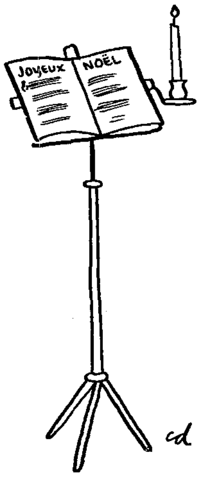
MUSICAL EVENTS

Sensation

MOST confirmed operagoers, unless they are attending the two dozen operas that are regarded as great musical experiences (and sometimes even then), go to opera to hear great singers. People who prefer symphony concerts or chamber music tend to look down their noses at this practice. They consider opera to be a lower form of art. They do not like the intrusion of human personalities into the interpretation of masterpieces unless the personalities happen to be conductors. And they regard the composer as the sole and holy fountainhead of music, forgetting that the composers they most admire follow a tradition that had its origin in performance. Some readers may accuse me of slighting symphonic music so far this season, and they can point, quite justly, to column after column in which some operatic event has been given precedence over a symphonic one. But the fact is that, with a few exceptions, which I have endeavored to write about, our symphonic programs this season have been either unadventurous or tedious as only the contemporary composer can make them. I don't know how many more decades our much prized symphonic orchestras are going to last unless some composers of real genius come forward to replenish their repertoires. It is not interesting either to write or to read about the latest performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony or Brahms' Fourth. Something has to be added, something better than the experimental works of the twelve-tone school and those of the other "advanced" groups of composers. There is, as I have noted before, a vast potential repertoire of contemporary works that does not issue from these sources, but this repertoire remains unperformed. And so we are left with the well-worn classics and romantics, plus an occasional anti-musical work expressing nothing and making little impression on the audience.



Now, opera is something different and, at the moment, something much more exciting. There the performer is still more or less in the position he has held since the Renaissance. He is the focus of things. The composer has written with him in mind, and the question is how he will perform what the composer wrote, with such modifications as he himself will add, if only because his voice, temperament, tradition, and stage personality are different from those of others. Today, a new singer or a new cast, even in the most hackneyed opera, can give its audience a new experience. A symphony orchestra, unless its conductor is of a type that is growing rarer and rarer, cannot do this, and even the greatest conductor cannot produce variations in the performance of a standard work beyond a certain point, or make it any newer than it is. Opera is a vital performing art today; every change of cast invites analysis, and every new singer offers a fresh encounter for audience and critic alike.

For a long time now, the champion discoverer and importer of remarkable singing artists to New York has been Allen Sven Oxenburg, of the American Opera Society. On Tuesday evening of last week, in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Oxenburg did it again. The opera (in concert form, of course) was Cherubini's "Medea"—always a tremendous tour de force for its leading soprano—and the soprano on this occasion was Gwyneth Jones, of whom everything has been heard hereabouts except Miss Jones herself. She turned out to be a sensation. But that is not exactly what interests me. I have heard more mature and dramatically affecting Medeas than hers. She is, I would guess, still in her twenties, lovely to behold and with a perfectly produced voice of immense—in fact, altogether exceptional—power. This voice is bright-colored in its upper range but never shrill, its softer tones are caressing to the ear, and it is even and warm in quality throughout a large range. In short, we have here a major vocal phenomenon, and I will not be at all surprised to find this voice singing the outstanding Isoldes and Brünnhildes of a few years from now. I have said that Miss Jones is not the most mature Medea in my experience, but I do not wish to imply that her singing of the role was in any way faulty. On the contrary, she threw herself into it with a great deal of temperament and with absolute vocal assurance. She was magnificent, if not supreme. With a little more experience, she is likely to become the Flagstad of tomorrow.

In other respects, the performance the other night was only fair to middling. Lamberto Gardelli, the conductor, is a man who is good with detail but incapable of building the larger lines of a work, and, as a result, "Medea's" cumulative power was not set forth. Regina Sarfaty's Neris was sung with the cultivated style that has always been hers. Jane Marsh made an agreeably youthful Princess Glauce, with a fresh voice that was at its best in the top register. Aldo Bottion, a new Italian tenor, sang the role of Jason in a slightly brassy, but acceptable, style, and the bass Carlo Cava filled in the role of King Creon. The chorus sang with an unusual infusion of spontaneity and zip.

LAST Thursday night, the Metropolitan Opera presented a new production of "Lohengrin," staged and designed before his recent death by Wieland Wagner and realized by his disciple Peter Lehmann. I have always had certain objections to the so-called neo-Bayreuth style of production, invented in the early nineteen-fifties by the late Mr. Wagner. It was created partly for reasons of economy and partly to take the curse of Hitler off postwar Wagnerian production by converting into symbols many things that, if they had been realistically presented, would have seemed distastefully nationalistic to non-Germans. But in his enthusiasm for symbolism Wieland Wagner often created a spectacle that was little more than a concert performance in costume. Scenery was reduced to a blank, containing perhaps a single symbol, and properties were almost nonexistent. The flora and fauna of the Wagnerian world (including "Siegfried's" delightful dragon) were abolished; the city of Nuremberg, in "Die Meistersinger," became a park bench with a couple of bushes nearby, and so on. I cannot see any excuse for bringing this kind of production to the Metropolitan now. But Mr. Bing thinks otherwise, and so we had a neo-Bayreuth "Lohengrin" a couple of decades after the appearance of the situation that brought the neo-Bayreuth style into being. Thus, there was a permanent shell-like backdrop of scrim with veins in it—suggesting an Art Nouveau lampshade. Before this, on what can only be described as bleachers, stood the chorus, dressed in absolute uniformity. The color scheme was pleasing—the backdrop was blue and the

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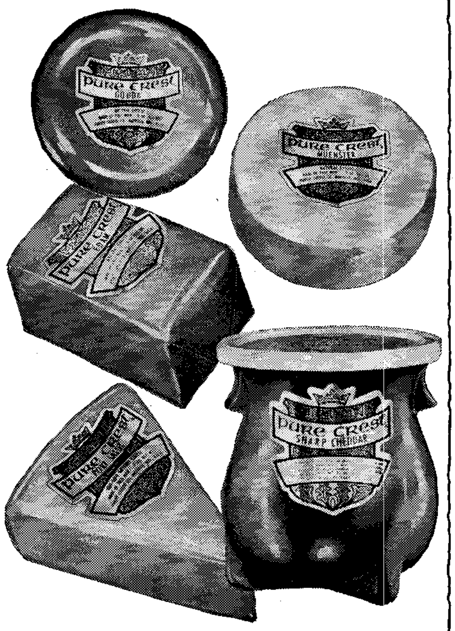

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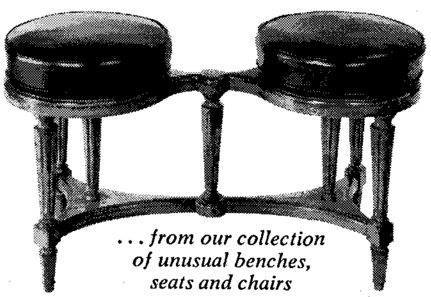
uniforms were gray. When the hero appeared, he seemed to come out of the bowels of an enormous orange swan, with a wingspread of fifty feet, which was projected behind the backdrop. He sang "Mein lieber Schwan" facing the audience and ignoring the swan, which towered behind him. The other principals stood and looked pious on a sort of island in the middle of the stage, rarely risking so much as a gesture. Act II, Scene 1, had a turret in the middle of the stage, around which Telramund and Ortrud skulked, and on top of which Elsa made her appearance. Act II, Scene 2—the church scene—had a medieval Madonna and Child projected behind the backdrop, and virtually nothing else. Act III, Scene 1, was the most disappointing of all. Something resembling an Indian print hung in the middle of the stage symbolizing perhaps a bed, or the privacy of the bedroom, and its color scheme was unpleasantly at variance with the rest of the set. The last scene was, as is customary, the same as the first scene of the opera, with a few banners added.

Musically, the performance was one in which sympathies were drawn to the forces of evil. Walter Berry and his wife, Christa Ludwig, gave forth prodigies of singing as the villainous Telramund and Ortrud. John Macurdy was also excellent as King Henry, and Sherrill Milnes scarcely less impressive as the herald. But Sándor Kónya was a little-more-than-adequate Lohengrin, and Ingrid Bjoner, as Elsa, had troubles with pitch, sustained tone, and characterization. Karl Böhm conducted in masterly fashion.

ON Monday evening of last week, I dropped in at Carnegie Hall to hear Yehudi Menuhin in the dual role of conductor and violinist with the American Symphony Orchestra. He was not quite as remarkable as a conductor as he was as a violinist, but there was a relaxed charm about the evening's doings, and Mr. Menuhin certainly was not an exhibitionistic batoneer of the sort we are only too accustomed to. For me, the most impressive item on the program was Mozart's Violin Concerto in A Major, which Mr. Menuhin played elegantly, not failing to observe the subtle connection between violin and orchestra at the end of the first phrase of the last movement. The preceding Bach E-Major Concerto was agreeably robust rather than timid in the fashionable baroque manner. Bartók's Divertimento for Strings and Schumann's Fourth

DUET BENCH



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Symphony provided a glimpse of Menuhin the conductor. They were both earnestly done. By the very highest standards of the conductor's art, they were not altogether brilliantly interpreted. Sluggishness of tempo was one fault. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

Welcome Return

"AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT" (Angel) runs for almost fifty-five minutes, which means that it takes close to full advantage of the time available on a long-playing record, and yet it turns out to be not long enough. As the title indicates, the enterprise brings back those excellent companions Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, who were with us, both on a local stage and in another Angel release, a few years back, in "At the Drop of a Hat," and who are scheduled to appear shortly on Broadway in this and, no doubt, additional material. As you will recall, Flanders, an accomplished monologuist, supplies both the prefaces and the lyrics to the often outrageous but ever musical songs composed by and played on the piano by Swann, and sung by both of them. The two men are without peers in their particular subdivision of the performing arts. The nearest thing to them is Victor Borge, with his deft clown-and-skilled-musician balancing act.

Above all, "At the Drop of Another Hat" brings us, as its predecessor did, the warmth and liveliness that one hopes to encounter in parlor conversation but rarely does. Flanders is wise, literate, and given to an occasional broad joke (usually a good one), and Swann is bright of eye and ready to set to work at the piano at the— well, on cue. Their new recital has the advantage of improving as it goes along; Side 2 is better than Side 1. On the first side, though, we are afforded the pleasure of meeting these disarming gentlemen once again as we are informed about, among other things, their visit to America (the recording was taken down before a London theatre audience, and there are several references, inside but not wholly obscure, to British mores) and recent changes in their living conditions. Then they present an entertaining, though somewhat obvious, piece about blundering workmen who succeed one another on weekdays to repair one another's mistakes. (This is called "The Gasman Cometh.") Here there is a piece about status seekers, entitled "Sounding Brass," and there an expertly done but overextend-

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1/4 oz. Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

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1 oz. Galliano
1 1/4 oz. Brandy
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST
Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop 1/4 section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
(Prize Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild)
1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Cointreau
1/2 oz. Orange Juice
1/2 oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GAY GALLIANO
(Prize Winning Recipe—Sandy Lane Hotel, Barbados, W.I.)
3/4 oz. Galliano 1 1/2 oz. Rum
1/2 Fresh lime juice
Put ingredients into blender with shaved ice. Mix until thick (semi-frozen). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with twist of lime peel.

MILANO
(Prize Winning Recipe Copenhagen, Denmark)
1 part Gin
1 part Galliano
1 part fresh lime juice
Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ITALIAN HEATHER
(Prize Winning Cocktail Milan, Italy)
1 1/2 oz. Scotch 1/2 oz. Galliano
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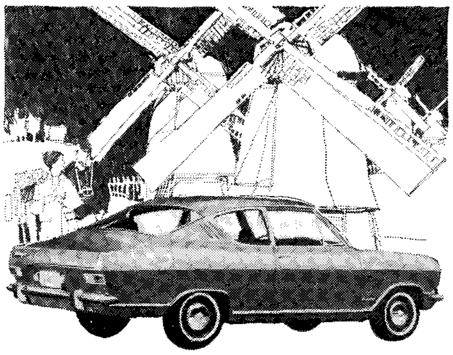
ed monologue in which the art of stuffing olives is invested with the panoply and ceremony of the bull ring, and elsewhere a pseudo-Russian folk song, an ingenious effort in which, reminiscent of Ionesco's "Rhinoceros," the voice of a French-horn enthusiast develops the sound of his instrument, and one in which the laws of thermodynamics assume a jazzy nature. The second side begins with a song, "All Gall," about France's preëminent mystic, and concludes with an updated verse about our old friend the hippopotamus, followed by a chorus (the audience joining in) of "Glorious Mud." In between are other small pleasures, including an all-out bit of chauvinism called "A Song of Patriotic Prejudice" and a piece—"Bedstead Men"—about the singers' brave and daring campaign to deface the English countryside. But the particular gem of this collection is, I think, a two-part exercise, in the first part of which Flanders discusses air travel, explaining that they have been asked to write a song about flying, and in the second part of which they contrarily sing an utterly enchanting number about soon-to-be-bypassed railway stations, called "Slow Train."

"Olympus 7-000" (Command) and "Alice Through the Looking Glass" (Victor) are both original-cast recordings of recently televised musicals created for the home screen. Both are far from being joys. I don't know why musicals written for television—and, previously, for radio—have turned out to be such dispiriting affairs, unless it is partly because a worthwhile show would find its way to the theatre first and partly because the restrictions, both physical and artistic, imposed by the two media are particularly hard on musicals. Still, the brave attempts continue. "Olympus 7-000," for which Richard Adler supplied the songs, has a fairly puerile campus plot. The only characters involved are the boy, an architectural student who somehow gets a chance to coach the school's feckless football squad; the girl, the dean's daughter, whom he won't marry until he can afford to; and a flip *deus ex machina*, name of Hermes, who has the football team performing wonders until the girl deliberately detains him during a crucial game. (They are sung by Larry Blyden, Phyllis Newman, and Donald O'Connor, in that order.) The songs, naturally intended to be light and witty, are in the main merely empty. A seduction piece, "Better Things to



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Do," makes a fair try, but what is obviously the plug song, a ballad called "For You" (the fourth song of that name that I can remember), which has an attractive and easygoing melody of the Rodgers type, comes off best. Its lyrics are of the Hart type, and as the song begins we are teased with—and hope for—the kind of distinctively Manhattan expression that at one time in our musical theatre generated enough thin heat and thin light to hold us in its ambience, sometimes, for a few short city blocks, much as the Strauss waltzes must have retained a special radiance for the Viennese as they strolled home from their beer gardens. It is perhaps a small thing, but such songs, whether they were called "Manhattan" or "I Happen to Like New York," contained, in their strict form, a quality of hymning the city that has all but disappeared from our show music. The singers in "Olympus 7-000," by the way, perform with professional skill.

As for "Alice Through the Looking Glass," it starts and finishes with an engaging title theme but presents us with little musical magic in between. Furthermore, the lyrics (Elsie Simmons') to the score (Moose Charlap's) are, though lacking in the vulgarity we have come to expect from such endeavors, entirely without spark. The vocal work is shaky. Judi Rolin, who sings Alice's efflorescences, has one of those accurately trained, lifeless instruments that rise in moments of intended passion to a quivering intensity—a common characteristic among today's younger songstresses. Nanette Fabray brings a breathless appeal to the role of the White Queen, and Robert Coote, Agnes Moorehead, Jack Palance, Jimmy Durante, and the rest perform with varying success. There is, by the way, an added character, Lester the Jester, sung by Roy Castle, but we won't let him detain us.

GOING through the stacks of rock 'n' roll and folk rock and the ever fewer folk recordings that come our way these days, one still encounters a worthwhile recording of popular songs now and then, and I'd like to tell you about a few, in brief:

Guitars à la Lee (Capitol)—This time, the throaty Peggy Lee presents a generally unhackneyed recital with a supporting band dominated by attractively scored guitars. Two come-hither pieces—"Nice 'n' Easy," and "Call Me"—bracket such engaging selections as Jeri Southern's "Touch the Earth;" "Goodbye, My Love," which has words composed by Miss Lee to music by the late Victor Young; and a persuasive plaint, of the kind that used to be referred to as a torch song, entitled "An Empty Glass."

Aznavour (Reprise)—The worn-sounding but urgent voice of Charles Aznavour gets off a variety of French caprices of his own creation—waltzes, marches, and so on—that relate lurid little stories, on the order of the stuff that the late Edith Piaf used to let herself and her auditors revel in.

What's New? (Decca)—Marian Montgomery, a lazy-voiced singer of Southern origin whose voice is as relaxed as a sprung brass bed, and has overtones of the late Billie Holiday in it, offers with winning grace such ancient bonbons as "Me and My Shadow," "I'm the Lonesomest Gal in Town," "What's New?," and "Then I'll Be Tired of You," and several less familiar numbers.

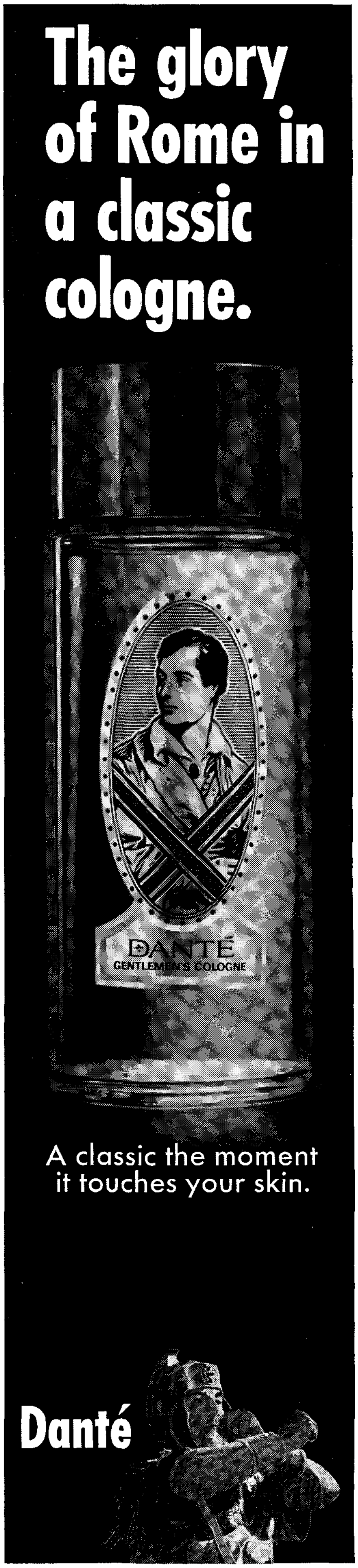
—Douglas Watt

• •

SEDIMENT

You are such a well-rounded sponge
from head to foot that I have made myself
a lake for you, not to see you shrivel up,
and I have surrounded you with trees
and a distant view of a mountain,
calm sky above. No rain comes
while you and I float together,
your reflection in me; but then slowly
you settle down, filled. I think
you are going to drown
and I will go dry, utterly absorbed in you,
my mud and rock showing. I worry
about us, you swollen and out of shape
and I tasting of sediment.

—David Ignatow



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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 8

SOMETIME in the next six months, Congress will vote to extend and extensively amend the Universal Military Training and Service Act of 1951, commonly known as the draft. The action will be preceded by a debate, already in progress, that may turn out to be as interesting and important as any other current controversy—partly because most of the other controversies, including those on Vietnam and the state of the economy, are closely connected with it. In the recent past, congressional debate on military conscription has been desultory and largely limited to real and imagined inequities in the operations of the Selective Service System. There has been broad, bipartisan agreement that the draft is necessary, democratic, and, with a few lamentable exceptions, equitable. Fundamental changes have seldom been discussed, or even proposed, and hardly anyone has questioned the institution itself. (In their Presidential campaigns of 1956 and 1964, Adlai Stevenson and Barry Goldwater urged abolition of the draft, but neither kept the issue alive after the elections.) Now, though, there is widespread—indeed, almost universal—dissatisfaction with the way the institution works and fails to work. For the first time in the nearly sixteen years since Congress established the present draft, radical proposals for reform have come from within the government, and some congressmen are raising the question of whether conscription is today an acceptable means of procuring manpower to meet our military needs. Outside the government, there have been several calls for early repeal of the act and a reliance on voluntary enlistments. Last week in Miami Beach, the National Council of Churches passed a resolution calling for abolition of the draft. At a national conference on the draft held this week at the University of Chicago, sixty of the hundred and twenty delegates signed a petition urging repeal; the rest, it is reported, favor retention with drastic reform. Evidently, no one—with the possible exception of the director of the Selective Service System, Lieutenant General Lewis B. Hershey, who took office in 1941—is satisfied with things as they are.

"But gee, Pop, isn't it about time that to me from failing hands you threw the torch?"

Anticipating dissent and discontent, the President last July appointed a National Advisory Commission on Selective Service, and made Burke Marshall, a highly respected former Assistant Attorney General who is now a corporation executive, its chairman. Catching up rather late in the day, the House Armed Services Committee yesterday announced the formation of its own advisory group, which will be headed by General Mark Clark. The President's commission is to report to him—and, presumably, to the public—by January 1st. So far, nothing is known of its findings; its meetings have been closed, and speculation has been discouraged. "Until you see the final report, all bets are off," a spokesman told the press a few days ago. There is a suspicion here that if its findings displease the White House, copies of the report will be very hard to come by. General Clark's committee is not expected to submit its findings in time to have any bearing on public discussion of the matter. Meanwhile, though, a self-appointed ad-hoc commission has made a study of its own and issued a report that is not only bold, partisan, and specific in its recommendations but at the same time uncommonly lucid and vigorous. The Ripon Society, an organization of Republican intellectuals loosely affiliated with several of the leading universities on both coasts, last week released a study entitled "Politics and Conscription" that urges speedy abolition of the draft and total reliance on a professional military establishment. It is an uncompromising document, contemptuous not only of the draft in its present form but of the principle of conscription itself, and of such proposals for change as the lottery system, which has been frequently endorsed by Senator Edward Kennedy, and of the "national service" proposal made last May by the Secretary of Defense. Senator Kennedy's scheme, the study says, would be one of "planned capriciousness," leaving all questions of justice and injustice to Lady Luck rather than to the four thousand fallible but indisputably human, and frequently humane, draft boards across the country. As for the McNamara plan, under which every young American, or at least every young American male, would be drafted to serve the republic in one or another of a variety of ways deemed by the government to have some measure of

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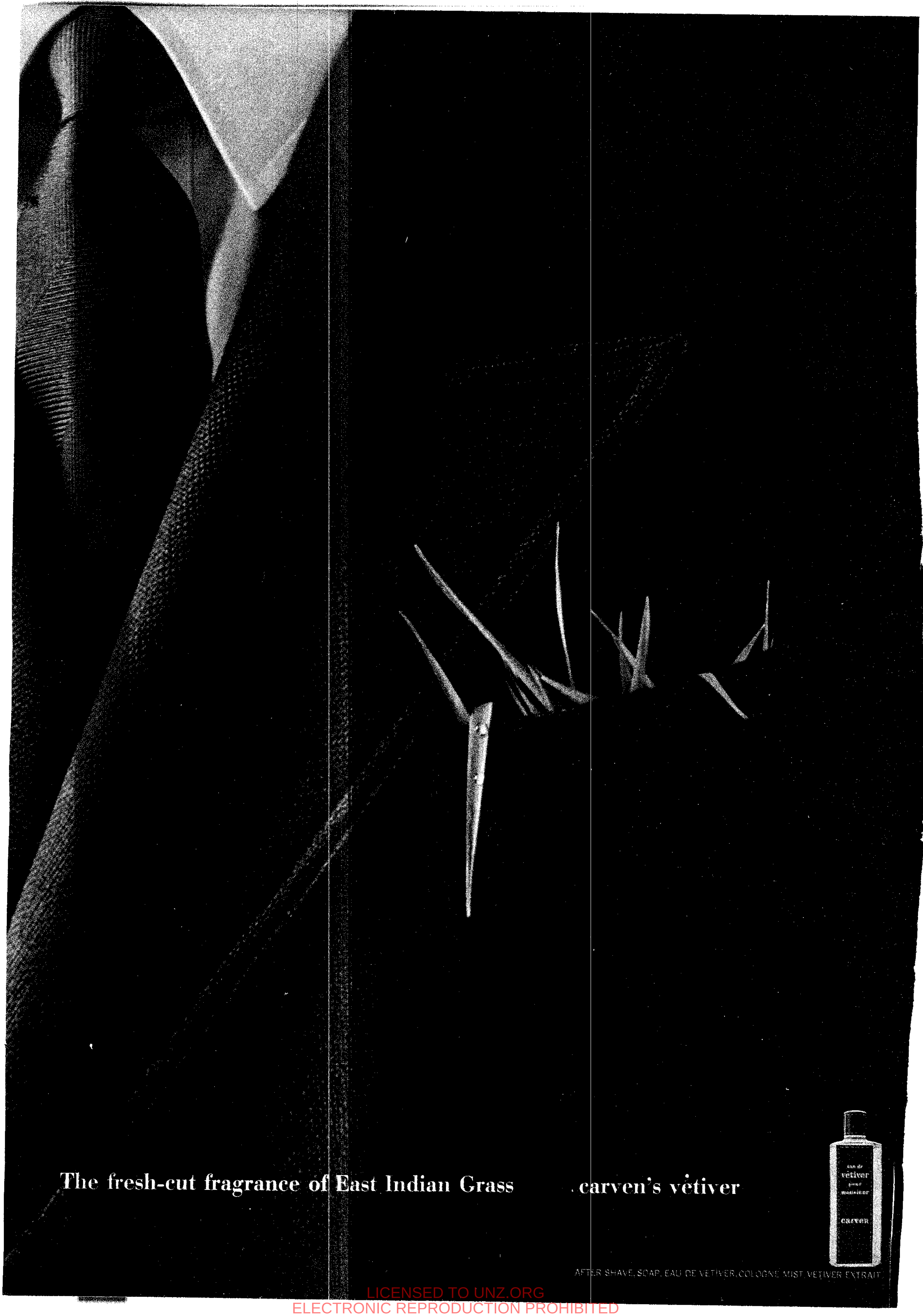
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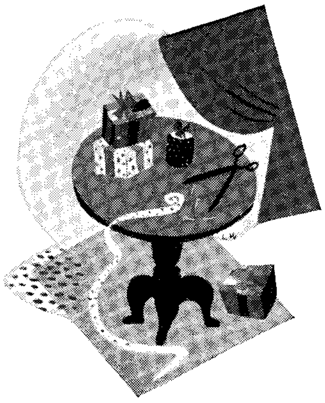
social utility, martial or not, the report says that it would merely "universalize inequity" and create a "gargantuan Brook Farm built on compulsion." It adds, "People in our diverse society would be just as misused by national service as by the draft, and maybe more so." The authors have no doubt about the feasibility, as well as the desirability, of getting rid of the draft and entrusting the national security to a force of professionals drawn to the armed services by attractions of the sort that draw other men to other professions. What is more, they urge their fellow-Republicans to take a straightforward political approach to the matter, making conscription a partisan issue in the next session of Congress and accepting without qualm any political benefits that may accrue from standing in opposition to an unpopular institution. They concede that in ordinary circumstances an issue of this nature should not be handled in a partisan manner or exploited for partisan gains. "But," they write, "despite the essentially libertarian and nonpartisan character of the case for a volunteer military, it unquestionably has been a Democratic Congress that has stymied reform in recent years and a Democratic President who has manipulated the issue in ways apparently calculated to prevent thorough debate." (This charge of Presidential manipulation refers to a Pentagon study of the draft that has never been fully disclosed; it is widely believed here that it leaned to the abolitionist side and was withheld because of fears that it would have an adverse effect on national morale at a time when we were embarking on a large-scale intervention in the ground war in Vietnam.) "The Republican Party," the authors conclude, "has a good foundation for reform; it need only build upon it." Some of the younger Republican congressmen intend to follow the report's advice.



The Ripon Society holds the draft to be morally repugnant and militarily unnecessary. Things being what they are, not much attention is likely to be paid to the moral argument, which, as it happens, is less than persuasive. It rests on the premise that compulsion is inherently wicked and undemocratic. "A draft, by definition, is antithetic to a free society," the report asserts. No doubt, but we live with many institutions of which this may be said—the income tax, for instance, makes conscripts of us all—and professional armies, which the authors think well of, have been the undoing of several free societies. The strength of the authors' position lies in their demonstration that there is nothing "universal" in the Universal Military Training and Service Act and in their argument that this country, including its armed services, would be better off in many ways if the draft were abolished and military recruitment placed on a volunteer basis. The draft is universal only in the sense that every young man must contend with the possibility of having to spend two years of his life in uniform. But for roughly two out of three young men the possibility never materializes. The anxieties are shared by all, the sacrifices by relatively few. If all men who are qualified for service even under present physical and mental standards—which the Ripon Society believes are absurdly high—were to serve a two-year hitch, we would have a military establishment several times as large as any military man thinks necessary. Even with the demands of the war in Vietnam, all current and anticipated requirements can be met by using only about a third of the men available. In 1967, somewhat over 1,800,000 males will turn eighteen, and if the present system remains in operation, they will be subject to the draft until 1975. About a third of them will be rejected or exempted. Of the remaining 1,200,000, about half will at some time or other be inducted for a two-year term. The others, equally qualified, will simply never be needed. This makes Universal Military Service a fifty-fifty proposition—"semi-universal" at best, and, if not immoral in principle, grossly and indefensibly inequitable in practice.

Equity and necessity are the only justifications for conscription. No one has maintained that it is a desirable way of organizing a military force. The generals dislike it as much as the conscripts, particularly when the period of service is for anything less than the duration. With a two-year term, about fifty per cent of the Army—the only service that uses draftees in any numbers—has had less than one year's experience. (Even before Vietnam, the figure was forty-three per cent.) The

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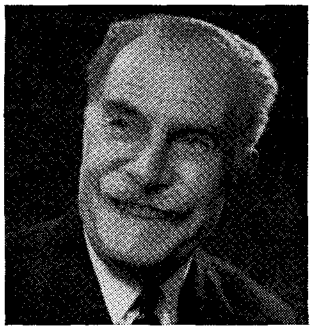

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equivalent of ten divisions is always in training. Ten years ago, a commission appointed by President Eisenhower to study the draft and related problems reported, "We must devote twenty-five per cent of our military effort to training men who don't stay. The trainers are discouraged. They resemble the poor teacher, whose every class flunks." Somewhere between ninety and ninety-five per cent of draftees serve their two years and get out. The dropout rate among first-term enlistees is also high—approximately seventy-five per cent. The Pentagon dislikes the draft but, citing figures such as these, insists that necessity demands it. Some people, however, hold Pentagon policy—or policy made for the Pentagon by the President and Congress—responsible for the necessity. In terms of motivation, there is not much difference between draftees and one-term enlistees; the latter enlist because they expect to be caught up in the draft anyway and reason that the greater freedom of choice and opportunity available to those who enlist is worth the extra year or two of service required of them. The Ripon Society report notes that after the first term the dropout rate declines to about fifteen per cent—approximately what is considered normal in such countries as Canada and England, which rely entirely on volunteers. In recent years, in other words, several million young Americans, free of all compulsion, have found the military life rewarding enough to make a career of it—and this despite the fact that the tangible rewards have been meagre by almost any relevant standard. "Today," the report says, "an entering private in our military makes slightly more than a Rumanian peasant on a collective farm: $90.60 per month." This is well below the pay of his counterparts in Canada, England, and West Germany—and "the difference in pay is magnified in each of these cases by the gap in standards and costs of living between other nations and ours." The authors of the report insist there is plenty of evidence at hand to demonstrate that we can meet what the military planners tell us are our needs without compelling anyone to serve against his will. Even under present conditions, our armed services do about as well in attracting long-term volunteers as those in other countries, many of which do not have "the great productive margin of the United States to support its military financially." An increase in pay that would make the life of an Army mechanic and his family as agreeable as that of a garage or factory mechanic should bring

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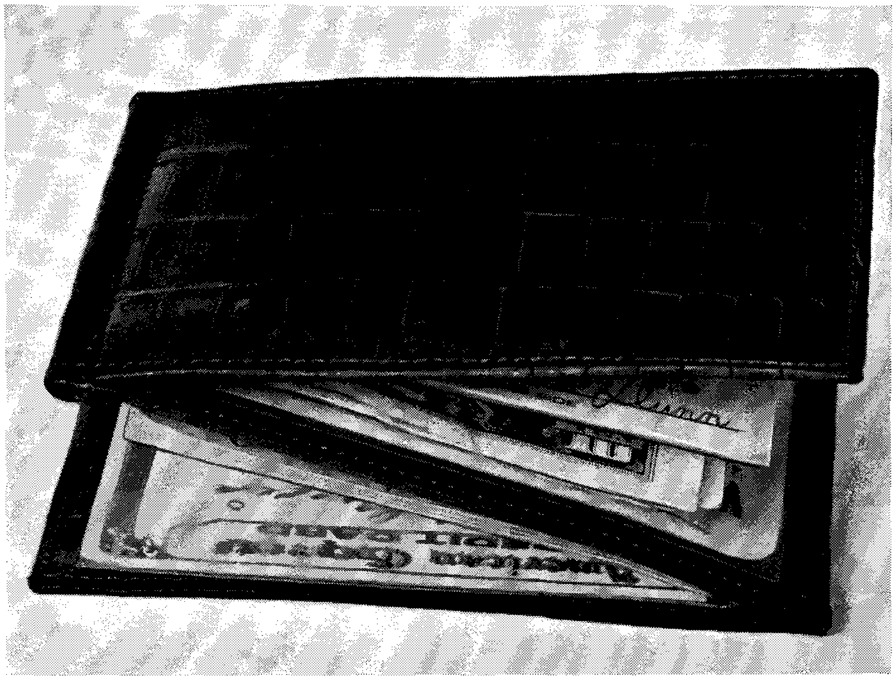
in men already trained. It would thus enable the Army to cut down on its programs to train men who after two years take the skills they have acquired at the Army's expense back to the factories and garages.

Pay increases are by no means the only reforms urged by proponents of a voluntary system. Present military policies, it seems clear, are designed to discourage men in the lower ranks from marrying and raising families. The Ripon Society proposes the reversal of these policies and of others that have made American military life needlessly drab and boring, even in appearance: "Whether from ignorance of modern planning techniques or from some misguided worship of the Spartan mystique, the military has constructed some of the most sterile and unesthetic communal agglomerations in the country." Even before McNamara's day, the military establishment always talked cost factors when it was confronted with criticism of this kind. Obviously, a decently paid and attractively sheltered military would cost more than an ill-paid and drearily housed one; there is no easy way to reckon the differential. Indeed, when the Secretary addressed himself to the problem—as he did on two occasions last year—there was a huge differential in his own differential. Before a congressional hearing in February, he estimated the cost of a voluntary system at four billion dollars a year; ten months later, in a newspaper interview, he put it at twenty billion. Even the lower figure, which is the one that a number of experts in and out of the Defense Department seem to agree on, is bound to make Congress shudder. It is, however, an estimate of costs alone and ignores the savings, which would surely be large. The machinery of conscription is expensive, and the policy is uneconomic. The draft absorbs men with highly developed skills for which the Army has no use. It rejects millions of men who are unproductive in civilian life but might undertake any number of military tasks. The whole economy, civilian and military, might profit greatly by the more reasonable allocations that would be made under a voluntary system. A large part of training costs could be written off over lifetimes rather than over two years. And there might be a large and gratifying saving of a kind not mentioned by the Ripon Society or other recent critics. If a professional military is really more efficient than a conscripted one, and if a major part of our military effort is now devoted to training men who will not put their



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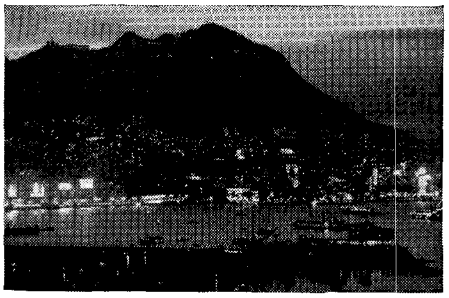

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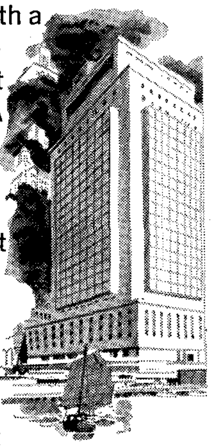

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training to use, then it would seem reasonable to think that we could get along with a smaller military establishment. If this were the case, the saving would be in something more precious than money. It might be seen by the world as a step toward the reduction of tensions. For us to present it in this light would, of course, be dishonest; in actuality we would only be getting, as a former Secretary of Defense used to say, a bigger bang for our buck. However, it would not be fostering an illusion to cite it as evidence that the United States wants no more military power than it needs to defend its present interests. Since many people doubt this, the assurance would be welcome.

IN any debate over conscription, both sides are likely to agree that the only legitimate purpose a military establishment can serve is national defense. This is certainly what most people believe they are buying when they foot its enormous bills. In other countries, particularly smaller and less developed ones, armies are used for a variety of different purposes, some of them beneficent. The government of Israel boasts of using its armed forces as an educational institution. Armies have been used to relieve unemployment, to build public works, and to institute various kinds of social change. This government has occasionally used military men and facilities for disaster and salvage missions, and the Army Corps of Engineers has worked at the development of rivers and harbors, but the idea of using our military for any social or political end is one that would scandalize most congressmen and most voters. Nevertheless, our armed forces have served other than military ends, and have occasionally served them quite well. Military funds have been used to subsidize a great deal of scientific and social research, and the United States Army has served as a school for millions of men, especially Negroes, who in civilian life would have gone unschooled. It has never been politic for the Defense Department to say very much about this, but the Secretary of Defense has encouraged the use of the military in this way and has sought to make its educational services efficient instruments in combatting poverty and illiteracy. If the draft were abolished and the higher costs of a professional army assumed, this function would in all probability come to an end. The test of military effectiveness would be more rigidly applied than it is today; military education would surely be curtailed to serve the rather narrow needs of professional soldiers and technicians.

The proponents of a professional army are unlikely to be moved by such considerations, for those of them who acknowledge that there have been some useful by-products of the draft can quite reasonably maintain that furtive use of military agencies for non-military ends is unworthy of a rich and free society. Nor, it seems, are they much impressed by the ancient arguments against professional armies. The Ripon Society points to Canada and England and lets it go at that. It does not weigh the dangers, well known to the French in recent years, of military establishments alienated from the societies and governments that support them. It points to our ready acceptance of professionalism in services like the police without noting the alienation experienced in most large cities between professional policemen and the civilians they serve. It may well be that opponents of the draft would have the better of the argument even if they weighed these factors in. Taken together, the war in Vietnam and the draft have already alienated a considerable part of an entire generation. Assuming it to be impossible to end the war, if its continuation involved only those who wish to be part of it, some of the terrible tensions within our own society might be relieved.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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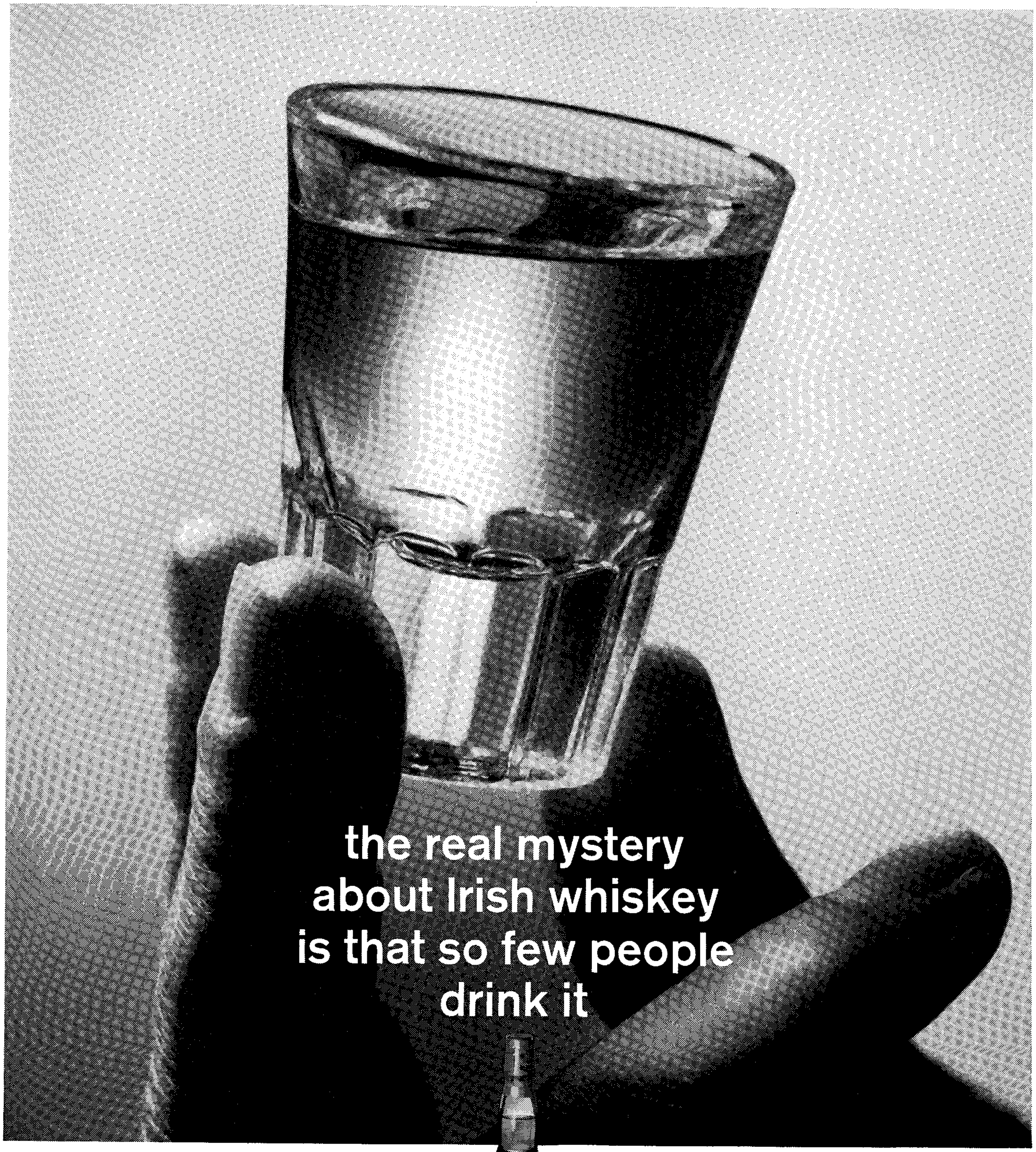

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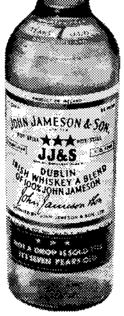

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

Give Up?, by Whitney Darrow, Jr. (*Simon & Schuster, $4.95*).

Mr. Darrow's men, women, and children, their innocence untarnished, their cheerfulness unabated, continue to meet head-on all the little surprises that life has to offer. That life has plenty of little surprises up its sleeve is confirmed by the hundred and fifty cartoons in this album.

The Old Man at the Railroad Crossing, by William Maxwell (*Knopf, $3.95*).

Twenty-nine tales about such unexpected folk as a chilly clubman, a man who takes his family to the seashore, and a spinster bookworm, as well as a king, a fisherman's wife, a carpenter, and other more traditional types. Mr. Maxwell combines sympathy with irony in the telling of their stories and, on the side, isolates some of the elusive components of happiness.

The Whooping Crane, by Faith McNulty (*Dutton, $4.95*).

A report on the North American bird that has teetered for so many years at the edge of extinction, and on some of the dedicated men working with the Audubon Society who have been partly responsible for its survival. The gallant reproductive efforts of the cranes themselves are given their just due.

Nights and Days, by James Merrill (*Atheneum, $4.50*).

Poems of assorted sizes and weights by a poet who never allows seriousness to droop into solemnity.

An Agent in Place, by Thomas Whiteside (*Viking, $3.95*).

The Wennerström file. Mr. Whiteside presents a report on the life, devious activities, and subsequent arrest and trial of Colonel Stig Wennerström, a Soviet spy who came into the Cold War in the guise of an uncommitted Swedish diplomat.

Swans on an Autumn River, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (*Viking, $4.50*).

Miss Warner's brief comedies might be called necromances, in which everyday people and events are mysteriously transformed into anything but. There are thirteen new stories in this collection. The settings are mostly English—town and country.

The New Theologian, by Ved Mehta (*Harper & Row, $5.95*).

A report on some of the religious philosophers who, in one way or another, are attempting to fit the historic beliefs of Christianity to the skeptical temper of the twentieth century. In the course of his clerical rounds Mr. Mehta visited, among many others, Reinhold Niebuhr, the late Paul Tillich, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Karl Barth. He has also included a large selection from the writings of Pastor Dietrich Bonhoeffer, dead at thirty-nine at the hands of the Nazis.

Dear Men and Women, by John Hall Wheelock (*Scribners, $3.50*).

On page 38 of this volume, a poet is described, in part, as "a mouth to tell us something we have forgotten—in a word,/To tell us all over again/Something we always knew." In this selection of his recent, contemplative poems, Mr. Wheelock, at eighty, blends memories and fresh observations to display the limitless range of his perception and to tell us many things we always knew.

Our Children Are Dying, by Nat Hentoff (*Viking, $4.50*).

A Profile of Elliott Shapiro, principal and champion of the pupils and parents at P.S. 119, in Harlem, and, on their behalf, unremitting gadfly to delinquent landlords and inattentive city officials, from the Mayor on down. Most of the book is set in the ratty old P.S. 119, recently replaced by the nice, clean P.S. 92.

Nabokov's Quartet, by Vladimir Nabokov (*Phaedra, $3.95*).

Two of the four stories in this volume—"Lik" and "An Affair of Honor"—first appeared in this magazine. Both concern Russian émigrés astray (and *distrait*) in Europe, who find themselves in dreadful predicaments. Nabokovian comic anguish is the prevailing mood.

The New People, by Edith Iglauer (*Doubleday, $4.50*).

They are the Eskimos of Arctic Canada who, by their own sink-or-swim efforts, are joining the modern world, under the guidance of a number of encouraging Canadian officials. The author records these efforts, and portrays with considerable affection those of the New People who became her friends.

The Evening of the Holiday, by Shirley Hazzard (*Knopf, $3.95*).

A novel about a love affair that begins in "the light of June" and ends with the end of summer. The setting is a town in northern Italy and the country around it; the nuances are manifold; and Miss Hazzard keeps at least a step ahead of the reader at every turn of the plot.

A Sacred Trust, by Richard Harris (*New American Library, $5*).

Medicare's progress, from the earliest futile attempts at government health insurance in this country to the signing of Public Law 89-97 in July, 1965, when the management of the American Medical Association, millions of dollars out of pocket for preventive advertising, private chivying, and congressional lobbying, finally concluded that what couldn't be licked must indeed be joined.

Fox on a Barn Door, by Ted Walker (*Braziller, $3.95*).

Poems that are quiet but never mild about the natural world, and especially about the sea in all its aspects and the creatures that live in it. The poet is English.

Love and Hate in China, by Hans Koningsberger (*McGraw-Hill, $3.95*).

An expanded version of Mr. Koningsberger's report on a recent visit to China, where, as a Dutch journalist with a Dutch passport, he was allowed, up to a point, to wander on his own, comparing the facts he knew or thought he knew before he arrived with the impressions he picked up as he went along.

Chicken Inspector No. 23, by S. J. Perelman (*Simon & Schuster, $4.95*).

Small fatuities in the press and on the airwaves continue to set Mr. Perelman off in any number of startling directions. This collection of thirty-three pieces is his first in five years.

Henry Moore, by Donald Hall (*Harper & Row, $7.50*).

A Profile by an American poet of the great British sculptor. It is, as well, a report on work in progress and work completed, from the Castleford Secondary School Roll of Honour (1916) to the two-part Reclining Figure in the North Plaza of Lincoln Center (1965). Many photographs.

Such Sweet Thunder, by Whitney Balliett (*Bobbs-Merrill, $5.95*).

Mr. Balliett continues to watch over jazz. This collection of reviews, Profiles of jazz musicians, and reports on jazz festivals shows him to be a guardian whose heart, however staunch, never rules his head or distorts the sounds that hit his ear.

Europe Without Baedeker, by Edmund Wilson (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95*).

Mr. Wilson has added to this book on postwar Europe, first published nineteen years ago, notes from a diary he kept during 1963 and 1964 on visits to Paris, Rome, and Budapest. Embedded in his Roman diary is a detailed account of the history of puppetry, an art of which he is himself a master.

The Merchant Bankers, by Joseph Wechsberg (*Little, Brown, $6.95*).

Little journeys to the financial shrines of a number of global tycoons, none of whom, on the evidence presented, could be considered one of the idle rich. A full day's work for an overflowing day's pay is perhaps the only common denominator here.

The Music School, by John Updike (*Knopf, $4.95*).

A collection of short stories. Mr. Updike continues to take note of the small inflections of living that most of us miss, and to explore the state of love in all its variety—love wearing thin and love recharged, love of the marital and the extramarital kind, and the hit-or-miss love at first (and last) sight of a harried American writer for a Bulgarian poetess.

In Cold Blood, by Truman Capote (*Random House, $5.95*).

A report on the senseless murder of four members of a family named Clutter in Holcomb, Kansas. Using this crime without passion as a point of departure, Mr. Capote, moving back and forth in time, examines the lives of the Clutters and their friends, the police officers assigned to the case, and the murderers—Richard Hickock and Perry Smith—who fled and were caught, and who were hanged five years later.

Adlai Stevenson, by Lillian Ross (*Lippincott, $2.95*).

When Adlai Stevenson died, on July 14, 1965, Miss Ross was at work on a Profile of him. She has assembled from her notes a memoir made up of the words he spoke and of fractions of the speeches he gave at several public gatherings and on private and semi-private occasions. Many photographs.

A Reporter in Micronesia, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Norton, $5.95*).

Micronesia, a scattering of islands in the Pacific and surely the most far-flung of all the ramparts we watch, has been for twenty years a Trust Territory of the United States. Mr. Kahn, who spent several peripatetic months there, describes the Micronesians and appraises our efforts to bring these wards of ours to the point where they can be left on their own. He has also added a Letter from Guam.

Thurber & Company, with an introduction by Helen Thurber (*Harper & Row, $6.95*).

There are a lot of glorious cartoons in this album that have never appeared anywhere before, having been squirrelled away and forgotten by the artist or whatever crony he gave them to. Among the unfamiliar ones are drawings of Carl Sandburg and Sir Winston Churchill, both of whom seem completely at home in their surroundings.

A Goodly Babe, by Arturo Vivante (*Little, Brown, $3.95*).

A story about the courtship and early days of marriage of a young Italian doctor and a Boston girl—a love match, though a somewhat bumpy one. For hint of happy ending, kindly refer to title.

Talk Stories, by Lillian Ross (*Simon & Schuster, $5.95*).

Sixty short reports that originally appeared anonymously in the Talk of the Town department of this magazine. Among the personages who turn up are François Truffaut, Robert Kennedy, Jonas Salk, Lassie, Charles Aznavour, Vladimir Horowitz, and Edward Albee.

The Gold in the Sea, by Brian Friel (*Doubleday, $4.50*).

Mr. Friel casts an eye, by no means cold but surely unclouded, upon the quirks and habits of his fellow-Irishmen and bends to them a most attentive ear. There are thirteen short stories in this collection.

The Headmaster, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50*).

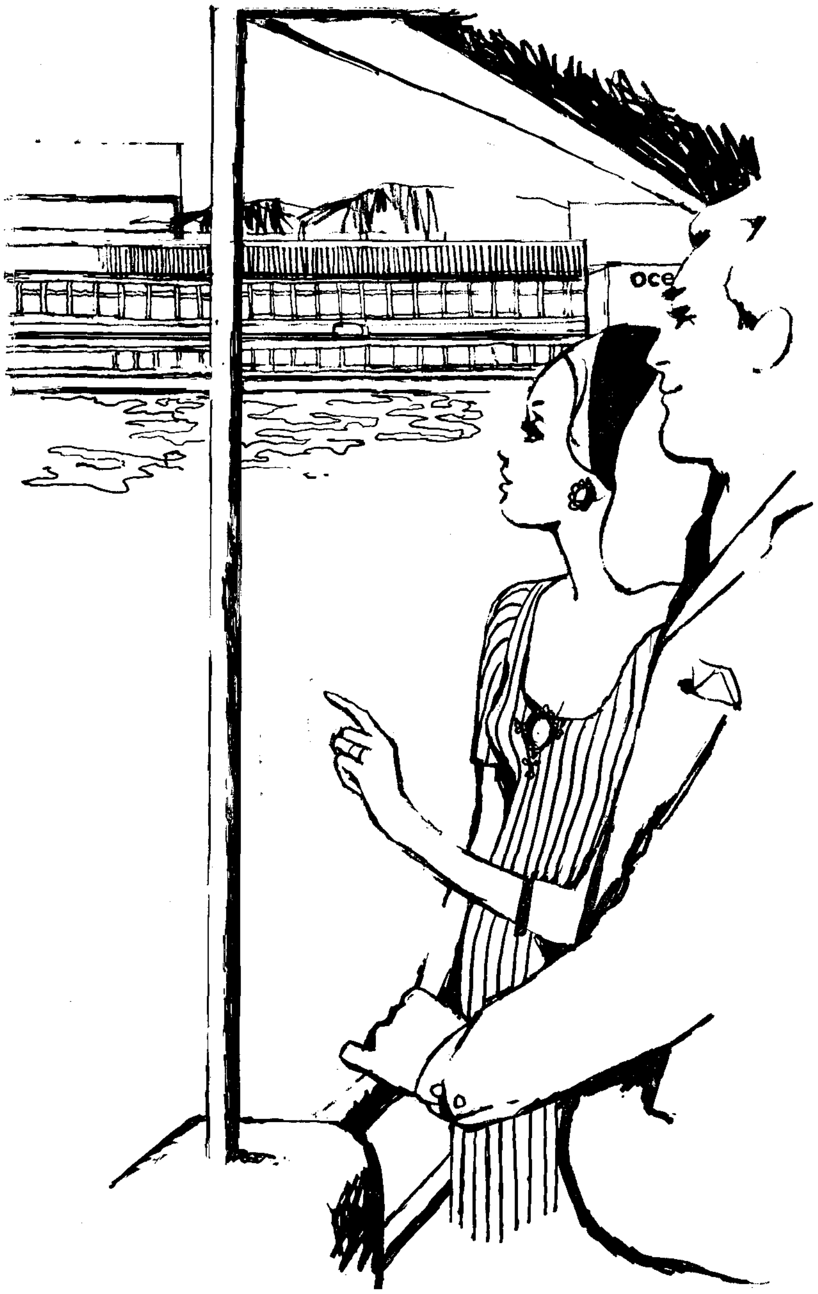
A Profile of Frank L. Boyden, headmaster of Deerfield Academy from 1902 to 1966, and, on the side, of the school itself, whose every aspect reflects his bountiful temperament. A section of photographs of Boyden and Mrs. Boyden at work and at ease makes a kind of family album.

Triumph or Tragedy, by Richard N. Goodwin (*Random House, $3.95*).

A dissertation on the war in Vietnam. Mr. Goodwin, who has served as an adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, covers the historical background of the war and quotes from the diverse opinions of Cabinet members, diplomats, military men, and senators. At the end, he proposes a way out of the tangle.

Tell Me, Tell Me, by Marianne Moore (*Viking, $3.95*).

All that can be said in praise of Miss Moore—our poet laureate if only we had one—has already been said. In this collection of her recent verse and prose, she, who has said she dislikes anything "disparaging," includes poems in praise of the Yankees, Walter Savage Landor, Beatrix Potter, Carnegie Hall, Yul Brynner, and a pony called Blue Bug.



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BOOKS

Children's Books for Christmas

OUR children are a mirror of belief and a proving ground for philosophy. If we bring up a child to be happy and don't care very much how he behaves, we evidently believe in man's essential goodness and in life's infinite possibilities for happiness. A strictly brought-up child reflects a more pessimistic outlook, but from the deportment of children today we may gather that this outlook has few adherents among contemporary parents. "The Lost Princess," by George MacDonald (Dutton), a children's book written in 1875 and recently republished, after being out of print since the beginning of the century, is especially interesting to read today because it is an apology for severity that calls into question nearly all our established notions of child-rearing, and its writer is a man who plainly disbelieves in natural goodness and holds that, life being hard, happiness exists only as a concomitant of the good grace with which we do the hard things that have to be done. This has a stodgy and disagreeable sound, and yet the book is neither, for its didacticism is laid on with such a light hand and the argument is so coolly conducted that one is apt to forget that there is an argument at all. If one is a young child, one is apt not to notice that the story is anything more formidable than a well-plotted fairy tale.

The heroine of "The Lost Princess" is a peevish girl who "took it for a fundamental, innate, primary, first-born, self-evident, necessary, and incontrovertible idea that *she was Somebody*" and behaved so badly as a result that her desperate parents had to call in a wise woman, the way desperate contemporary parents call in a child psychiatrist, and the story tells how the wise woman carries the child off and transforms her, through a series of ordeals, into a decent and reasonably happy person. For a start, the wise woman takes the child to an enchanted but filthy cottage and tells her to clean it up. Only when the work is done may she reach into a hole in the wall and find her dinner. The girl's hunger gets the better of her sense of outrage; she does the work and gets the meal. But the lesson is not left at that. The next morning, the girl looks into the hole for her breakfast and finds nothing there. She is furious.

> The poor foolish creature seemed to *think* that the work of one day ought to serve for the next day too! But that is nowhere the way in the whole universe. How could there be a universe in that case?

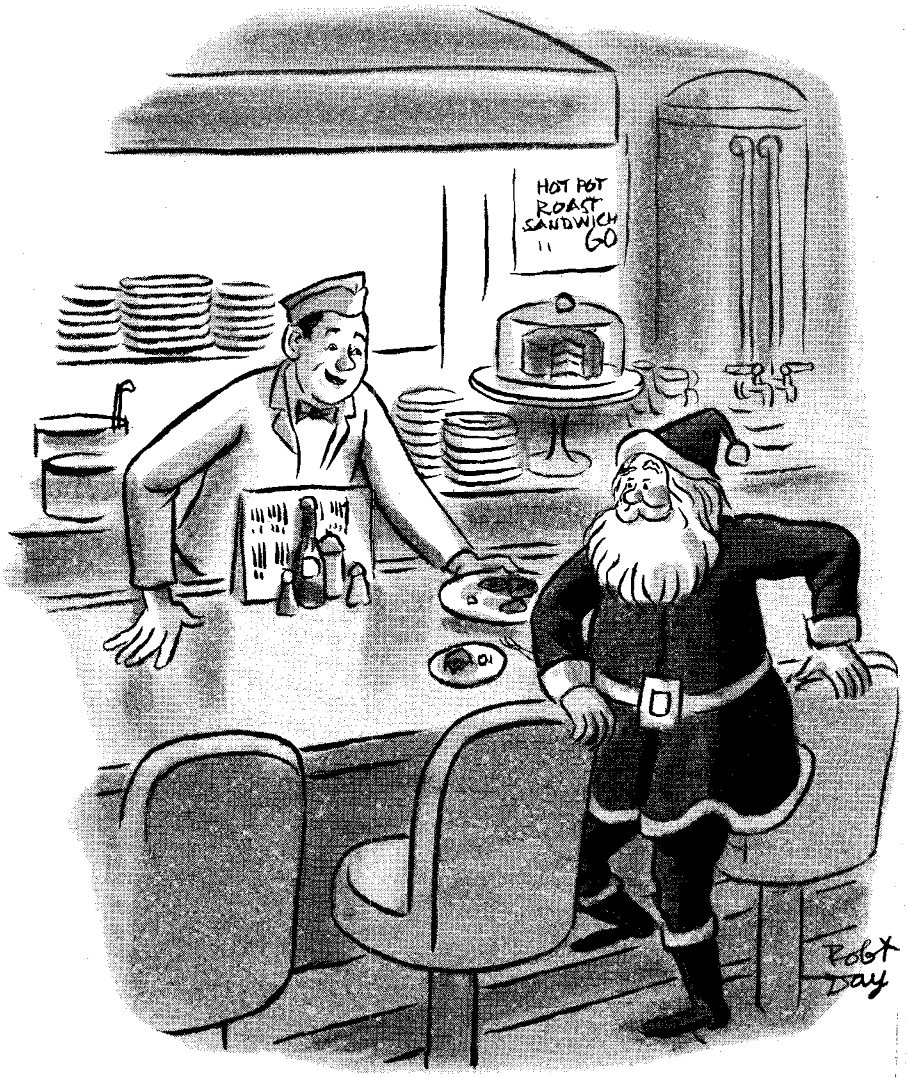
The wise woman's school is no Summerhill; indeed, its teachings are precisely the "repressions" that romantic institution holds most in abhorrence. At every turn in "The Lost Princess," instinct, mood, self-expression are put down as chimerical snares, and restraint, duty, self-abnegation held up as the vital realities. MacDonald's position is not a likable one, but he is such an able spokesman for it that at times he makes it seem the only one a reasonable person can hold. For instance:

> However strange it may well seem, to do one's duty will make anyone conceited who only does it sometimes. Those who do it always would as soon think of being conceited of eating their dinner as of doing their duty. What honest boy would pride himself on not picking pockets? A thief who was trying to reform would.

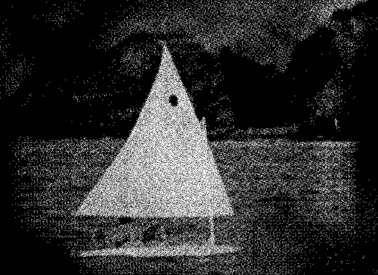
Or:

> What with the sufferings and terrors she had left outside, the new kinds of tears she had shed, the love she had begun to feel for her parents, and the trust she had begun to place in the wise woman, it seemed to her as if her soul had grown larger of a sudden, and she had left the days of her childishness and naughtiness far behind her. People are so ready to think themselves changed when it is only their mood that is changed.

But MacDonald's strongest didactic weapon is his characterization of the wise woman. She is a dazzling combination of toughmindedness and tenderheartedness. She is the ideal parent and teacher. She is beautiful and complete. She gives point to the girl's ordeal, for she is what the girl will



"How about a reindeer-bag, Pops?"



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be like at the end of her transformation. "The Lost Princess" is subtitled "A Double Story," and while this girl is slowly and painfully but steadily progressing toward her state of grace, we read in alternate chapters of another repulsive child, a shepherd's daughter, who has also been taken in hand by the wise woman but who fails to come up to scratch. She does not benefit from the wise woman's pedagogy but becomes "twice as odious as before, for whoever has had such severe treatment as the wise woman gave her, and is not the better for it, always grows worse than before." The failure is not as persuasive as the success. It is never adequately explained why this child fails—what it is in her nature that is so intractable and hopeless that the wise woman, with all her resources, cannot dislodge it. A girl like Becky Sharp can make the Doctrine of Original Sin look fairly plausible, but Agnes the shepherd's daughter does not. Her deterioration is unmerited, and the half-hearted way MacDonald tells her story makes one wonder whether he wasn't of two minds about its chilling outcome. Its purpose is evidently to heighten one's sense of the difficulty and precariousness of the other girl's mastery over her base self, but this achievement seems—at least by today's standards of self-effacement—sufficiently staggering all by itself.

IN many respects, "The Runaway Summer of Davie Shaw," by Mario Puzo (Platt & Munk), is the ideological reverse of "The Lost Princess," for the thirteen-year-old hero is perfectly sound and it is the world that could use some drastic overhauling. And yet the novel—a picaresque account of the boy's trip across the United States—is less an attack on the social order than a defense of innocence and common sense and a demonstration of their efficacy against social evil and error. Davie Shaw, the main figure, is what Mr. Puzo calls, surely not without a touch of satire, a "responsible boy," and the book starts with the departure of his parents, who are apparently irresponsible, for a trip around the world. Davie rather resents being left behind, for "he was getting tired of being so responsible."

But he understood. His parents had worked very hard. They had been very good parents. When he was eight years old, his mother had read him a chapter of "Moby Dick" every night, and though Davie found it dull, he knew it improved his mind. Now his father took him fishing every Saturday morning and threw a baseball at him Monday and Thursday

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nights for fifteen minutes before supper. Davie enjoyed that, but he knew his father hated fishing and throwing a baseball hurt his shoulder. So they were really very good parents.

"But he *understood.*" That is the remarkable thing about Davie. In his search for the genuine he brings Holden Caulfield to mind, but, unlike Holden, who, as you'll recall, was always so painfully *depressed* by phoniness, Davie meets it squarely, serenely, and with an overmastering curiosity about it. On his own travels he meets some of the biggest phonies to be encountered anywhere in and out of fiction today, but he never comes to any harm, and I think one of the things Mr. Puzo means to demonstrate here is just how harmless phoniness, in most of its manifestations, really is. He goes even further. In a chapter entitled "Why Grandfather Shaw Loved TV" he suggests that some good can actually come out of something as deplorable as television. Grandfather Shaw sits all day in his living room and watches television. He simply does nothing else; TV is his whole life. He has been a successful businessman, but when he gets old and retires, his life loses all savor and meaning for him. "He didn't want to go out of the house to travel. Only a few of his old friends were still living, and they had never been very interesting. So he pottered around his garden waiting to die, very bored. Then television came." It changes everything.

> As Grandfather Shaw said, in his day you had to be a very rich millionaire to entertain such famous and charming people in your home. Now all you had to do was buy dog food or some frozen TV dinners.
>
> Grandfather Shaw was never lonely anymore. He never had to listen to serious talk anymore. . . . He never had to go visit anymore. He never had to look at natural scenery anymore.
>
> "Isn't that a good life for a tired, lonely old man?" Grandma Shaw asked.

Who, having seen a tired, lonely old person, can say with any assurance that it is not?

Davie is to spend the summer at his uncle's farm, but his visit is abruptly terminated when the uncle's experiment with growing vegetables by electricity ends in disaster. The uncle goes off to try something else, and Davie sets out across the country to meet his parents in New York. He has seven dollars and seven cents in his pocket, all the spare cash the uncle had, and a pony named Mustang at his side—an animal that won't let anyone ride him who can walk on his own two

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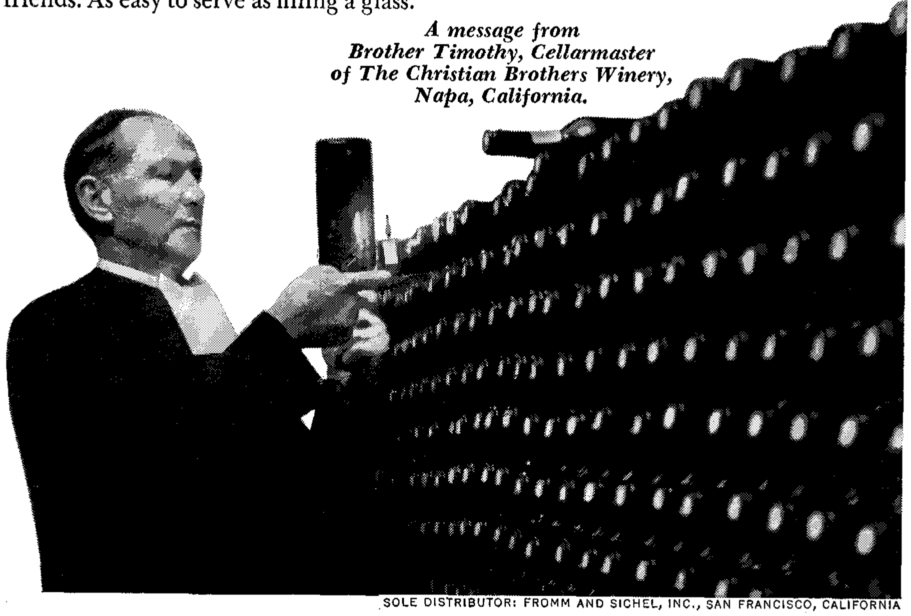

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feet. From a kindly dude-ranch owner, who once had a pony like that, Davie learns a trick that enables him to ride when he needs to—he ties a bandage around his leg and pretends he can't walk—but he doesn't abuse it. A cowboy (named Dude) advises him never to sell the pony, and as the trip progresses one realizes that Mustang is something more than what he seems. He is a kind of alter ego, and the boy's easy and natural relationship with him, his acceptance of the inconvenient foible, his restraint in using the bandage trick, his fair and punctilious care of the pony seem to represent the very terms a person ought to be on with himself.

Of the assorted terrible characters Davie meets on his trip, one of the most skillfully drawn is a man named Harry Hobbs, whose trouble is that he isn't very good company. He confides this failing to Davie, and the boy, who has already noticed it for himself, politely asks, "Is it that important to be very good company?"

> "Oh, I assure you that it is," Harry Hobbs said. "I've known men who were not honest, not brave, not trustworthy, not truth tellers. And everything was forgiven them because they were such good company."

Another encounter is with an encampment of Zen followers. The head of the camp, and its raison d'être, is an old guru who can hear the sound of one hand clapping—he hears it twice a day, in the morning and in the evening—but when he loses the knack, after a mishap, he admits, with unforgettable candor, that "it wasn't that great a sound anyway" and cheerfully goes off to pursue some new futility.

But Davie meets some people who are perfectly all right—an old railroad man who lives in a caboose, a Central Park coachman, and a hot-dog vender named Emil who makes the best hot dogs in New York. Each of these representatives of a passing old order gives as creditable an account of the good life as the bores and phonies and misfits give of the bad one. This is a hard thing to do, and Mr. Puzo does it fairly. He does not trade on one's natural willingness to believe that whatever was is right; he shows these men cultivating their respective old-fashioned gardens, but he claims no more for the past than the facts merit, and he does not suggest that the future is hopeless. One feels certain that when Davie grows up he, too, will find useful work and a measure of happiness. He does not sell his pony, and surely he will never sell out. The difficulty of keeping one's integrity in modern so-

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ciety has been so often treated in fiction that the very subject is practically a synonym for cant. Mr. Puzo's singular achievement has been to show how easy integrity is to preserve if only you follow your bent and trust in your decent impulses and never mind what the other fellow does. Integrity, of course, isn't everything, and there are things in life that as thoroughly baffle and defeat the independent-minded as they do the weak-willed. Mr. Puzo's sense of the sadness of life is always just below the surface of his high-spirited narrative. Every now and then he lets it emerge. There is a scene in which Davie gets to taste some expensive pâté he has been sent out to buy for a rich old eccentric, and considers it vastly inferior to hot dogs. He asks the woman, "Do you really think that stuff is worth ten dollars a pound?"

> Madame de Krantz pondered this question. Finally she said, "My dear boy, it has nothing to do with food or money. It's something else. The great thing about being young is that the things you like come cheap. When you get old, the things you like come dear. I don't quite understand why, but that's the way life is."

"The Hollywood Kid," by Maia Wojciechowska (Harper & Row), is another book with an adolescent boy for its hero, but there its resemblance to "The Runaway Summer of Davie Shaw" begins and ends. The distinguishing characteristic of this work is its author's profound contempt for the mental capacity of her readers. Bryan is fifteen years old, and he talks like this:

> "What do I know that's important? Nothing! Everywhere, at school and all around, who cares about anything *important?* It's all *money* or *who* is a bigger shot than you because of what they do. Life isn't like that! There is so much more to it! I want to unlearn what I've been taught! I want to do that before it's too late, before I begin to believe all that crap."

The boy is the only son of a beautiful movie actress who puts stardom before motherhood and devotes just half an hour every day to her son—an arrangement, considering the quality of his conversation, one can hardly blame her for. When the book begins, the boy's stepfather has just died. He had been a movie director and the one person, besides a Polish cleaning woman, "who ever said anything to Bryan that he remembered." The dull-witted boy, however, is considerably less affected by his stepfather's death than he is exercised about the décor of the mortuary chapel where the body lies. "Why did everything in California have to be

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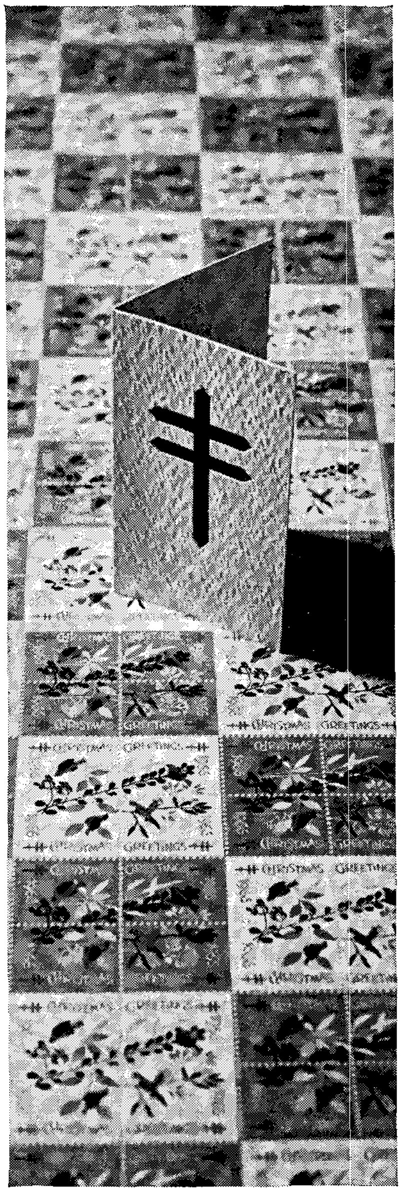

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phony or a lie?" he wonders. The mother takes the director's death at its face value—as the plot device it is—and dutifully assumes the tired part of the mother trying to extract from her son the love she never gave him and has no right to expect from him. The book records at great length how the boy comes to terms with her and learns to feel sorry for the awful people in California instead of hating them. In the climactic scene, which takes place in Disneyland, the mother is mobbed by her fans, and the boy goes to the rest room and throws up. A man appears and explains that the fans are "just a bunch of poor slobs" who "do all that because they need love. . . . That's what they lack, all those slobs, love and beauty." The boy "sees," and stops hating people. "Life, he was sure, was a sort of struggle," and he decides to take up writing "as an exercise" to "help him understand about people."

"The Hollywood Kid" is just one of many children's books as confused and derivative, and I have singled it out as a typical rather than a unique instance. Its author was honored in 1965 with the Newbery Medal, the highest award for children's fiction in the industry, and she takes her calling very seriously, hoping, she says on the book jacket, "to infect them [children], through my books, with love of life and a sense of what's important." Miss Wojciechowska writes her books for readers between eleven and fourteen—an age at which she believes children "tend to be intellectually snobbish." They may be that (whatever it means), but I'm afraid they are not as stupid as most authors of children's books would like them to be, and that they are just as quick to spot pretension and shoddy thinking as the members of book-award juries seem to be slow to.

Miss Wojciechowska's notion that children of eleven to fourteen are the audience for her books makes one wonder about the usefulness of the age categories on the jackets of children's books. Classifying one book nine to eleven and another eight to twelve has all the point, it seems to me, of pronouncing "War and Peace" a book for people twenty-four to twenty-nine or "Middlemarch" for fifty-two and up. There is surely as great a range in intellect among children as among adults, and a bright eight-year-old will breeze through a book a dull thirteen-year-old will never get past the first page of. I will have something to say later about books for children who haven't learned to read yet. But of the other books in

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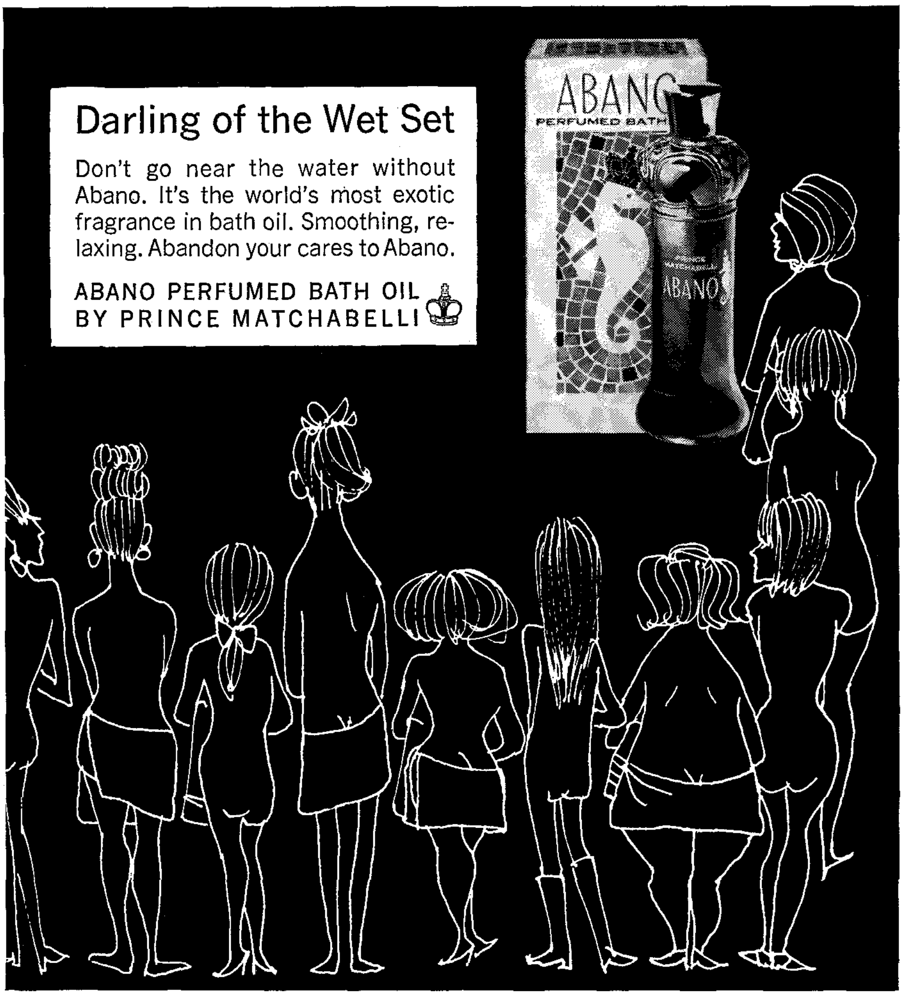
this report I can say with certainty only that they are for children who can read without moving their lips and haven't yet graduated to adult literature. This isn't of much help to the person who goes to the bookstore at Christmastime with a long list of faraway nieces and nephews about whom he knows only that they are a year older than they were last Christmas. But then why does he give them books? Buying a book for a child one doesn't know well is like buying a dress for a woman whose size one doesn't know. It is an impertinence, and it is not likely to give pleasure.

IT is good to turn to "The Cloud Forest," by Joan North (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), who does not talk down to her readers, and, indeed, until the third chapter, when the book becomes a fantasy, there is scarcely reason to think that it is meant for children at all, for it seems as if what the author had in mind was to write a spoof of romantic excess like "Northanger Abbey" or "Cold Comfort Farm." The book starts with a description of the "quietly hostile world" of Andrew Badger, a fearful twelve-year-old orphan who lives with his malevolent aunt in an English girls' boarding school—a world that almost audibly creaks with Gothic clichés: gusts of wind, dead leaves, overgrown grounds, ruins, graveyards, stagnant lakes, and such stock characters as sinister Sir Edward of Annerlie Hall, his brooding servant Quadling, and a sour old caretaker who wanders about the place shaking his fist at the lowering sky. In the next chapter, the atmosphere lifts, and the scene is the comfortable, ordinary world of Ronnie Peters, an unruffled eleven-year-old girl at the school, who yearns for mystery and adventure and is always eating something. When an Austen vs. Bronte hockey match is announced, the reader who can take a broad hint begins to anticipate the comic possibilities of the clash between the two worlds—that of the overimaginative boy and the no-nonsense schoolgirl: the romantic graveyard vs. the classic package from home ("pink knitted bedsocks; a bottle of vitamin pills; half a pound of Cheddar cheese; and a copy of the local newspaper with an account of Aunt Mildred's wedding marked with blue pencil").

But these expectations are abruptly dashed in the next chapter. The children find a magic ring, and the book turns from its consideration of sense and sensibility into a Chestertonian fantasy about Good and Evil. It develops that



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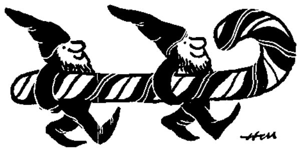
the boy is a missing heir and that he was not imagining things. There is a vile plot against him, and the sinister characters are even worse than they appear to be—being, in fact, witches and warlocks. All ends well, but I couldn't help feeling disappointed by the author's decision to introduce supernatural elements into her story. Fantasy can be a refuge of the writer who hasn't the sympathetic imagination needed for the writing of proper fiction, but Miss North shows that she *can* create characters and situations arising out of character, and it is a pity that she encumbers her story with a crutch it doesn't need. This is her first book, and she writes with every evidence of enjoying what she is doing.

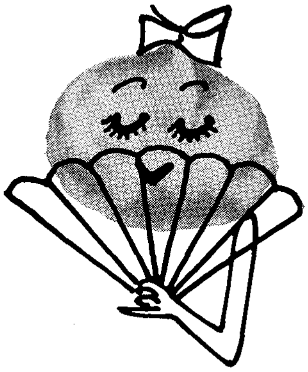
FICTION is preoccupied with choices and clashes, while poetry looks into the matters that there is no choice about and no arguing with. The poet May Sarton has had the interesting notion of writing a fable about the function of poetry and of borrowing her characters not from the animal kingdom but from fiction. The book is "Miss Pickthorn and Mr. Hare" (Norton), and the title figures are thoroughly familiar types drawn from English novels. Miss Pickthorn is the conventional prickly old spinster—a retired Latin mistress, in this case, who lives by herself in a New England village, in possession of all her faculties, a mordant wit, and a relish for the Latin poets. Old age suits her, and, indeed, "if she thought of childhood at all, it was as a long illness from which she had completely recovered." Mr. Hare, in direct contrast, "looked back on childhood as the only good time," and he is the conventional romantic misfit—tramp, free spirit—a shy, peculiar old man who never properly grew up and has never been able to hold down a job. When the story begins, he has just moved into an abandoned henhouse across the road from Miss Pickthorn's house, and the lady is preparing to have him ousted. The idea of such a man living across the road is an affront and a threat to her orderly existence. As Hare happily furnishes the henhouse with objects retrieved from the town dump, like a boy playing house (or Thoreau fixing up Walden), Miss Pickthorn arrives at the meeting of the town's selectmen and insists on his removal, arguing that he presents a fire hazard. So matters stand at the end of Chapter 3. Then, like "The Cloud Forest," the book suddenly shifts ground and becomes something else than what it has seemed to be, but, unlike "The Cloud Forest," it sticks to the natural world, and it begins to get really interesting from here on.



As Miss Sarton starts to develop her fable about poetry, Miss Pickthorn stops behaving like a character in a novel. She forgets about her eviction proceedings. She grows quiet and broody and can't concentrate on her Latin poets. Without knowing why, she is constantly aware of the man across the way. He is always on her mind, and she begins to imagine meeting him; in fact, she realizes that she wants to meet him. Hare is as elusive as a wild animal, and no opportunity presents itself. But one day, while he is away, she sees some hoodlums on motorcycles up to no good at the henhouse. She routs them, and her intervention saves Hare from what might have been a disaster. A day or two later, a meeting takes place. It is brief and beautiful.

> "Good morning, Mr. Hare. Did you pass a good night?"
>
> "Splendid night," he said, and gracefully managed to get past her on the other side of the road. "Splendid day," he added—and then all Miss Pickthorn could see was the hunched back of the polar bear.
>
> They had passed each other like two ships on a vast ocean. They had raised a flag, or whatever ships do—maybe given a bellow, which the wind had blown away so that it came out a faint toot. They had saluted each other, and that was all.

Miss Pickthorn munches on a McIntosh apple and ponders the paradox of the respect she now feels for the man she had felt such thorough contempt for. "What she respected in life was hard work, independence, thrift, courage, and a sense of humor. The funny thing was that Trumbull Hare seemed to be an example of all these. . . . In every way she could think of she was far less courageous, independent, and thrifty than an old tramp." She has come a long way from her position at the beginning of the book, and what has happened is in a sense what happens to a person while he is reading a poem. He sees things in a different light. The question that occupies the novelist—how shall we live?—is parried by the poet, whose subject is the fact that we all must die. The issues that divide the Miss Pickthorns and Mr. Hares of life and of novels simply don't exist in poetry, and this is the moral of the fable. This is not a book for every child, clearly, but the right child will be moved



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and stimulated—as will Miss Sarton's fellow-poets, for whom the fable seems really to have been written, as a kind of greeting.

THE protagonists of Helen Griffiths' "The Greyhound" (Doubleday) are an eleven-year-old boy and a greyhound, but the book is far from being a conventional dog story. Set in postwar London, it has more affinities with the works of the Angry Young Men than with those of Albert Payson Terhune, and its concern with a clash between social necessity and personal happiness gives the book a seriousness and an interest that are usually reserved for works in which all the characters are human. The hero is a dejected boy named Jamie, whose life is lacking in any satisfactions. There is his crowded slum home:

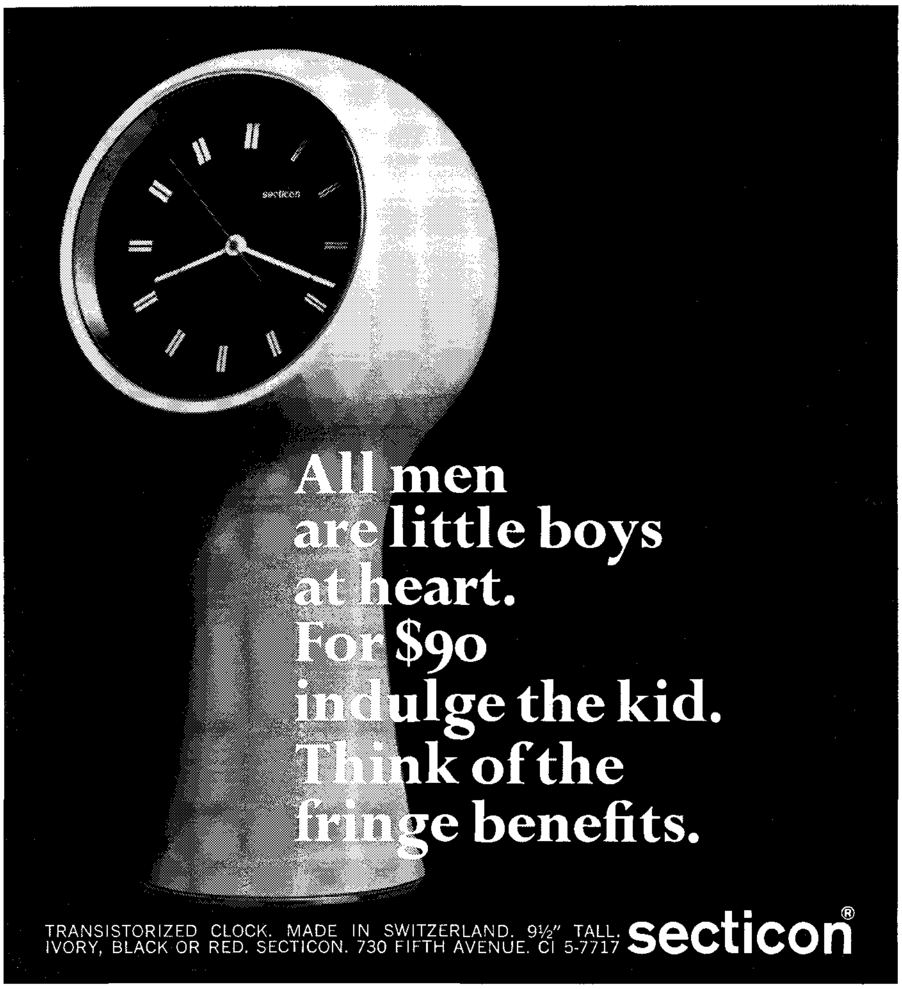
> . . . a mess, as usual, with the baby's toys scattered on the floor and on the sofa; the table laid for tea, cluttered up with sauce and pickle bottles, half a pint of milk, a tin of cream, and Leah's orange juice; the washing hanging from a short line over in one corner by the window . . .

And his dismal school:

> St. Saviour's was a very third-rate school. It was grim, square, and tall, a gray building with many windows both broken and dirty, surrounded by rusty iron railings. . . . The older boys held a scornful disregard for all forms of discipline and every teacher, which was the reason for the advent of a new master every term. Most of these were ex-Army men, retired majors and captains, but even they were confounded by their disorderly pupils, although they managed to strike fear into the hearts of one or two even if they taught them nothing.

The boy has no friends and no hold on anything. One day, he notices an old man and a greyhound taking a walk in a square near his home, and his idle interest in the dog soon turns into obsessive love. The dog fills his dream life, and presently things so fall out that the dream becomes reality and the dog becomes his own. But here other troubles begin, for his mother won't allow him to keep the greyhound at home—there is no room for it—and he is obliged to keep the dog illegally, in a bomb site. At first the arrangement is workable, and there is a brief period of idyllic happiness for the boy and the dog:

> Jamie was not lonely anymore and neither was Silver. Sometimes Jamie talked lengthily to his dog and at other times he would sit silently with him, not needing to speak, feeling the warmth of his presence, filled with contentment by the very knowledge that the greyhound was his completely—not just a possession but a living, breathing, warm-blooded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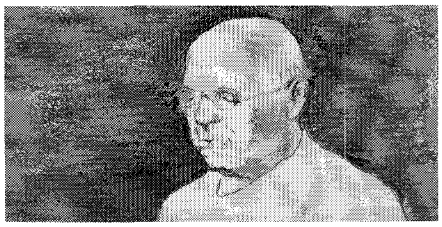

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creature who gave Jamie love and company; who trusted him as he had never been trusted; who gave him a feeling of importance and surrounded him with security from the ache of loneliness which he had known before Silver became his dog.

But then winter comes and the idyll turns into a nightmare. The boy helplessly watches the dog suffer from cold and hunger, and, worse yet, he is forced into helping a gang of hoodlums commit petty crimes. Their leader, an ex-Borstal boy, had lent Jamie the money to buy the dog from the old man, and now he shows why. The strains of the illicit life are forcefully brought home to the boy, who sees no way out of his desperate bind. There is a painful climax, followed by a spurious happy ending. The boy was heading for disaster, and, properly speaking, the book should have ended with disaster, though I must say I couldn't help feeling glad that it didn't. Without anthropomorphism, the author gives a vague and therefore credible sense of the dog's feeling for the boy, and her exploration of the boy's state of mind is so deep and sensitive that even someone who has no especial liking for dogs will know what she is talking about.

A NUMBER of children's books have come out recently whose authors appear to have been poring over Henry James on The Art of Fiction, and though it is hard to say just why a book written from the point of view of a duck should be less absorbing than "The Ambassadors" or "The Wings of the Dove," it is painfully evident from the results that this is no way for writers to treat animals if they want to produce readable books. Joe Van Wormer's "The World of the Black Bear" (Lippincott), in commendable contrast, is a straightforward narrative, utterly devoid of art and yet so full of interest that someone who has never given the black bear a moment's thought in his life is very apt to find himself, after reading the book, fairly bristling with knowledge about ursine matters. The book is full of odd and oddly memorable facts. One learns that bears have poor eyesight, swim in a straight line no matter what, can run as fast as twenty-five miles an hour, are plantigrades (deer and goats are unguligrades), don't really hibernate, and provide the Queen's Guardsmen with their hats. The author is sympathetic toward his subject but not at all sentimental; he is not above giving a recipe or two for bear meat. He is also sound on the black bear's reputation for fierceness, and quite rightly comes down on the

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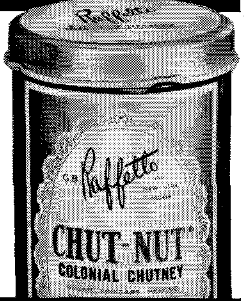

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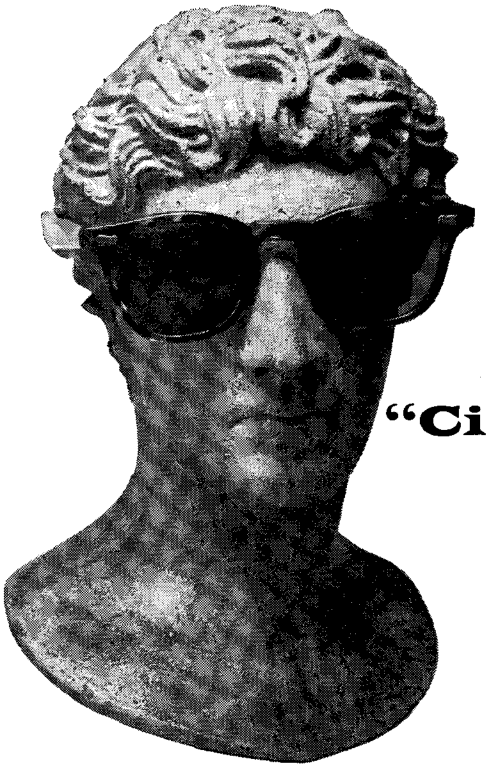
stupid tourist who annoys the animals in the National Parks and then wonders why he loses an arm. Unjustified attacks by black bears are so rare, apparently, that there is no reason to classify the animal as dangerous. In fact, the survival of this species is largely a result of its wariness and its tendency to run away when it is threatened rather than to stay and fight, though "this is not because the animal lacks courage, if we can properly use that term in relation to a wild animal, but simply because it, like most wild animals, fights only when survival is at stake." The book is illustrated by photographs that must have been very exciting for the author to take, but they are not very interesting to look at.

"IN THE FOREST AND ON THE MARSH," by G. A. Skrebitski (Braziller), obliges me to take back what I have been saying about naturalists as people who shouldn't tangle with art, for this admirable book, by a Russian zoologist, is nothing if not the result of the author's reading of a masterpiece. The book behind the book is "A Sportsman's Sketches," and the Skrebitski stories are a kind of child's counterpart to the Turgenev work. There are strong affinities of style and tone, and there is the same underlying preoccupation with death—with the difference, however, that Skrebitski's concern (his book being intended for children) is with the zoological rather than with the human condition. Each story, one notices, arises from or results in or in some way comments on the death of a wild animal. In the first story, "The Cat Mashka," the narrator comes to the lodge of a hunter deep in the woods in the dead of winter and is astonished when an enormous gray animal with a cat's muzzle bounds into the room and starts to lap a bowl of milk. The animal is a lynx, and the hunter relates how it was brought out of the den in its infancy and saved from starvation by a ruse that made the resident nursing dog adopt it as one of her own puppies. The hunter also relates that he once almost killed his pet, mistaking her for game. That is all, and it is very quietly told, but the picture of the hunter, the dog, and the lynx in the remote house in the woods gleams out of the narrative with the pointedness of a solitary light on a dark night in the country. "The Bear Cub" is an account of a night spent by the narrator caring for a little bear whose mother had been shot that day. The cub wakes up frightened and cold and cries like a little baby, and the narrator good-naturedly feeds him, com-



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forts him, and finally takes him into his own bed and gives him a finger to suck as a pacifier. Again, there is more to the story than what happens on the face of it, and one's delight in the cub's childlike efforts to be cozy is muted by one's reflections about the usual sad fate of orphaned young animals. "A Clever Little Beast" tells of a trick by a hare at bay to escape the dogs, and of the narrator's impulsive decision to spare the animal's life as a reward for its uncommon cleverness. And again, the light surface of the story is adumbrated by one's sense of the precariousness of existence in the wilds. A bull moose sheds his antlers in "On the Threshold of Spring," a beautiful study of earliest spring in the woods, when snow and ice are still on the ground and the signs of spring must be adduced from tiny clumps of thawed earth, the songs of certain birds, the quality of the sunlight. Anyone who has gone to the woods in early March will marvel at the exactitude of Skrebitski's observations and be moved by whatever it is that stirs one so deeply when nature is described with utter truth.

The translation, by Anne Terry White, is generally smooth and readable, but it is marred by ludicrous mistakes that arise out of gaps in the translator's knowledge of wildlife and hunting terminology. In a story about wild geese that involves banding procedures, reference is made to a Central Bureau of Ringing in Moscow; elsewhere the words "rifle" and "shotgun" are used interchangeably, and a camera lens is called an "objective glass." A translator cannot know everything, of course, nor can he always bone up on the subject of every book he undertakes to translate. But surely someone who was concerned with the manuscript of "In the Forest and on the Marsh" must have been in a position to do something about Miss White's English text. Whoever he was, he ought to have his salary wharfed.

Stephen W. Sears, the author of "Carrier War in the Pacific," a new volume in the American Heritage Junior Library (Harper & Row), deserves the highest commendation. The material in this account of the decisive role of aircraft carriers and naval pilots in the war against Japan has been so ably organized that the book reads almost like a thriller, and yet its scholarship is as respectable as that of many sober and confused books on the subject that have been published for adults. There is a wonderfully lucid account of the battle of Midway, with its odd

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concatenation of decisions and accidents leading to the climactic moment when fifty-four Dauntless dive-bomber pilots found themselves, to their utter astonishment and joy, right above the Japanese fleet, in perfect position to decimate it unobserved by the Japanese combat air patrol, which was occupied below with the (as it proved) sacrifice gambit of an attack by the American torpedo bombers. Another high point is the account of Admiral Marc Mitscher's famous order—quietly issued as returning pilots in their nearly fuelless planes searched in blind desperation for the blacked-out, radio-silent fleet—to "turn on the lights." A colleague, Rear Admiral Daniel V. Gallery, has written elsewhere, "It was just one of those things that *had* to be done," but it was a decision, as the present account brings out, that a lesser man than Mitscher, in view of the enormous risk of being blown up by prowling enemy submarines and planes, might not have made. The picture one gets from this book of the large movements and strategies of the naval war in the Pacific is as clear as an annotated chess game, but one also gets a sense of what the fliers and crewmen on both sides thought and suffered. The book is illustrated with maps, photographs, and paintings by American and Japanese combat artists. The paintings by the Americans are what you might expect, but the Japanese ones are a revelation. They are perfectly beautiful—all subtle color and delicacy and bearing the dreamiest of connections to their subject matter. One, entitled "Farewell to a Carrier," shows the takeoff of a lovely green Val dive bomber, soaring in a pale-blue sky as a group of men in white clothes stand on the carrier's deck languidly waving white handkerchiefs. They look like moonstruck karate instructors and the plane looks like a large dragonfly.

"THE CABINET," by Gerald W. Johnson (Morrow), tells the reader everything he needs to know about the Cabinet of the American Presidency and makes him want to read more books by Gerald Johnson. To this seemingly vapid subject Johnson brings the qualities of mind that he brings to his writings for adults, and, far from being dull, the book is an extremely lively and crusty essay on politics—the Cabinet being the thread on which he strings his very sensible and very individual notions and observations. Here is his characterization of John Adams:

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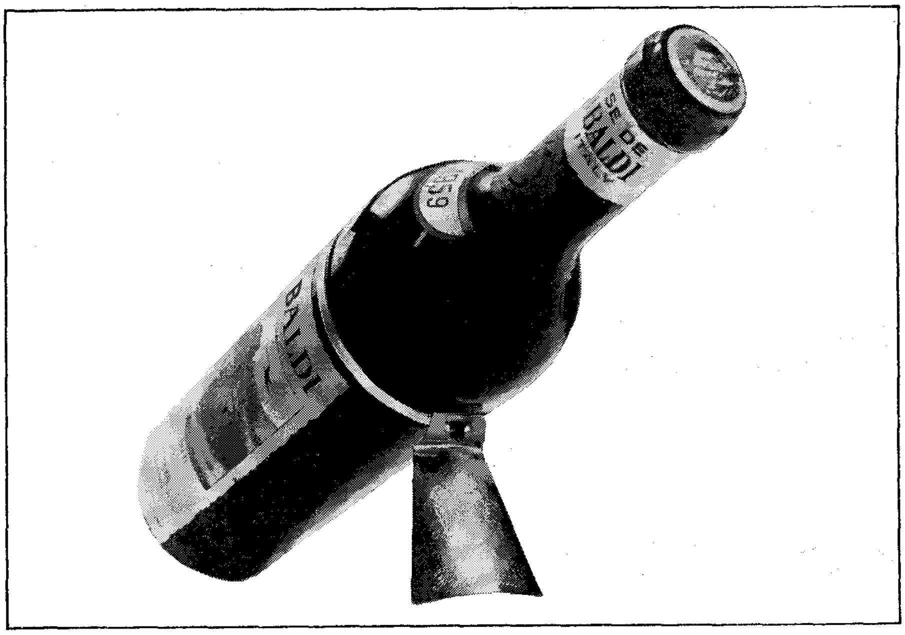

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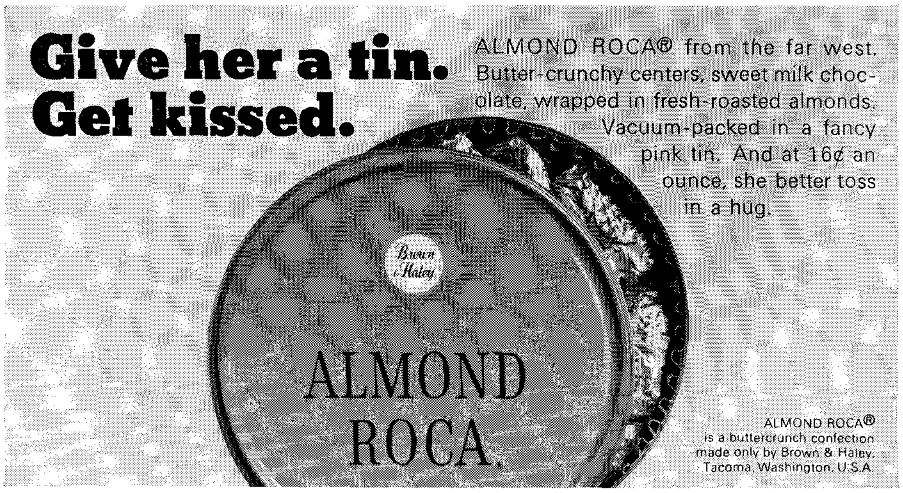
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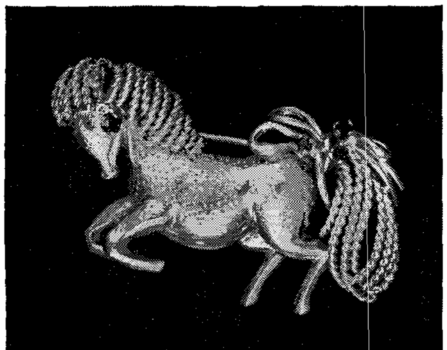

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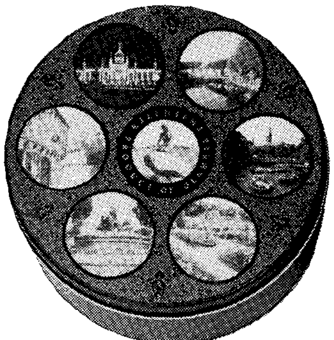
much about dealing with people. In other words, he was a great statesman but a poor politician, for every politician knows better than to rely on a man who owes his job to someone else.

What is more:

> John Adams seems to have been one of those unlucky persons who have to learn everything the hard way. He was honest, brave, and intelligent, but he just couldn't help getting on other people's nerves.

On Hamilton's painful decision to support Jefferson in the election of 1800, Johnson writes, "As he saw it, his choice was not between a crook and an honest man, but between a smart crook and a cheap crook. He decided that the country on the whole would be better off under the man with brains." On Clay's attempt to override Tyler, he comments, "He did not realize that something had been added to the former Senator from Virginia. That something was the Presidency. John Tyler as a Senator may have been nothing much, but the same man as President of the United States was a great deal." Of the Father of our Country, he observes, "Although he wasn't very brilliant or very learned, George Washington was just more of a man than any other American of his time. Both Jefferson and Hamilton knew it, so they worked for him as for no one else." He sums up the history of the Cabinet with: "Washington made it a council of state. Jackson made it a false front behind which the real work was done. Lincoln made it a team of wild animals harnessed and driven by one tremendously strong man. Most modern Presidents have made it a bunch of superintendents—the statelier term is 'primarily an administrative organization.' "

The scratchboard illustrations in this book are worth noting. Faced with the task of illustrating a book that brings nothing to the mind's eye but changing groups of men sitting around a conference table, most artists would despair. But not Leonard Everett Fisher. He patiently combed the text, and he turned up enough material for a dozen illustrations, most of them depicting something violent. There is a picture of a man being blown up. He is Abel P. Upshur, a member of Tyler's Cabinet, and the picture comes of Johnson's passing reference to the man's death in office in an explosion on a warship he was inspecting. Another illustration has Robert Smith, Madison's Secretary of State, brandishing a cane at the President as he defends himself with a poker. The source is a story that, as Johnson says, may or may not be true about the



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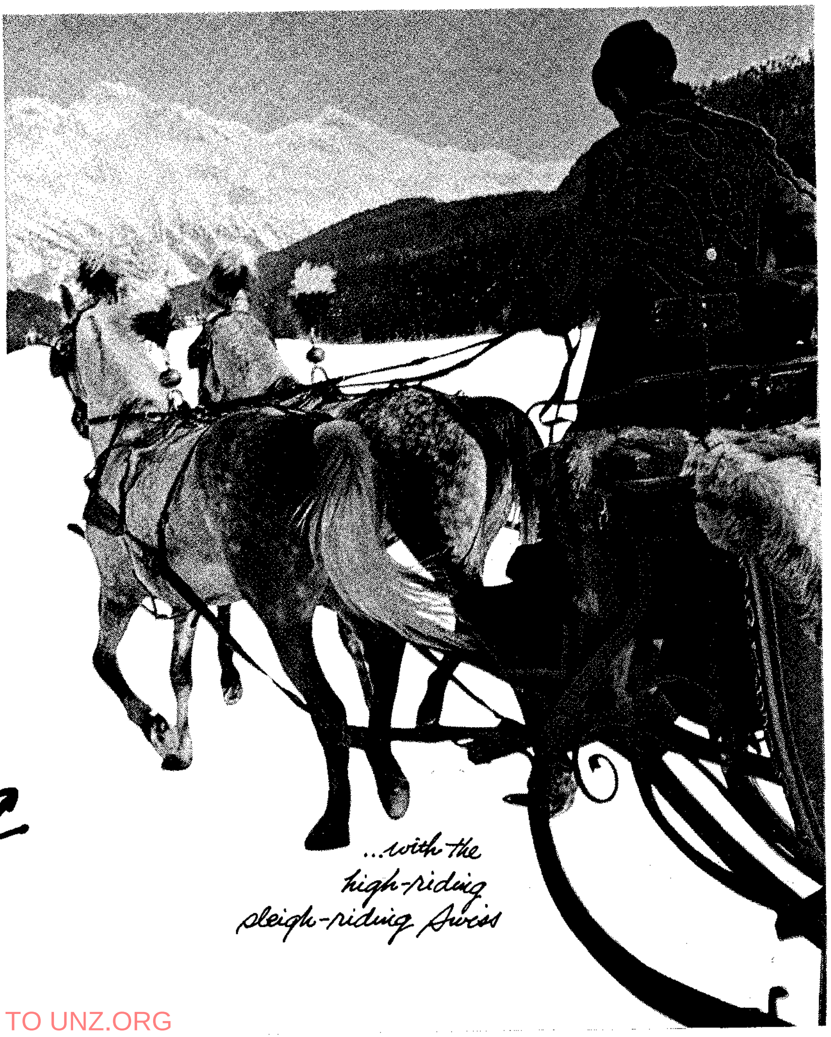

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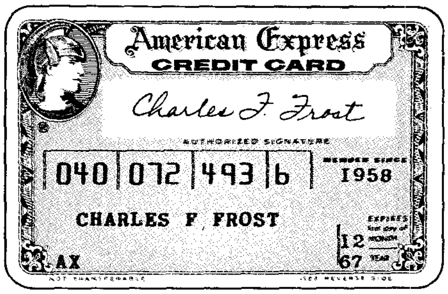
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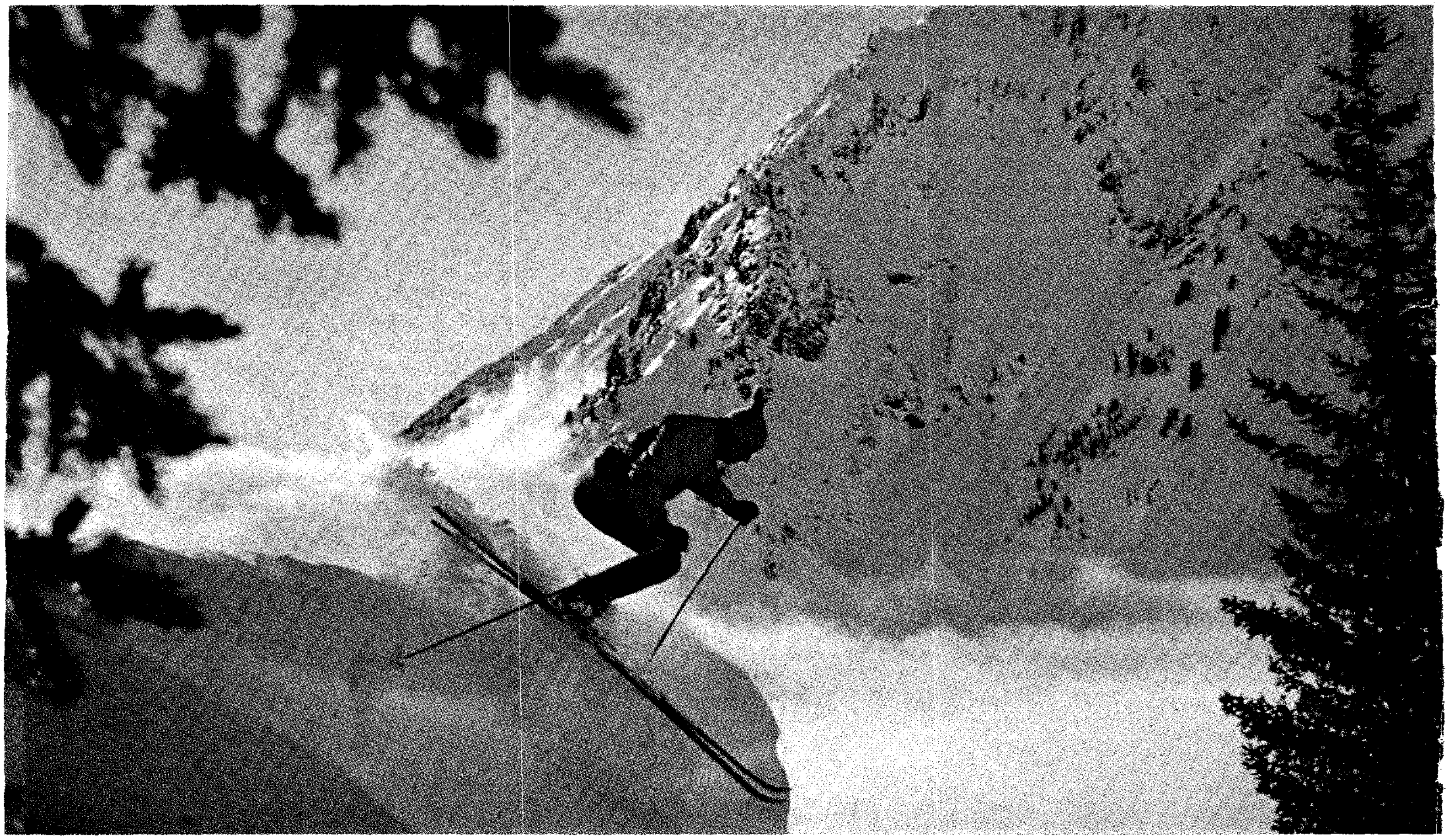

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quarrel between the two men. Aaron Burr pointing a smoking pistol at the falling Hamilton, and Andrew Jackson on horseback slashing at some Indians, are two other notable results of Mr. Fisher's fierce determination to illustrate "The Cabinet." The pictures are not subtly or elegantly done, but that they were done at all is something to marvel at, and the possibilities they suggest for illustrating other works—"Areopagitica," "Das Kapital," "The Theory of the Leisure Class"—are delightful to ponder.

ROBERT GRAVES has been called a poets' poet, but whatever he is he is not a children's poet. "Ann at Highwood Hall" (Doubleday), a slim, lavishly illustrated volume of verse, is subtitled "Poems for Children," but it is nothing of the kind, for the seven poems in it are in no way different from the ones in Graves' "Collected Verse." They are in his lightest vein, to be sure, but they all have the (may I say?) gravity that is at the center of real poetry and is so conspicuously missing from such things as "Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers." The reason for the publication of these poems as a book for children "up to twelve" may be to make money for the poet. Which is reason enough, and since poets, not children, are our unacknowledged legislators, everyone who cares about poetry surely ought to find at least one child to thrust the book on at Christmas. I'm pretty sure that a child under twelve will be as deeply uninterested in the technical virtuosity of these poems as he will be puzzled by their allusive wit, but children grow, and in time he will be glad to have the book. Graves, for his part, when he puts out a new edition of his verse, ought to retain "George II and the Chinese Emperor," a characteristically polished and uncharacteristically broad satire, and "I Have a Little Cough, Sir," a lyric that evokes Landor and that I wish I could quote in its lovely, onomatopoeic entirety.

THE engaging notion put forward by Richard Hughes in "High Wind in Jamaica"—that children are human but babies are not—suggests an approach to books written for babies, or "preschoolers," as they are now called. Hughes says that "one can no more think like a baby, in the smallest respect, than one can think like a bee," and, this being the case, one may all but ignore the question of what a baby will think of a book bought for him and attend strictly to such matters as

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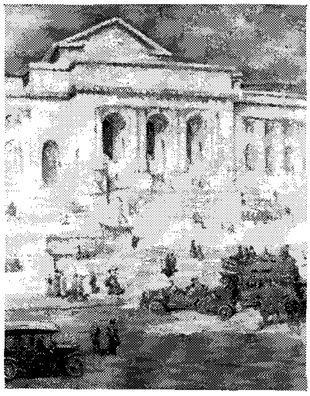

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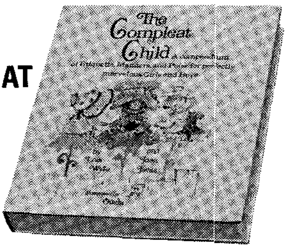

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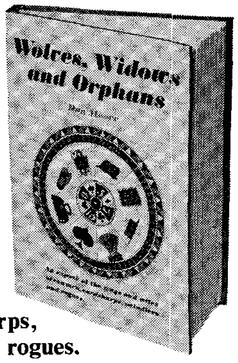

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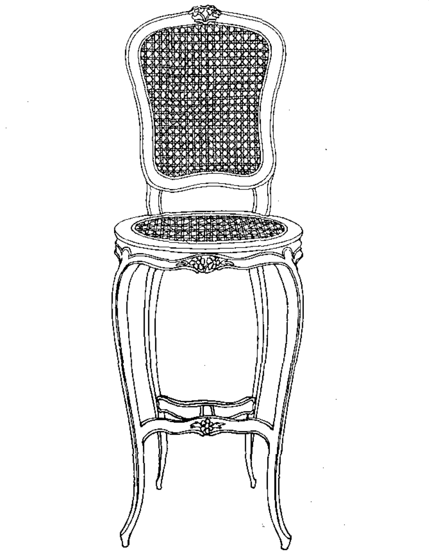
the book's price and how easy it is for a small hand to grasp. From this point of view, the wieldy Little Golden Books, twenty-nine cents each, can hardly be surpassed, and the parents of a prehuman need look no further than the local dime store to satisfy the creature's literary requirements. A little later, when he turns two and a half or three and reading out loud becomes an inescapable daily obligation, one's own capacity for boredom may be added to the list of criteria, and, accordingly, the books I have selected from this year's crop in this genre are some of the ones I least minded reading out loud to a three-year-old I am bound to read to every day by ties of blood. They are also, I like to think, books that other three- or four-year-olds won't mind listening to and gaping at. None of the books are cheap—they average around three dollars—and there is reason to wonder whether clothbound books printed on good paper with five color plates and elegant type are really "better," as far as the child is concerned, than poorly made books, or whether, indeed, publishers simply oughtn't to stop putting out fancy editions of books for children in this age group. An older child's books are something else again—they ought to be beautiful and durable—but a three-year-old needs a de-luxe edition of "Nurse Nancy" as badly, it seems to me, as his elders need morocco-bound "Classic Comics."

"Gypsy Girl's Best Shoes," written and illustrated by Anne Rockwell (Parents' Magazine Press), is about a little gypsy who finds a pair of red shoes and wants to do a dance for someone, but everyone she approaches is too busy to watch her. Rebuffed by her mother, a group of firemen, some street workers, a bakery saleswoman, and a florist, she wanders into the park and does her dance for an unemployed gray squirrel. But also watching are a teacher and her class of children, and good things come of the encounter. The story is not remarkably entertaining, as you may gather, but it offers good scope for the illustrations, which are extremely handsome and full of the details that small children like to touch and exclaim over, such as the dials on a fire engine and the chocolate cookies in a bakery. Many of today's illustrators of children's books give the impression of being more interested in posterity than in children—an understandable preference, but not one that is likely to endear them to children. Expressionism may be a lot like what children do when they are given paints

LOUIS XV



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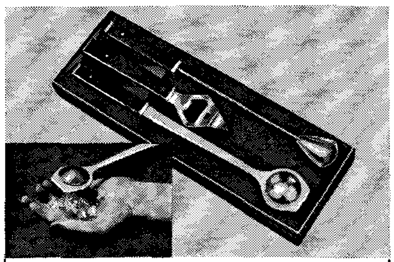

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and brushes, but it is not what children seem to like to see in their books. They seem to like clarity and order, and they want to know where one object ends and another begins. Miss Rockwell's small, tidy pictures have all the lucidity of the comics and something of the look of Persian miniatures. They are a pleasure to regard, and many of them tempt one to reach for the scissors, for they would be lovely pictures on a nursery wall.

"Big Sister and Little Sister," by Charlotte Zolotow (Harper & Row), is a wistful account of a crisis in the relationship of two young sisters. The older one bosses the younger, and one day the little one gets fed up and runs off to a meadow to be alone. The big sister comes out to look for her, but the little sister, hidden by tall grass, calmly listens to her calls and doesn't show herself. Finally, the big sister sits down and begins to cry. The little one, remembering that her sister has been kind as well as overbearing, comes out of her hiding place and puts her arms around the weeping girl. This may sound treacly, and with other illustrations the book might have been too sweet to be borne, but Martha Alexander's pictures—as fresh and delicate as the field flowers and starched cotton dresses they portray—bring out the gentleness of the text and mitigate much of its banality. Another book from Miss Zolotow's pen has been published (Harper & Row again) this year, and this one makes me a little nervous. It is entitled "If It Weren't for You," and its purpose seems to be to incite fratricide. It is an illustrated enumeration of all the splendid things a boy could do and would have if it weren't for the existence of his little brother. Miss Zolotow has been commended by the Gesell Institute of Child Development, and maybe she and it know something we don't, but offhand "If It

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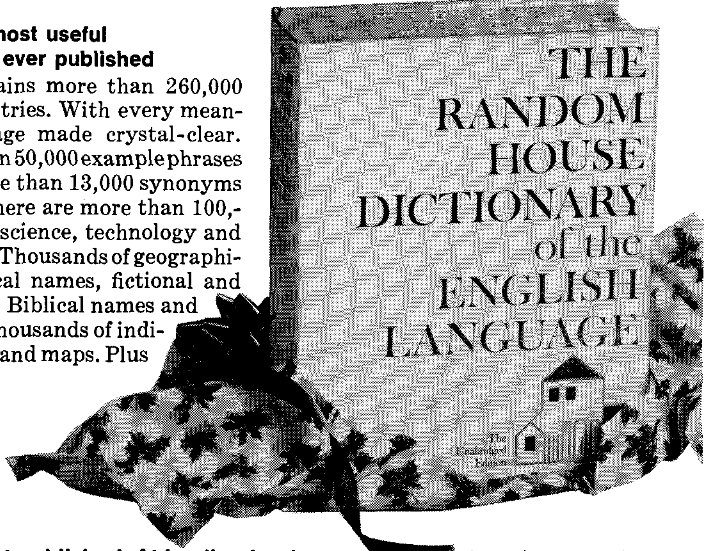

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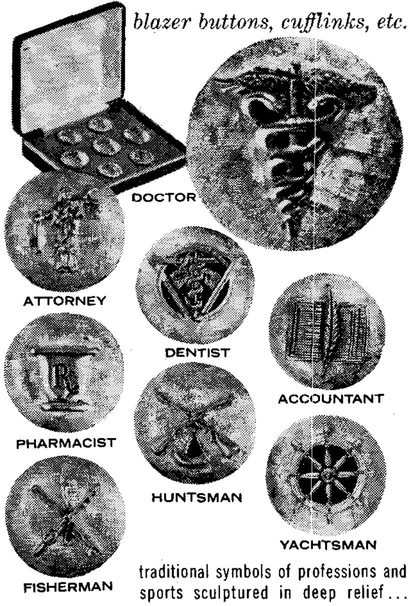

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Weren't for You" seems to offer a dubious approach to the problem of sibling rivalry, and it makes one wonder whether our fears that a child may be "repressed" aren't founded on an exaggerated notion of his capacity for nastiness. One can be far from Wordsworthian about children and still give them a lot more credit for forbearance than this book of Miss Zolotow's does.

"Are You Square?," by Ethel and Leonard Kessler (Doubleday), is a nice book about the shapes of things. It shows a number of square objects, and then asks questions: "What else is square? Are *you* square? . . . Did you ever see a square cat? . . . Did you ever catch a square fish? Did you ever eat from a square dish?" (The answer to the last question is "Yes." The picture shows a child smirking over his TV dinner.) Circles, triangles, irregular shapes, non-geometric shapes are treated the same way. The drawings are simple and likable, and the book is likely to put one in a good humor as one declaims it in the enthusiastic staccato that the text dictates.

"Fingers Come in Fives," by Oliver G. Selfridge (Houghton Mifflin), is a pleasant change from the usual "How many oranges?" approach to the subject of numbers. The book is non-arithmetical; its intention is to show the relationship of numbers to life rather than to each other. The child learns that Three dead birds are a leash, bloodroot is a plant that has only One leaf and One flower, triskaidekaphobia means fear of the number Thirteen, a triolet has Eight lines ("Most of the well-known triolets are about how difficult they are to write"), Four is an unlucky number in Japan ("I don't know why"), the Seven deadly sins are greed, sloth, anger, gluttony, envy, pride, and lust—and many other useful and interesting facts that ought to effectively nip arithmeticaphobia in the bud. The illustrations, by Murray Tinkelman, match the text in cheerfulness, sharpness, and elegance, and are unmarred by the archness Mr. Selfridge occasionally lapses into.

The manifest purpose of "Curious George Goes to the Hospital," by Margret and H. A. Ray (Houghton Mifflin), is to acquaint a small child with the rigors of blood transfusions, anesthesia, injections, X-rays, and hospital food, so that if he should have to go to the hospital he will know what to expect and won't be unduly apprehensive. One never knows what a small child will swallow or bang himself with these days, and while I wouldn't recom-

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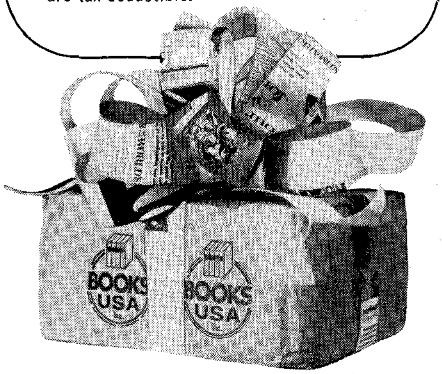

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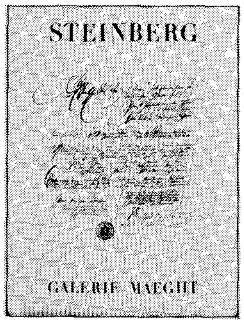

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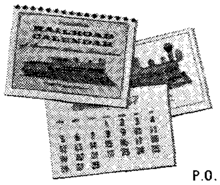

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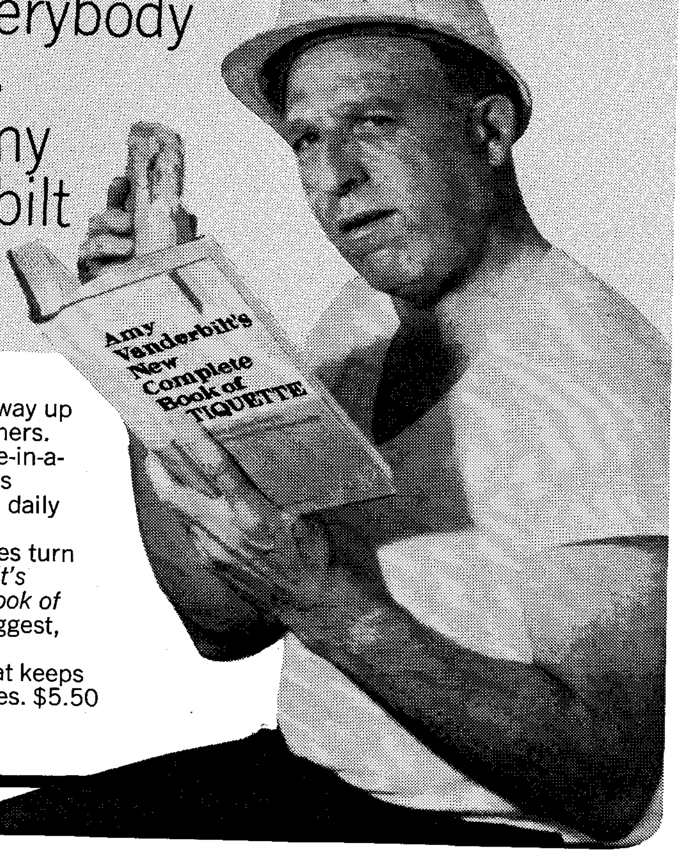
mend "Curious George" as a substitute for hiding the sleeping pills, it's not a bad book to provide oneself with just in case, or as a sop to the gods. A little monkey named George swallows a piece from a jigsaw puzzle and has to be hospitalized and operated upon. Without glossing over the disagreeable ("It's going to hurt, George," a nurse about to jab him with a hypodermic says, "but only for a moment"), the book makes a hospital stay seem like a reasonable and even an interesting experience. It was written, according to the title page, in collaboration with the Children's Hospital Medical Center, in Boston, and if this is what children's hospitals are generally like, parents, too, ought to draw reassurance from the book. The illustrations are not beautiful, but then neither is a hospital, and they do the job of showing what is what in an operating room and a ward adequately indeed.

Another picture book that parents may find useful for getting a child to accept something disagreeable is "Too Many Crackers," by Helen E. Buckley (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard). The unpleasant reality in this case is the parents' winter vacation taken without their little boy, who is left behind with his aunt. The boy asks his parents when they will return, and the mother counts out some crackers into a box. Eat one cracker every day, she tells him, and when the box is empty we'll be home. The boy does as he's told, and when picture postcards start arriving the aunt and the boy act out the swimming, fishing, and sunning they see depicted on the cards. But one day the boy doesn't want to pretend anymore, he just wants his parents, and he gets the notion of eating all the crackers in the box to speed their return. It all ends happily, but, come to think of it, this may be just the book *not* to get if you're planning to go off to the Bahamas and leave your child with a dull aunt, since it is more apt to shake your selfish resolve than to reconcile him to your absence. The illustrations are delicate pen-and-ink drawings on bluish-purplish-pinkish washes that have a vague Oriental look. They seem a bit too subtle for such a simpleminded text.

"Lazy Tommy Pumpkinhead," written and illustrated by William Pène du Bois (Harper & Row), is about a boy who lives in an electric house. Every morning his electric bed propels him into an electric bathtub, which, in turn, ejects him, through a trapdoor, into a room appointed with electric hot-air jets and machines that brush his teeth and comb and part his hair. At break-



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fast, an electric machine that also plays music pours enormous quantities of food down his gullet, wipes his mouth, and turns itself off. One day, there is a storm and a power failure. The machines stop, and when they start again everything goes wrong. Up to this point the book is immense. The machines have the look of those laborious contrivances the Victorians were so fond of, and the way they harass and chivy the boy brings to mind scenes in "À Nous la Liberté." The trouble with the second part of the book is this: The machines are much funnier when they are working properly than when they are malfunctioning. A machine feeds the boy's feet when it is out of whack, which is fairly funny, but not nearly so funny as when it is at its normal job of stuffing the boy's helplessly engorged face. Still, the book is worth getting for the first part, for the delectable drawings, and for hearing what one's own none too under-electrified child will make of the story.

"Sarah and Simon and No Red Paint" (Delacorte) was written and illustrated by Edward Ardizzone, and it is a thoroughly delightful picture book. It is a not very serious retelling of the familiar story of the struggling painter who is working on his masterpiece as wife and children cheerfully starve for Art. At the end of the story, their good-natured fortitude is rewarded by the arrival of a package that contains a great deal of English food (a leg of lamb, cabbage, tea, marmalade, Worcester sauce) and the tube of red paint that enables the painter to finish his masterpiece, and the secret Well-Wisher is none other than the rich uncle who has cut the painter off without a shilling years before because he thought he ought to be a businessman instead of an artist. The story is a kind of joke, as you can see, but it is not a joke that excludes the child. I have seen a number of recent books in which the same thing is tried and fails, because it looks as if the writer were trying to be funny at the child's expense, which puts everyone off. The illustrations are in Mr. Ardizzone's familiar fine style, and they have this innovation: comic-strip balloons appear in some of the pictures—to excellent effect, what with Mr. Ardizzone's drawings being so decidedly uncomic and redolent of old-fashioned etchings. There is a picture, in which the painter is gesturing melodramatically and saying, "Courage, my dear," as the wife, clutching a shrieking baby, is saying, "We can't go on like this," and the cat, regarding the scene near a pile of bills on the floor, is say-

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ing, "Miaow." The child won't "get it," but what he will get is a sense of the good feeling behind it, for Mr. Ardizzone loves his story and wishes it were true even as he laughs at it and knows that such things never happen, and "Sarah and Simon and No Red Paint" will make the child smile, too.

EVERY non-reader's library ought to include a few extremely short books, so that when the child begs for just *one* more book to be read to him, as the dinner guests exchange desperate looks, he can be obliged and dinner served in short order. "Sleepy People," by M. B. Goffstein (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), seems to have been written with just this *Realpolitik* purpose in mind, for it takes only a minute to drone and it has all the soothing quality of a glass of warm milk laced with Nembutal. "Sleepy people live wherever there is room for a little bed. There may be a family of sleepy people living in one of your old bedroom shoes. . . . They are always very sleepy. Every evening the sleepy father goes to find cocoa and cookies for a little bedtime snack. And the children's eyes are closing as they chew the cookies and drink their cocoa from warm cups." The small black-and-white-and-gray drawings, showing the sleepy people dragging themselves from one stupefying activity to another, have a nice quiet wit and reflect a true feeling for the pleasures of sleepiness.

NOW let me briefly cite some books it would be a pity to deprive children of the chance of reading just because there is a limit to what their parents are willing to read about children's books. "Sometimes Magic, A Collection of Outstanding Stories for the Teenage Girl" (Platt & Munk) was compiled by Hallie Burnett and has stories by Jean Stafford, Nancy Hale, Katherine Mansfield, Elizabeth Taylor, Mavis Gallant, Shirley Jackson, Carson McCullers, and other distinguished women writers, and most of the selections are outstanding indeed. "The Avion My Uncle Flew," by Cyrus Fisher (Appleton-Century), is a reprint of an excellent boys' book, first published in 1946, about an American boy's adventures in postwar France, involving Nazi collaborators, a physical and psychic wound, and an uncle who talks like zis but is otherwise admirable. By the end of the book, the boy has picked up a bit of French and so has the reader. "Tea with Mr. Timothy," by Geoffrey Morgan (Little, Brown), is

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in the Less Than Great Tradition of Margery Sharp, James Hilton, et al., about a poor boy, an eccentric, her niece, a cat, This England, and the Second World War. It is very well done. "The Homework Caper," an I Can Read Mystery by Joan Lexau; "Benny's Animals," an I Can Read Science Book by Millicent E. Selsam; and "Kick, Pass and Run," an I Can Read Sports Book by Leonard Kessler, are all eminently readable (Harper & Row). "Life in the Middle Ages," by Jay Williams (Random House), has beautiful illustrations (most of them are reproductions of medieval masterpieces) and a compendious and unillusioned text ("The picture so many people have in mind of 'Merrie England,' of happy medieval peasants frolicking in the fields, or jolly harvesters touching their foreheads respectfully to their dear master as if he were their father, is contradicted by one bloody uprising after another"). "Last Chance on Earth, A Requiem for Wildlife," by Roger A. Caras (Chilton), has forty chapters, and each is devoted to an animal that is or was recently in danger of becoming extinct. The list includes the polar bear, the cheetah, the Persian tiger, the Asiatic lion, the sea otter, the orangutan, the blue whale, and the giant panda, as well as some animals whose disappearance will probably go unmourned if not unnoticed—like the monkey-eating eagle and the aye-aye—but the author says that every species ought to be preserved, and he is right. —JANET MALCOLM

•

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE BY MANY A STOLID BAVARIAN WITH, OR WITHOUT, A CHUCKLE

[*From an article by Antony Terry in the London Sunday Times*]

During a 700-mile drive through Bavaria this week, I have heard many a stolid Bavarian say with a chuckle: "The neo-Nazi successes in Hesse shook up the Bonn politicians all right—but for that and Strauss gingering them along they would still be arguing about a new Government at Christmas."

•

PHOENIX, ARIZ., Nov. 19 (AP)—Members of the Western Surgical Association talked about almost everything but medicine at the organization's seventy-fifth anniversary meeting.

Dr. Kenneth Johnson of Phoenix said persons lost on the desert should sit down, preferably in the shade so "friends will know where to look for you."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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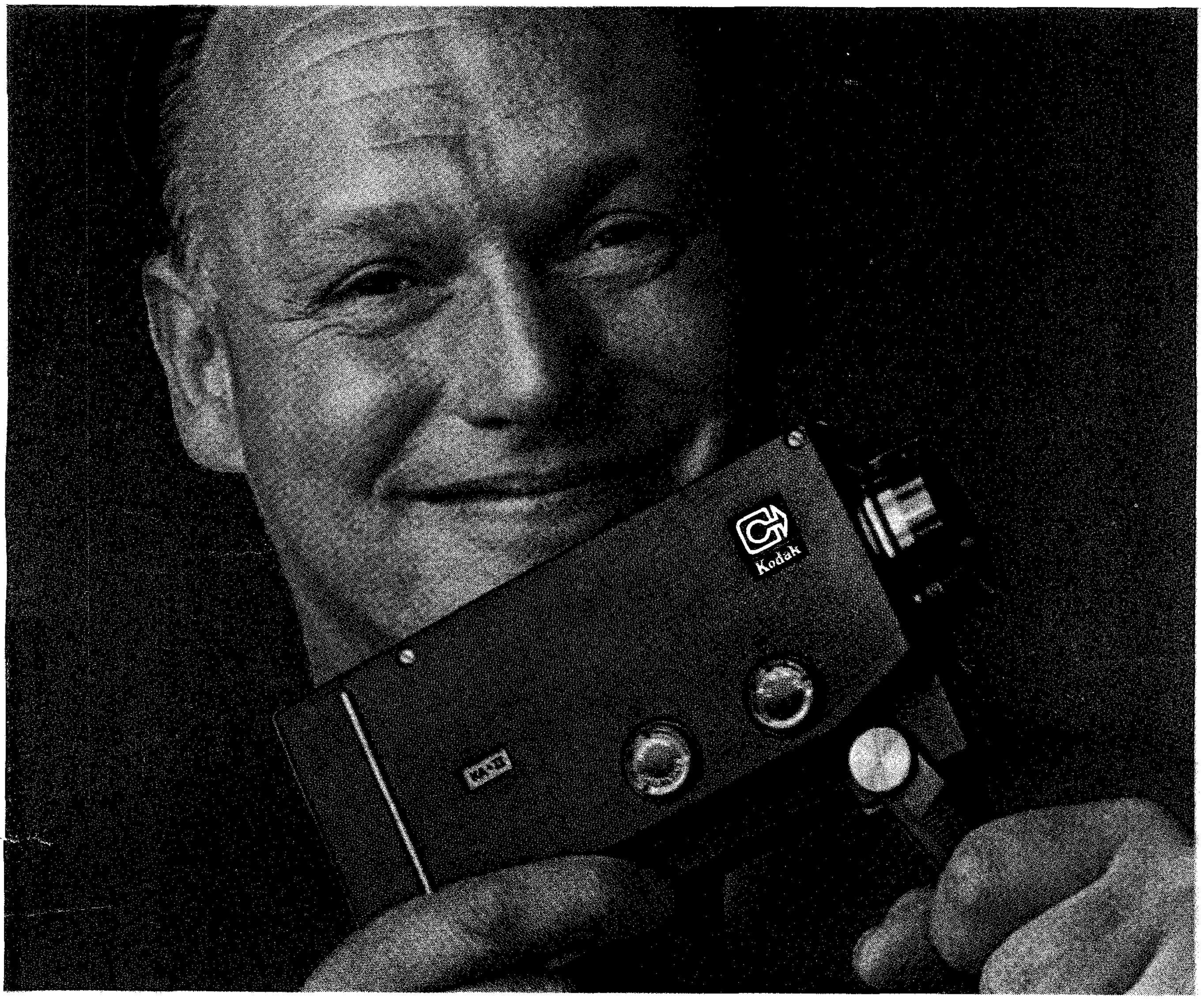

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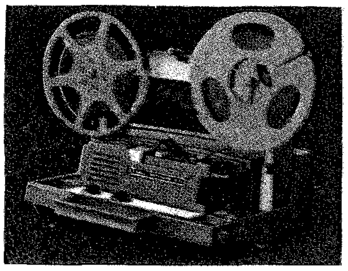

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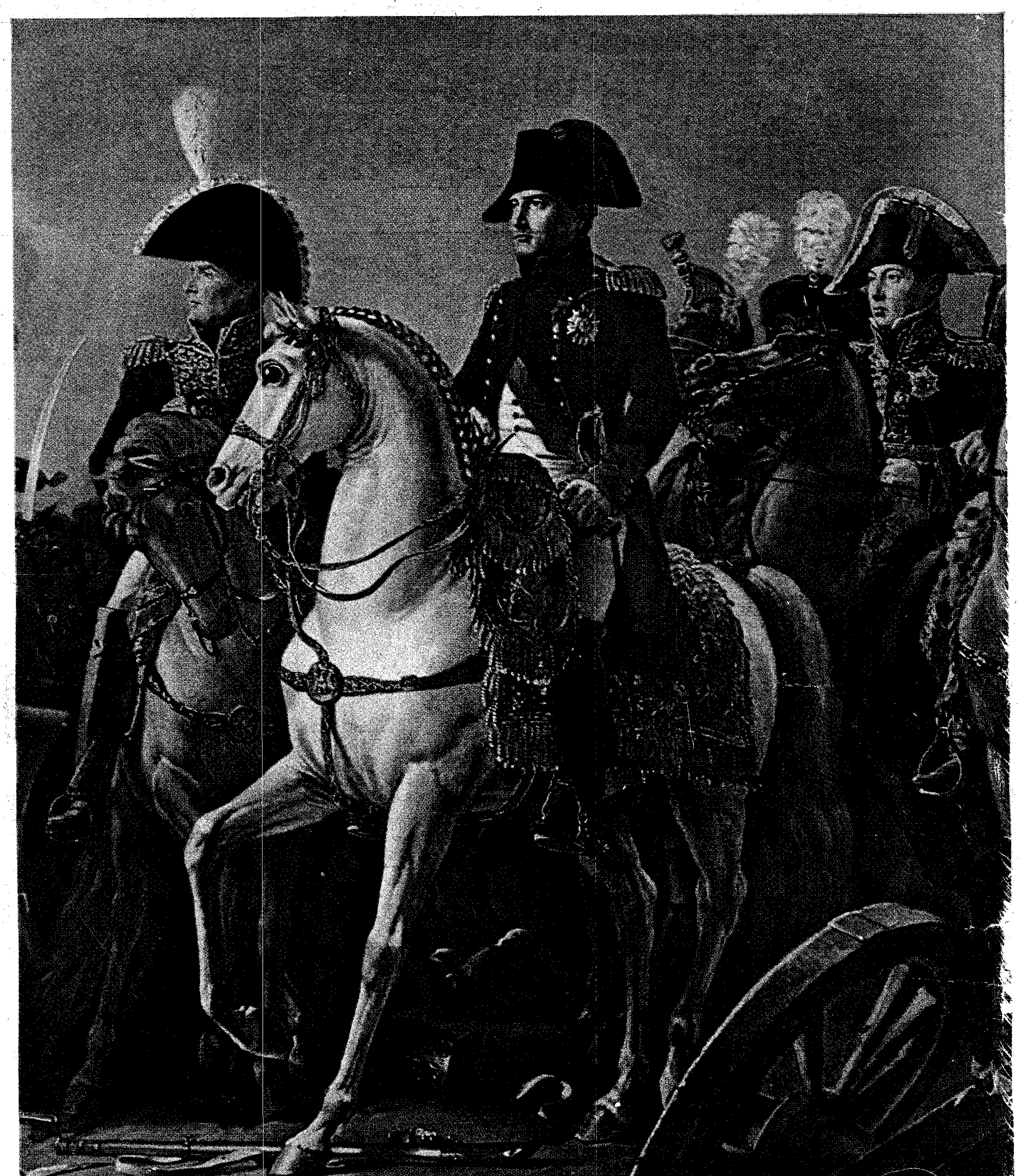
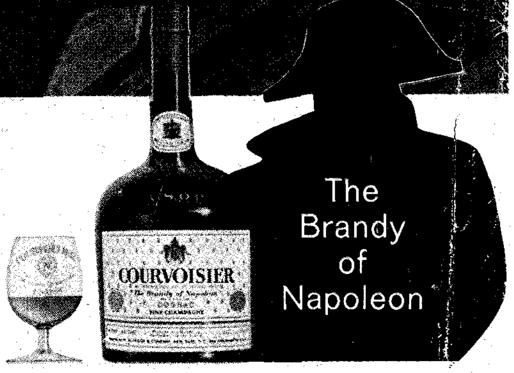


Bataille d'Austerlitz. Detail from the painting by Baron François Gérard (1770-1837). On December 2, 1805, Napoleon watches what has been called the first great battle of modern times, a complete triumph over the far larger Allied armies of Austria and Russia.



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